# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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GIRLS OF THE PAC 12

PLAYBOY'S TOP PARTY SCHOOLS

20Q WITH JAMES DEEN

THE INTERVIEW: SAMUEL L. JACKSON

THE HACKTIVISTS

MARSHALL MCLUHAN

NFL PREVIEW

## THE COLLEGE ISSUE

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# PLAYBILL

Every fall we go back to school to explore the American campus. Yes, college, where every night is Friday night, where Chaucer still matters and where the minds that will shape our world tomorrow are already doing so today. It's no coincidence that some of our most important companies were started by student hackers in dorm rooms. In *The Hacktivists,* **David Kushner** explores why the next generation of Mark Zuckerbergs will continue to pave the way for the future. There's a cost to all this new computer technology, however, as author **Heidi Boghosian** writes in *Forum*'s "The Surveillance Industry." You probably knew the government was spying on you; did you know it was outsourcing the job to public corporations? Our college issue always includes a pictorial; this year we sent photographer **Jared Ryder** on a swing through the West in search of student bodies. Check out our delicious *Girls of the Pac 12.* **Samuel L. Jackson,** Hollywood's highest-grossing actor, sits for the *Playboy Interview* this issue. Jackson takes us behind the scenes of his new Spike Lee movie, *Oldboy,* and Quentin Tarantino's *Django Unchained.* "Tarantino asked me to play the most hated Negro character in cinema history," recalls Jackson. Speaking of movies, **Matthew Ross** will terrify you with the harrowing true story of American filmmaker Tim Tracy, whose arrest in Caracas in April was ordered by Venezuelan president Nicolás Maduro. Tracy landed inside one of the world's most violent prisons on terrorism and spying charges. Was he guilty? Would he make it out alive? Find out in *Inside El Rodeo.* Autumn means the return of football. Elite young quarterbacks such as Colin Kaepernick and Andrew Luck are redefining today's gridiron, but in *Playboy's NFL Preview,* **Rick Gosselin** picks an old-school QB to win Super Bowl XLVIII. That young Sammy Hagar–looking guy at right is **Stu Dearnley,** the University of Arkansas student who won our annual College Fiction Contest. *Sparring Partners* tells the story of the complicated relationship between a dad behind bars and his football-star son. It's a jailhouse morality tale with an edge so sharp it'll give you paper cuts. We take a turn from fiction to fragrances. Our fashion and grooming director, **Jennifer Ryan Jones,** selects nine luxe colognes that will have you smelling your finest this fall. Finally, **James Deen** swings away in *20Q.* Deen is a prolific heterosexual porn star who, interestingly, is a favorite of teenage girls. How did that happen, you wonder. Find out inside. And let Deen's story be a lesson to you students out there on campus. You never know where fate and hard work will lead you.

David Kushner

Heidi Boghosian

Jared Ryder

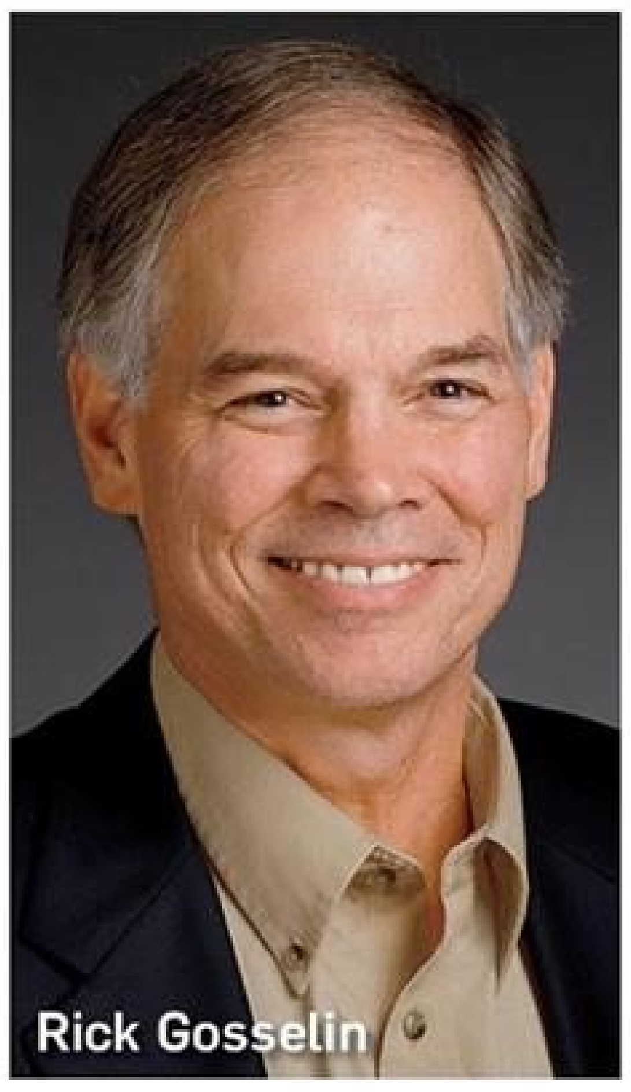
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Photo by TONY KELLY

Miss December 2010 Ashley Hobbs proved the perfect choice to play our collegiate band leader. Our Rabbit chose a sky-high view to check out the campus beauty.

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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

## FANTASYLAND

In case you hadn't heard, geek has become chic, and the annual nerd mecca is San Diego Comic-Con. At the 2013 convention we joined forces with *Kick-Ass 2* to throw the party of the comic-book crowd's dreams. Not only did we bring the sexy girls, we also set up such action-hero experiences as a gigantic bungee trampoline. On hand to geek out were Kevin Bacon, Olivia Munn, Donald Faison, Christopher Mintz-Plasse, Emily Ratajkowski and Cooper Hefner.

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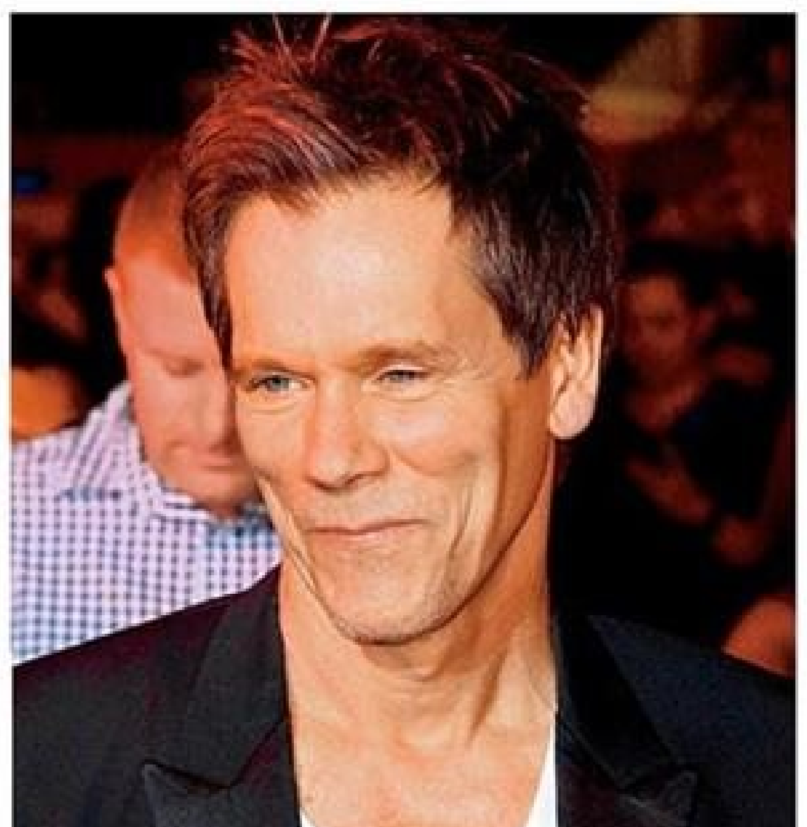

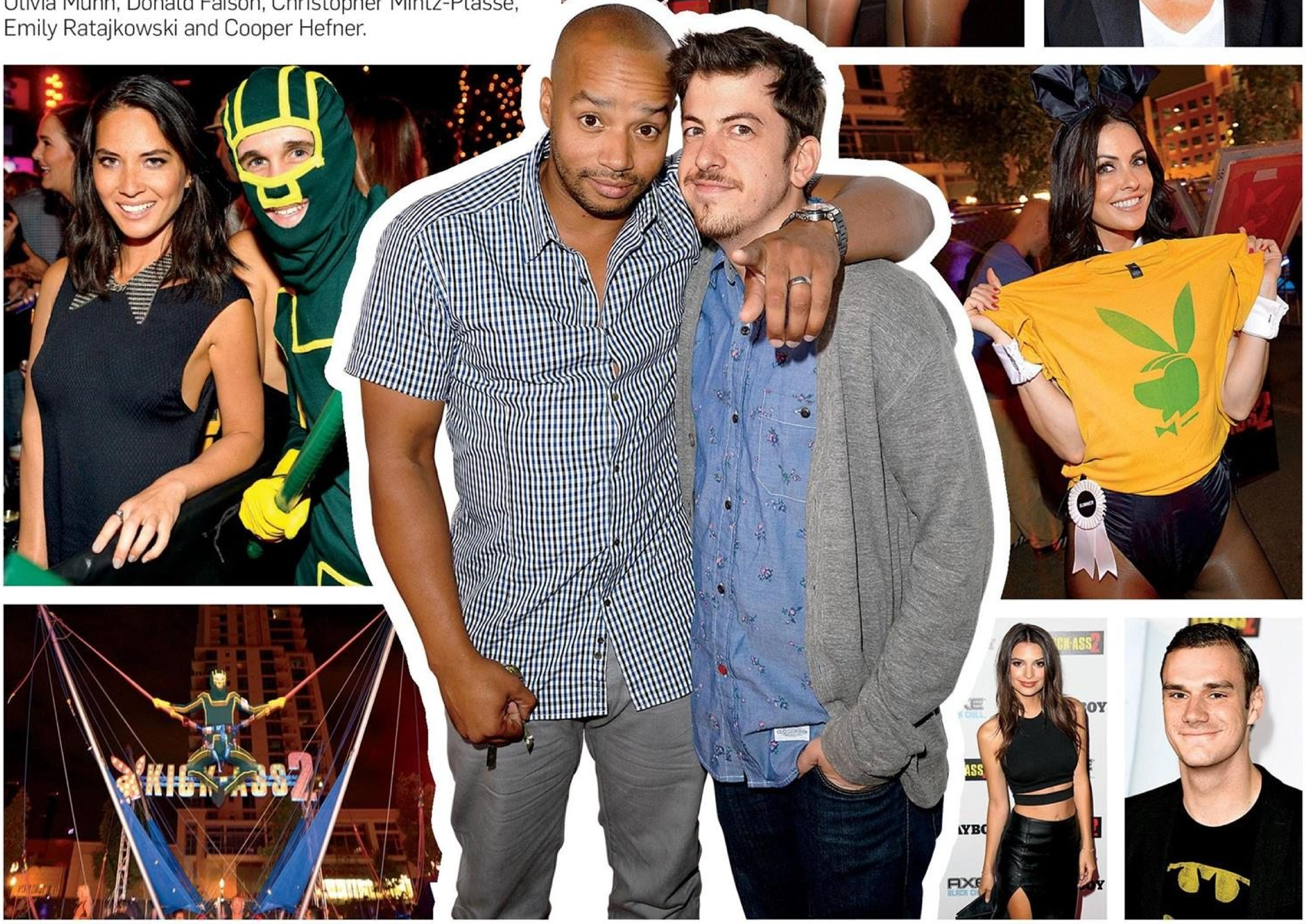

## CUTTING EDGE

A few curious readers asked us if there was something else at work on last month's cover. Yes, there was. It was a symbolic nod to how PLAYBOY has transformed intimate grooming habits. Art Director Mac Lewis, inspired by the stylized PLAYBOY covers of the 1960s and 1970s, positioned model Ciara Price in a trimmed area of the grass.

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Splendor in the Grass

## EXECUTIVE SUMMIT

While playing "What Did You Do on Your Summer Vacation?" our chief executive officer, Scott Flanders, pulled out the trump card and said, "I climbed Mount Kilimanjaro." When away from his desk, Playboy's polymath executive maintains an active lifestyle—but always with his Playboy water bottle in hand.

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# HANGIN' WITH HEF

## ONE ENCHANTED EVENING

Taking a page from the Bard of Avon, Hef used an enchanted forest setting for this year's Midsummer Night's Dream party. The grounds of the Playboy Mansion were transformed under a surreal canopy populated with fairies wearing flowers, wings and little else. The guests included Jamie Foxx, Miss August 2013 Val Keil, Cooper Hefner, PMOY 2012 Jaclyn Swedberg, Jon Lovitz, George Lopez and PMOY 2013 Raquel Pomplun. Crystal Hefner—who served as Titania, Shakespeare's queen of the fairies—spun music before DJ Vice hit the decks.

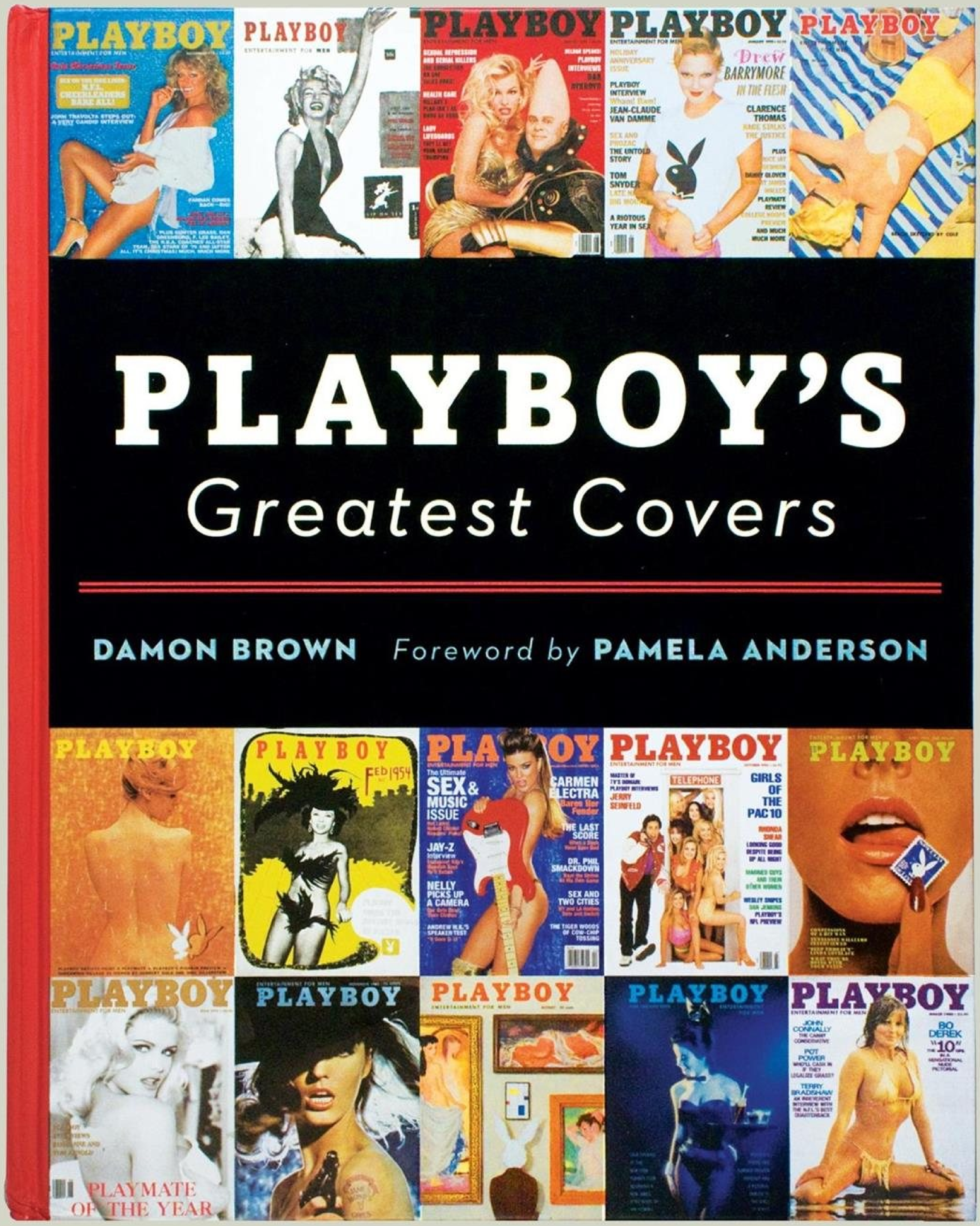
## PLAYDUDE EDITOR

In honor of the 25th anniversary of *The Simpsons,* Fox and toymaker NECA are rolling out action figures of the show's 25 greatest guest stars. Hef's will be one of the first available. *Woo-hoo!* But not until 2014. *D'oh!*

## AMERICAN SPLENDOR

Hef put on his red pajamas and Crystal donned her patriotic bathing suit to host friends and family for a cookout on the Fourth of July. The night was capped off by a spectacular fireworks display.

# PLAYBOY'S
## GREATEST COVERS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# DEAR PLAYBOY

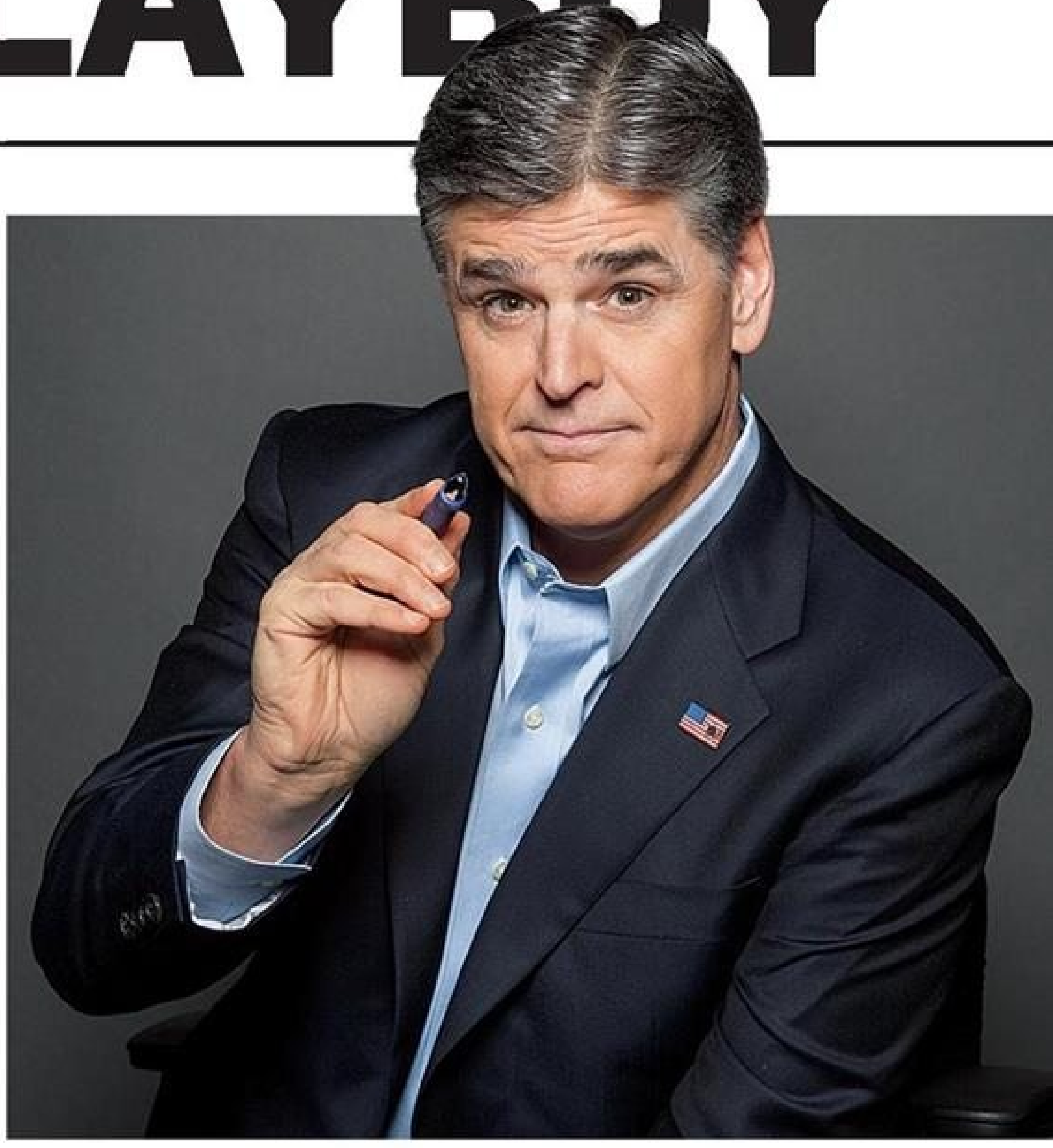
## Take That, Sean Hannity!

It's notable that your *Playboy Interview* with Fox News host Sean Hannity (July/August) appears in the same issue as Taffy Brodesser-Akner's *Forum* essay on antiscientific thinking ("What Happened to Science?") and the Advisor's explanation of logical fallacies. I didn't have to look far for examples of both.

Scott McLean
San Francisco, California

Because of your Hannity interview, I am now dumber for having been in the same room as the magazine.

Rick Shriver
McConnelsville, Ohio



### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I love Deborah Schoeneman's first *Women* column ("Is She Hot? Are You Rich?" June). I have friends who have lived their entire lives pursuing trophy girls. One married a woman he perceives as his ideal. She recently showed up 90 minutes late for dinner at my house (with no apologies) and complained throughout the meal about how cold she was. She's convinced she married into money, though my friend told me he refinanced his home to buy what she deemed a "suitable" ring. Another friend dates only South American women and is constantly buying gifts to keep them interested. And for *la grande finale:* Last week a friend who lives in the Bahamas flew to Miami for a blind date based entirely on the woman's photo. He booked an expensive suite, made reservations at an expensive restaurant and arranged for a private Segway tour (as foreplay, I assume). Needless to say, she canceled.

Michael Byrne
Hollywood, Florida

What a refreshing column from a solid writer. Younger men will certainly benefit from Schoeneman's insights into that eternal mystery known as women.

Andrew J. Small III
Taylor, Michigan

### REAL-LIFE BOND GIRLS

In the July/August *Playmate News,* you identify Miss July 1998 Lisa Dergan as the "only nonfictional Bond Girl written into a James Bond story." The story, which I wrote, is *Midsummer Night's Doom* (January 1999). However, Miss October 1994 Victoria Zdrok also appears, as the "bad" Bond Girl.

Raymond Benson
Buffalo Grove, Illinois

### DANGEROUS DRINKS

Despite Todd Parker's admonishment in *The Still Life* (July/August) that readers not build their own pot still, you know some people will pursue their personal concoction of corn love. It is crucial that they discard the first alcohol to cook off, as it typically contains methanol and other dangerous chemicals that could damage the retina and/or optic nerve. Toss the first 50 milliliters for every five gallons of mash cooked.

Name withheld
Greenville, North Carolina

*A valid point. Our guys toss 200 milliliters just to be safe. The larger the still, the more chance you have of harmful vapors.*

Your instructions to build a pot still should have specified using silver solder. Otherwise you risk lead poisoning.

John Hackman
Montgomery, Alabama

### BOOTY CALL

A reader writes in June's *Dear Playboy* that Jerry Reed in *Smokey and the Bandit* tells Sally Field, "Nice ass." That didn't sound right, so I watched the scene again. As Burt Reynolds and Field are walking away, Reed yells after Reynolds, "Hey, Bandit, nice ass!" Field, who is in earshot, replies, "Thanks a lot!"

Dan Miller
Mashpee, Massachusetts

### SUMMER MEMORIES

I cannot recall any twosome as gorgeous as Karen Kounrouzan (*Body Heat,* July/August) and Miss July Alyssa Arce (*Built for Speed*). You have outdone yourselves.

Donald Fallen
Hampton, Virginia

Sensory overload: Val Keil and Alyssa Arce.

Wow! Miss August Val Keil (*A Star Is Born*) is one of the most attractive brunettes ever. The black-and-white shots call to mind another beauty, Elsa Lanchester in *The Bride of Frankenstein.*

Kevin Beck
Summerville, South Carolina

*Lanchester is beautiful, but we suggest you avoid telling any woman she reminds you of the bride of Frankenstein.*

### MORE ON HANNITY

I am disappointed PLAYBOY feels the need to provide a forum for hatemongers such as Sean Hannity. Not only has this college dropout made a fortune with manufactured outrage, he hampers progress on important issues with deliberate disinformation. I wish you would focus on people with something positive to contribute, such as your fine interview in June with Chinese artist Ai Weiwei.

Tim Benner
Silver Spring, Maryland

When Hannity declines to say whether he has smoked pot, it means he has. Later he describes his inner moral guide as a "silent voice of conscience." Does that mean he can't hear it?

Brendan Deininger
Richmond, Virginia

Hannity defends News Corporation's phone hacking by saying, "It's a corporation that has anywhere from 50,000 to 100,000 employees.... You're always going to have one or two bad employees. We have bad government officials all the time. It reflects on them, not the company or the corporation." Why doesn't that reasoning apply when he blames President Obama for Benghazi and the NSA and IRS scandals?

Richard Vittorioso
Preston, Connecticut

Hannity says he opposes abortion but a moment later claims to have "evolved into more of a libertarian when it comes to people's personal lives." Which is it?

Tim de Valroger
Hoboken, New Jersey

If Hannity had insisted on a balanced budget as we prepared to invade Iraq, perhaps we would have stayed home or implemented a war tax. Most conservatives supported the war—in fact, they

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foisted it on us. Why are government subsidies okay for the military but not for social programs that help people?

Edgar Gehlert
Rogersville, Tennessee

### REMEMBERING LENNY

Andrew Dice Clay may have "made Lenny Bruce seem like Jerry Seinfeld" (*The Diceman Recometh*, July/August), but Bruce was the Jackie Robinson of his profession. Every comic who has ever uttered a swear word owes a debt to Lenny, who went to jail for his routines.

Bill Arthur
Hopkins, Minnesota

### MODERN CLASSICS

Surely you know you will get critiques when you publish a feature about your best covers (*Cover Story*, July/August). My favorite had always been November 1965 (the Bond Girl) until I saw March 2009 with Aubrey O'Day.

William Reed
Reno, Nevada

### BUNNY FROM HEAVEN

Did you hide two Rabbit Heads on the June cover? There is a faint outline on the white pillow between Raquel Pomplun's legs about an inch above the blanket. Lest you think I am guilty of missing the forest for the trees, nothing is lost in my appreciation of your splendid depiction. The magazine has prepared generations of men for the future. Never give up the fight to inform us!

Robert James
Boston, Massachusetts

*Sorry, but you lost us at "between Raquel Pomplun's legs."*

### FIGHTING CHANCE

The least we can do is give automatic citizenship to those who fight for us and protect our freedoms (*Deported Warriors*, July/August).

Joe Ziccardi
West Seneca, New York

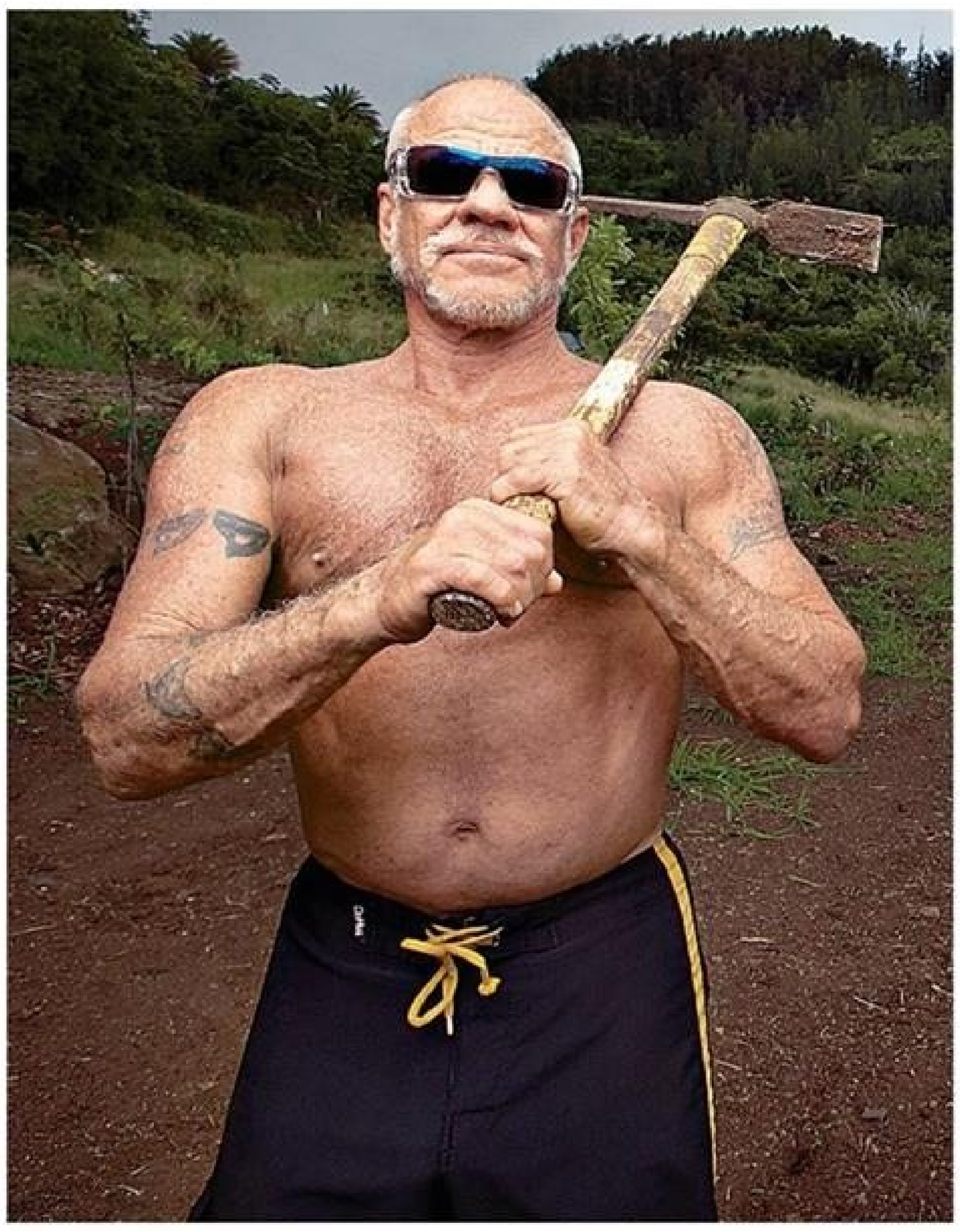
There is a simple reason why the eight veterans you profile had to leave the country: You don't become a citizen by enlisting. I spent 22 years in the Army, including as a retention specialist. I talked to many soldiers about what they had to do to become citizens when their service ended. First, you must start the process within eight years after you enlist. For whatever reasons, the veterans you spoke with did not get that done, but I hope your report encourages others to submit the necessary paperwork. I do appreciate their service and patriotism. The conditions they live in are appalling. Aren't they entitled to benefits? It is also unclear if the men had honorable discharges. If they were disciplined for any reason, it may have cut their enlistments short of eight years.

Juan Ferreira
El Paso, Texas

*The authors, Erin Siegal McIntyre and Luis Alberto Urrea, reply: "In 2002 President George W. Bush signed an executive order that allows the naturalization process to begin after a single day of honorable service, as long as the country is at war. Countless veterans told us that recruiters promised 'fast-tracked' citizenship, but the process is difficult. Deported vets are eligible for benefits but first must register. That involves being examined by a VA-approved physician, all of whom, the VA tells us, are located within the U.S."*

### HELLO AND GOOD-BYE

I met Fast Eddie Rothman when he was selling a 1956 Chevy with no reverse (*Fast Eddie's Last Stand*, July/August). When we first surfed the North Shore and West Side, we didn't care too much about who was *haole*, which meant "stranger," not "white man." *Aloha* means compassion, empathy, mercy, affection, kindness, generous love, attraction, pity. You place yourself outside the infinite realm of aloha only when you show none of this for others. Monsanto can do it by killing the pollinators. Break Monsanto's face, Eddie. You know there's no reverse. *Aloha makua* for our relatives, the ones who give us life; *aloha nui*, Eddie, and *hui nalu*, protectors; *aloha kakou* to all of you sharing this canoe.



Fast Eddie has an ax to grind.

Mike Makuye
Fairhaven, California

### BOOK BANK

I applaud Brewster Kahle's efforts to archive a copy of every book ever written (*Brewster's Ark*, July/August), but how will he protect the archives? History is full of well-intentioned megalomaniacs who have concluded knowledge is the bane of human existence. It would probably have been better to keep his plan a secret.

Benjamin Greaves
Seaside, Oregon

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## BECOMING ATTRACTION

**KAT KELLEY**

• *"I FEEL ON* top of the world in the cage," says Kat Kelley, MMA's newest ring girl for the World Series of Fighting. Though only five-foot-six, Kat has an advantage when rousing crowds. "I get fierce and flirty, but I'm also mestiza—half white, half Filipina," she says. "I'm exotic, so people tend to stare." She definitely has our attention.

# DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

### SMUT, POT, VIDEO GAMES AND CAT PHOTOS. WHAT THE FIRST LAWLESS OUTPOST ON THE INTERNET SAYS ABOUT ALL OF US

• Now and then you come across something on the internet that both restores your faith in humanity and profoundly damages it. The archives of the Devil's Doorknob, the internet's first truly anarchic space, is one of those things.

In the late 1980s, when the internet was still an expensive tool for the military, bulletin board systems were ad hoc proto–social networks. People would install special software on personal computers where others could log in using pre-56K connections, leave messages, pick up replies and share files.

Thirty years later, computer archivists are digging up digital history by bringing BBS files back online to download. You can view entire communities at once. And it's amazing: the modern equivalent of Pompeii, with original images and text. Who were the people of the Devil's Doorknob?

They loved smut in pixelated formats that would have filled the screen of an old DOS machine. Today you have to enlarge them to discern what's going on, and smutwise it's rough going. Count on plenty of squinting and wincing. There's something with a corncob and another with a lobster. There are a lot of headbands (and lots of hair). The sex acts don't look like sex acts; they look like a sofa exploded.

Dwelling on the porn, though, is missing the point. Exploring the archive is like stumbling into King Tut's tomb. There's a folder called Nonadult that, alongside cheesy sci-fi graphics, features a series of boring cat photos. There's a picture of a suburban living room, a party. A man wears a Nine Inch Nails T-shirt; a girl with braces talks to another in jeans. The file is dated Valentine's Day, 1997.

A folder called Textfile includes "A Guide to Disruptive Revolutionary Tactics for High Schoolers," which, among its 81 suggestions, offers "Break into your school at night and burn it down." (Thanks.) There are guides to video games, vampires, hemp, hacking. It all seems naive, in the way the past always seems naive. We live in an age in which terrorism is real and our government monitors every call. The Devil's Doorknob looks weirdly innocent, in contrast to everything weird that came after.

Looking through these files, you get a sense of real human effort coming together. These people had a vision for a world full of porn, pirated software and guides to vampires, and they made it a reality, uploading file after file for years. Perhaps we owe them a debt of gratitude for all this and for that stupid picture of Garfield someone uploaded in 1989.

Today we computer-using humans tend to think in documents: reports, books, magazines. But this isn't a document like those. It's the state of a community, a tribe. It's an entire world, not the work of one person but hundreds. Whatever that Valentine's Day photo captures, it was a human moment, launched into the public record—the BBS—for all to see. Now it's just one file among millions.

Increasingly, we do things in groups—we tweet at one another and share images on Facebook. Each of those things, taken in isolation, is meaningless. One can understand these new sorts of metadocuments only when they're seen as the product of a whole community. After spending hours looking through these files, I had a map in my mind of this virtual place in its time. I knew what it was like to dial up the Devil's Doorknob 18 years ago. I wouldn't want to live there, but I'm glad it's there to visit.—*Paul Ford*

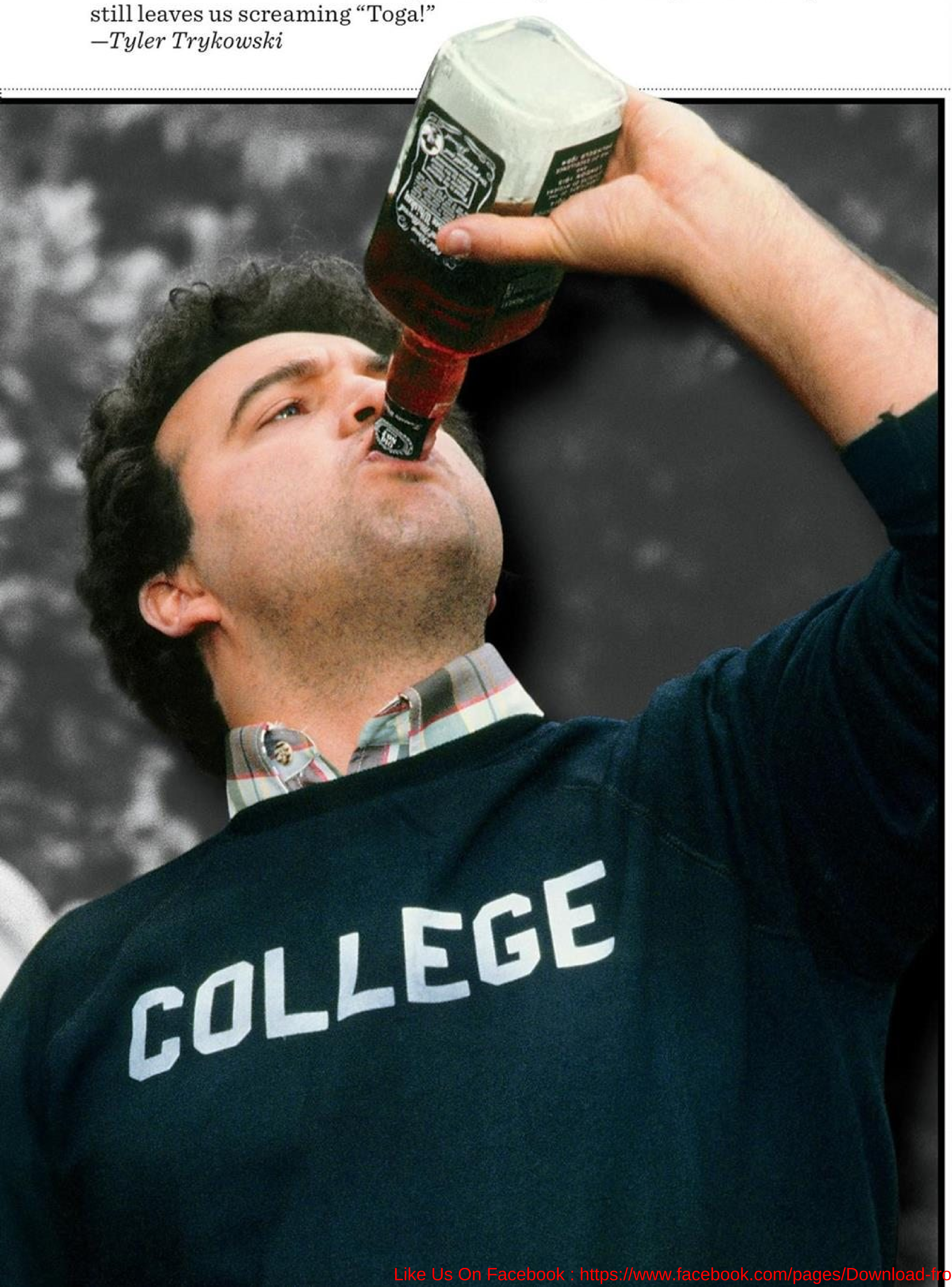
ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS PITILLI

# *ANIMAL HOUSE:* AN ANALYSIS

## HOLLYWOOD'S TOP SCRIPT ANALYST EXPLAINS WHY, 35 YEARS LATER, WE STILL WANT TO PLEDGE DELTA HOUSE

• "It's a broken process," Vinny Bruzzese says point-blank. He's talking about the state of the film industry—which has allowed 34 Tyler Perry projects to come to fruition, mind you—and he's right. But Bruzzese, a statistics professor turned Hollywood consultant, is paid to analyze movies and find out which will be hits and which will be the next *After Earth* or *John Carter.* In the same way Amazon uses algorithms to suggest what you might like to buy, Bruzzese and his company Worldwide Motion Picture Group use statistics and focus groups to predict if audiences will like a movie. His advice is in demand more than ever before. We sat down with Bruzzese and a copy of *Animal House* to hear him explain why, 35 years after its release, the Deltas' booze-fueled war against college conformity and sobriety still leaves us screaming "Toga!"

*—Tyler Trykowski*



### 1.
### Scene: Double-Secret Probation

→ "Think of Dean Wormer as a *Les Misérables,* Javert-like character—what dean is dedicated to kicking a single fraternity off campus? The writers of *Animal House* exaggerate bureaucrats to the point of ridiculousness. Absolute power corrupts, and these people make up the rules as they go along, with acolytes like Greg standing by to accept everything they say. Wormer's a spoof of authority, just as Archie Bunker was a spoof of conservatives on *All in the Family.*"

### 2.
### Scene: Fat, Drunk and Stupid

→ "Wormer actually makes sense for once when he tells the Deltas, 'Fat, drunk and stupid is no way to go through life.' But the establishment is out to get the Deltas, and they know they'll never get ahead playing by the rules. So they say, 'Screw it, let's throw a toga party'—and what's more hedonistic than that? The soldier's mantra is 'I'm gonna die on my feet, swinging.' Deltas are soldiers of hedonism. They're fighting a war by having fun in a society that doesn't want anyone to have fun."

### 3.
### Scene: Delta Goes on Trial

→ "Otter's famous speech mocks Wormer's extremism right to his face, and we see it's Otter who really leads the spirit of Delta. Really, that speech is the movie's message. They're told, 'If you're not like us, you don't belong at Faber College.' The Deltas say they're not playing that game, and they march out humming the national anthem. Inspirational speeches are spoofed throughout; generally, *Animal House* is a gigantic parody of those stereotypes. Almost every scene has something like it."

### 4.
### Scene: Deltas Raid the Parade

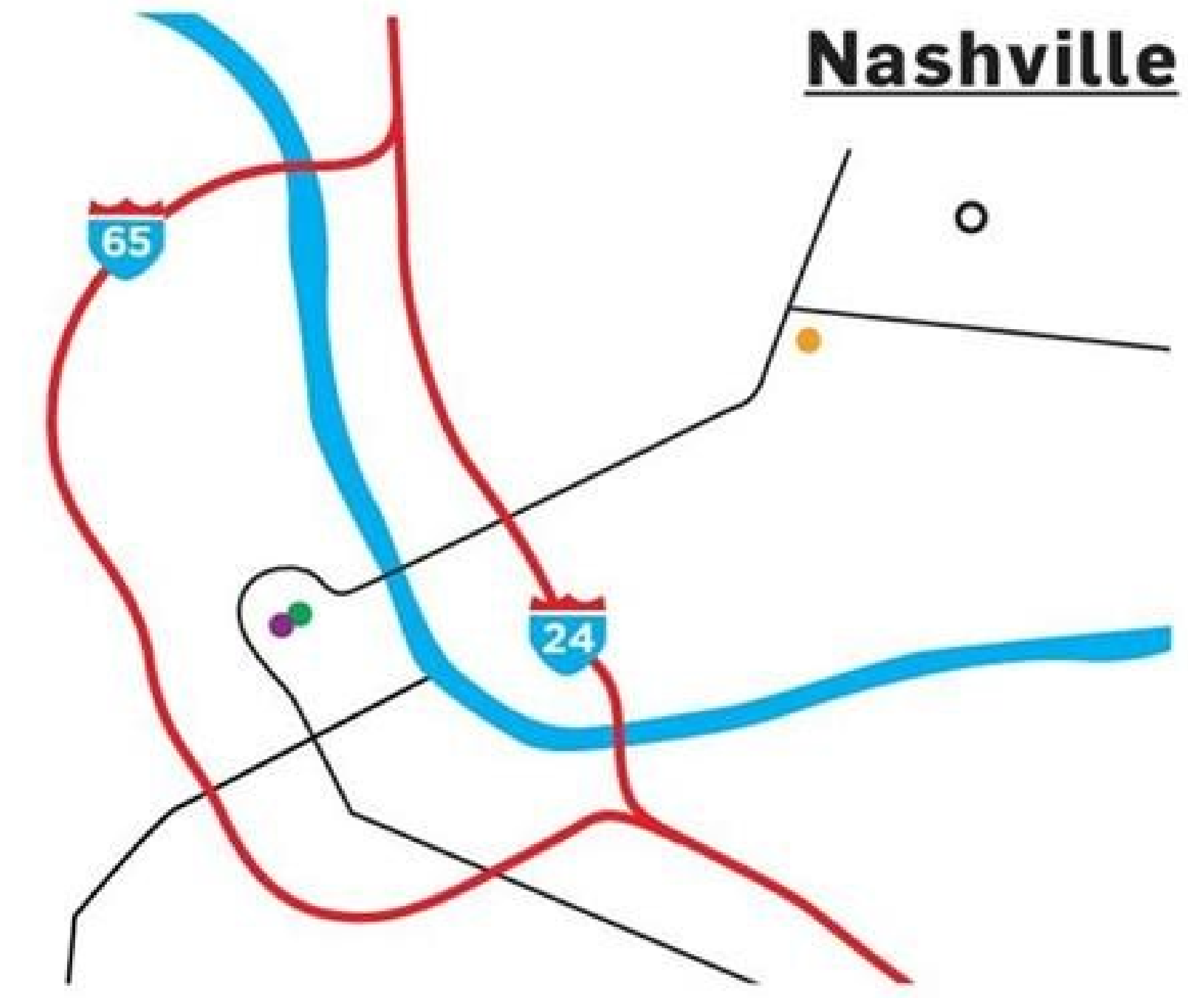
→ "This is where the soldiers of hedonism go down in flames. This ending actually has no point, but it spoofs everything to its logical conclusion. Stork leads the marching band into an alley, where they bang against the wall like the mindless followers these kids are. Neidermeyer threatens to shoot Flounder. The Deathmobile plows into the grandstand, which would have killed people. It's another completely rule-breaking scene and one of the reasons *Animal House* is so good at what it does."

# NASHVILLE NOW

## GREAT MUSIC, STRONG DRINKS, HOT CHICKEN. IT'S TIME TO SAVOR THE SOUTH'S CAPITAL OF COOL

1

BARISTA
PARLOR



- ○ *East Nashville*
- ● *Cumberland River*
- ● *City House*
- ● *Barista Parlor*
- ● *Rolf and Daughters*

2

3

• The mercury is rising in Nashville, and it's not just because of the heat—or the cayenne-drenched hot chicken that is the city's culinary specialty. Besides Hank Williams III and honky-tonks, Jack White and Hatch Show Print, Nashville boasts homegrown haberdasheries, small-batch breweries and a brand-new breed of Southern style.

Head to East Nashville for a bourbon-barrel latte from **Barista Parlor (1),** a specialty coffeehouse set up inside a refurbished transmission repair shop on Gallatin Avenue. Besides the all-American coffee selection (Counter Culture, Intelligentsia, MadCap), just about every other detail, from staff aprons to furniture to taxidermy, is locally procured.

Head over to the inconspicuous lot where Más Tacos Por Favor has taken up permanent residence after operating as a popular food truck. Order Oaxaca-style tacos, grilled corn and *agua fresca* to wash it all down.

You're a Southern gent now, which means you need a fresh haircut. Parlour & Juke has antique barber chairs, straight-razor shaves and an homage to the down-and-dirty juke joints of the South: The barbers double as musicians. Hang out awhile and talk vinyl.

As a turntable convert, you'll be pleased to know that record digging is in full effect at Grimey's New & Pre-Loved Music, which expanded next door to make room for more crates of blues, books and indie magazines—and a coffee alcove.

Everybody talks about the new Nashville sound, but the new Nashville taste is just as melodious. Two of the best restaurants are tucked away in Germantown: **City House (2),** the date-night hot spot for chicken and wood-fired pizzas in a minimalist concrete-and-brick space, and the new **Rolf and Daughters (3),** where modern Italian dining meets Southern food in a 100-year-old former factory.
—*Jeralyn Gerba*

## CHECK IN

→ Drop off your bags at the city's first boutique offering, the **Hutton Hotel.** Its 247 well-appointed rooms are perfect for business or pleasure. Bonus: The hotel is just a five-minute drive from the Station Inn music hall. You'll be happy about this when it's two in the morning.

## NEVER SLEEP

An after-hours plan of attack

**7:00PM**

### PINEWOOD SOCIAL

> Grab a drink at this brand-new all-day café and classic cocktail bar from the people behind the insanely popular Catbird Seat restaurant.

**9:00PM**

### PRINCE'S HOT CHICKEN SHACK

> It may serve its fare unceremoniously, but you will bow down to the original slinger of spice. Think of the fiery chicken as a stimulant.

**12:00AM**

### THE STATION INN

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# PIMP MY RAMEN

## HOW TO UPGRADE SUPERMARKET RAMEN FROM INSTANT STANDBY TO INSANELY DELICIOUS

• While the ramen-restaurant revolution has brought Tokyo-worthy bowls of noodles to cities across the country, on college campuses the stuff remains the lackluster MRE of starving students. But a hearty and delicious meal is within reach. First you need to ditch that packet of freeze-dried vegetables. Then simply follow the instructions on your favorite package of ramen and top it with a few well-chosen protein-rich and flavor-packed ingredients inspired by the best of the ramen boom.

**Bowled Over**

*Any ramen brand will do, but we like the chewy noodles and spicy broth options from Korean brand Nongshim Shin.*

NONGSHIM
SHIN BIG BOWL

## FAUX MOMOFUKU RAMEN

• *Chef David Chang's Momofuku Noodle Bar in New York City was a pioneer in the stateside ramen revolution. His signature dish is the inspiration for this version made with ingredients you can get at a supermarket.*

**Semisoft egg**
→ Boil an egg for seven minutes and plunge it into ice water to stop the cooking. The yolk will be perfectly creamy.

**Squares of nori**
→ Toasted seaweed adds even more depth of flavor. Slice it into thin strips.

**Chopped fresh scallions**
→ Thinly sliced, these add flavor and crunch.

**Precooked carnitas**
→ There's no hangover cure like slow-cooked pork. Trader Joe's sells pre-cooked carnitas you can stash in your dorm fridge.

### · MIX IT UP ·

**Sea change**
→ Swap out the pork with precooked, peeled and deveined frozen shrimp that you've thawed under running water.

**Add umami**
→ Thinly sliced shiitake mushrooms are high in glutamine, the naturally occurring compound that adds savoriness to dishes.

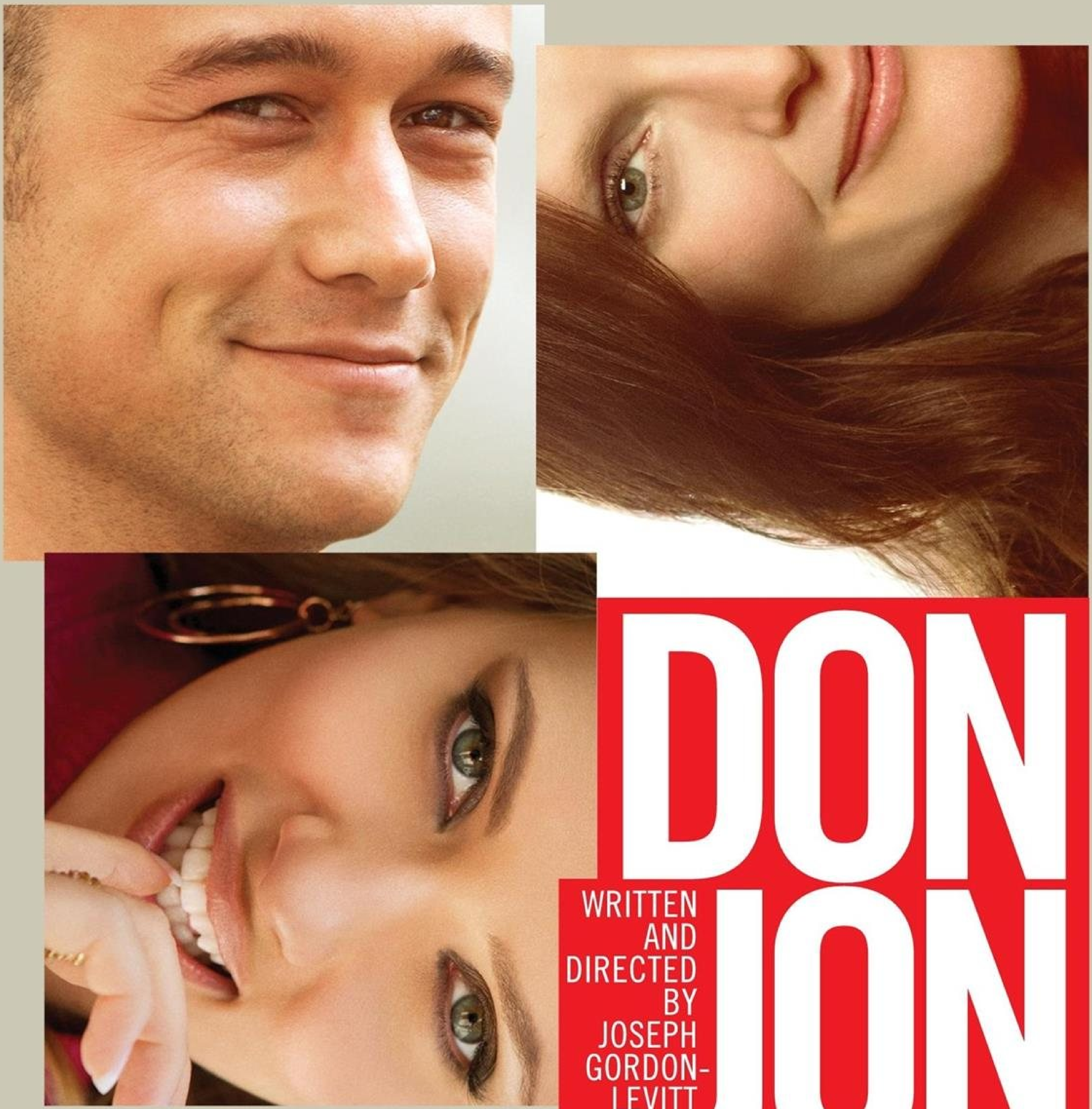
**Spice it up**
→ Korea's number one condiment, kimchi, adds crunchy, tangy appeal. Roughly chop it before adding to the ramen.

**Go green**
→ A little nutrition never hurts: Use bagged pre-washed baby spinach, which will wilt and cook in the hot broth.

FOOD STYLING BY VICTORIA GRANOF

Photography by **SATOSHI**

# EVERYONE LOVES A HAPPY ENDING



# DON JON

WRITTEN
AND
DIRECTED
BY
JOSEPH
GORDON-
LEVITT

JOSEPH **GORDON-LEVITT** SCARLETT **JOHANSSON** JULIANNE **MOORE**

RELATIVITY MEDIA AND VOLTAGE PICTURES PRESENT A HITRECORD FILMS / RAM BERGMAN PRODUCTION JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT SCARLETT JOHANSSON JULIANNE MOORE "DON JON" ROB BROWN GLENNE HEADLY BRIE LARSON AND TONY DANZA CASTING BY VENUS KANANI, C.S.A. MARY VERNIEU, C.S.A. LINE PRODUCER BRUCE WAYNE GILLIES COSTUME DESIGNER LEAH KATZNELSON MUSIC SUPERVISOR JOHN HOULIHAN MUSIC BY NATHAN JOHNSON FILM EDITOR LAUREN ZUCKERMAN PRODUCTION DESIGNER MEGHAN C. ROGERS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY THOMAS KLOSS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS NICOLAS CHARTIER RYAN KAVANAUGH TUCKER TOOLEY PRODUCED BY RAM BERGMAN WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

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DOLBY DIGITAL RELATIVITY

# MEZCAL MAGNIFICO

## TEQUILA'S SMOKIN' HOT SISTER WILL KEEP YOU TOASTY THIS FALL

• Everything tastes better smoked. Liquor is no exception, which is why mezcal—the Mexican spirit made from agave plants roasted in earthen ovens—is taking over the top shelves of America's best bars. Spicy, smooth and robustly flavored, it's superb for sipping or for mixing in deeply layered cocktails. We tapped Philip Ward of New York's Mexican mixology bar Mayahuel to harness mezcal's power for a refreshing cocktail: Ron's Dodge Charger. An homage to Ron Cooper (car buff and founder of Del Maguey mezcal), the drink is perfect for toasting with on a starry autumn night.—*Tyler Trykowski*

## - MASTER GLASS -

### Stay fresh

→ Skip the cans and bottles. Taking the time to make fresh pineapple and lime juice is key to mixing a vibrantly flavored cocktail.

### Get salty

→ One part La Boîte á Epice smoked salt to two parts kosher salt, pulsed for one second in a coffee grinder, will add depth to your rim.

### Bring the heat

→ To amp up the spice and add more flavor, let six *chiles de árbol* soak overnight in your mezcal. Strain them out to stop the burn from building.

**INGREDIENTS**

### *Ron's Dodge Charger*

- smoked salt
- 1½ oz. Del Maguey Vida mezcal infused with *chiles de árbol*
- 1 oz. fresh pineapple juice
- ¾ oz. freshly squeezed lime juice
- ¼ oz. agave nectar

Rim a chilled cocktail glass with smoked salt. Pour all ingredients into a cocktail shaker filled with ice and shake for a good five seconds. Strain into glass and enjoy.

DRINK STYLING BY VICTORIA GRANOF

## MEX APPEAL

### Three kings of mezcal that will set your cocktails afire

*• **DEL MAGUEY CHICHICAPA, $70.** The Del Maguey brand is mezcal's matador; Chichicapa's earthy pepper and spice make for profound cocktails.*

*• **WAHAKA JOVEN TOBALÁ, $80.** Tangy citrus lies beneath a slow, satisfying charcoal burn, ideal in intricate, savory concoctions.*

*• **ILEGAL REPOSADO, $65.** Caramel and vanilla balance the smoldering wood taste of this reposado (lightly aged) mezcal. Rich enough to be sipped neat or on the rocks.*

Photography by **SATOSHI**

PLAY EVERY DECADE

CASINO

PLAYMATES, COINS AND SLOT MACHINES,
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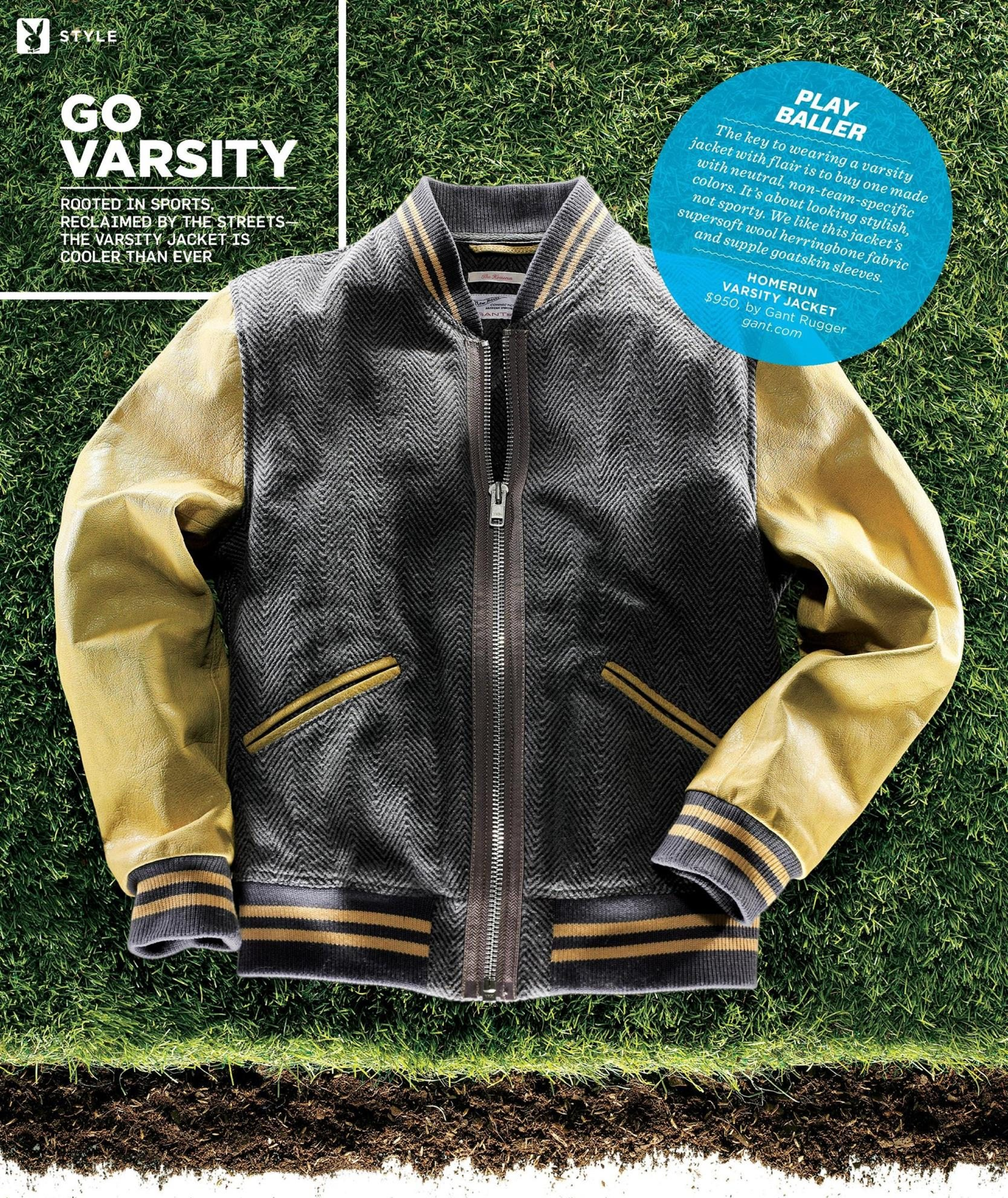
# GO VARSITY

ROOTED IN SPORTS, RECLAIMED BY THE STREETS—THE VARSITY JACKET IS COOLER THAN EVER



**PLAY BALLER**

*The key to wearing a varsity jacket with flair is to buy one made with neutral, non-team-specific colors. It's about looking stylish, not sporty. We like this jacket's supersoft wool herringbone fabric and supple goatskin sleeves.*

**HOMERUN VARSITY JACKET**
$950, by Gant Rugger
gant.com

Years after it was taken off the field and onto the streets by brands such as FUBU, Rocawear and A Bathing Ape, the varsity jacket is back and available in more styles than ever: from the stripped-down and affordable versions in Shepard Fairey's Obey clothing line to a trim and luxe black-on-black piece from Band of Outsiders. Just because your days as a letterman are behind you, there's no need to ditch what is arguably the most recognizably American (and possibly most comfortable) jacket around.

Photography by **SATOSHI**

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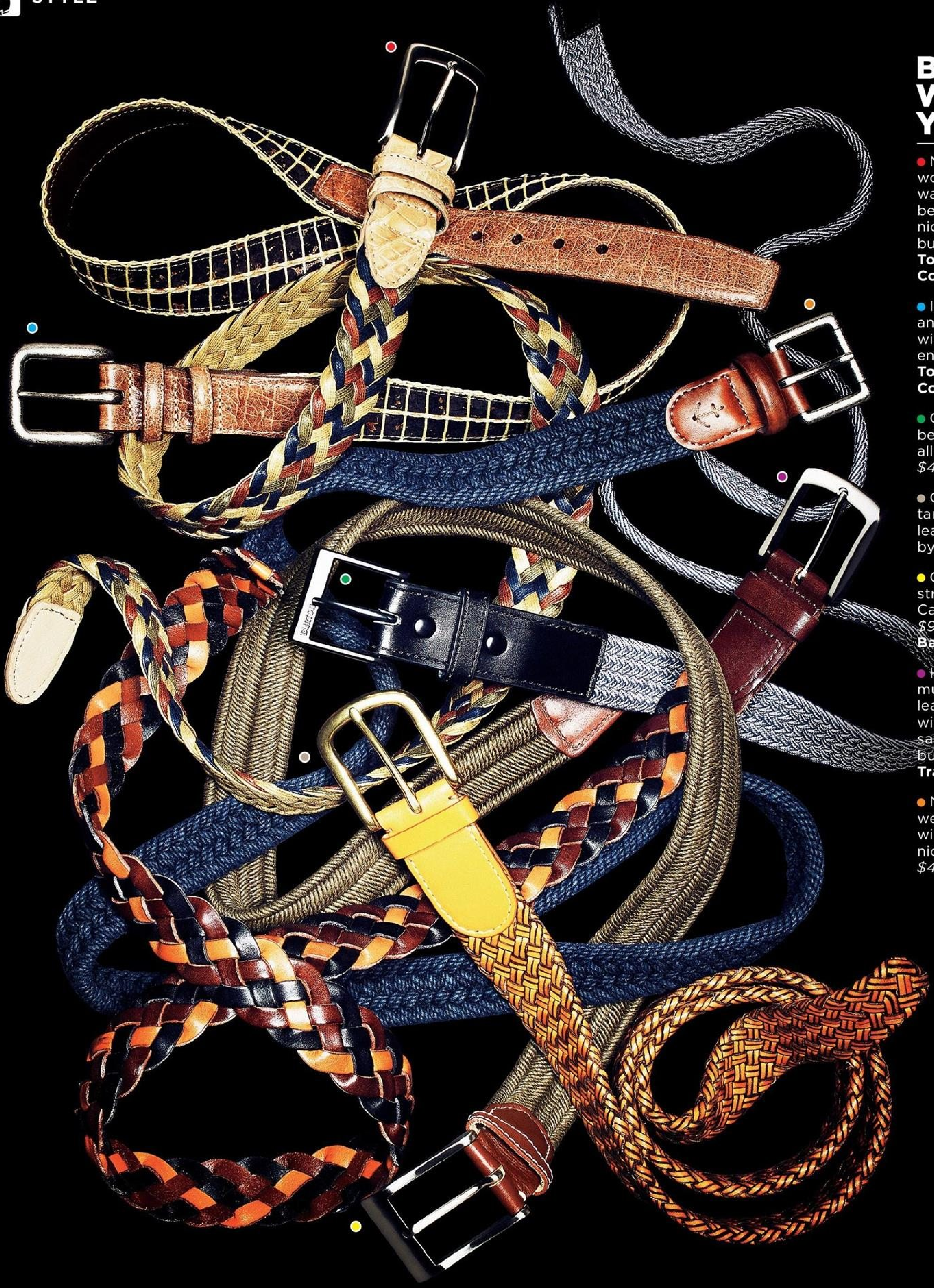

## BELT WITH YOU

- ● Multicolored woven Italian waxed-cotton belt with nickel-finish buckle, *$100,* by **Torino Leather Company.**
- ● Italian cork and cotton belt with calfskin tab ends, *$85,* by **Torino Leather Company.**
- ● Gray woven belt with zinc-alloy buckle, *$40,* by **Burton.**
- ● Classic braided tan and black leather belt, *$80,* by **Cole Haan.**
- ● Olive woven stretch cotton Castaway belt, *$90,* by **Tommy Bahama.**
- ● Handwoven multicolored leather belt with brushed-satin nickel buckle, *$65,* by **Trafalgar.**
- ● Navy cotton webbed belt with matte-nickel buckle, *$40,* by **Nautica.**

# WEAVES WILL ROCK YOU

## KEEP YOUR PANTS ON WITH STYLISH, WELL-CRAFTED WOVEN AND BRAIDED BELTS

• The age-old question "Brown or black belt?" has been rendered obsolete by the fact that now you can have both colors in one, thanks to a recent boom in braided and woven belts. Denim, khakis and other more casual pants dominate today's workplace, so a braided belt can be used in the same manner as a power tie: You can opt for military green for a subtly aggressive look, navy blue for a preppy vibe or woven cowhide to show you can mix business with leather. Buckle up—you're in for a stylish ride.

STYLING BY ANDY KENNEDY

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

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shopskechers.com

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

# DON JON

By Stephen Rebello

• Joseph Gordon-Levitt makes his debut as a writer-director with this sex comedy in which he also stars as a macho New Jersey skirt chaser and gym rat who fears he watches too much porn. This addiction complicates his relationship with ultimate Jersey-girl arm candy Barbara—played by Scarlett Johansson—who, he says, "watches too many romantic Hollywood movies." *Don Jon* also features Julianne Moore, Tony Danza and Glenne Headly. Does Gordon-Levitt think movie stars are objectified? "I've sometimes felt I'm perceived as a thing," he says. "Here's Scarlett, a smart, talented artist, yet what people talk about disproportionately is that she's very good-looking. I wrote the role with her in mind and had a hunch she was going to knock it out of the park. She did. She's charming, funny and appealing."

DVD OF THE MONTH

# MANIAC

By Robert B. DeSalvo

• This controversial yet superior remake of the 1980 slasher flick *Maniac* stars Elijah Wood as Frank Zito, a young man who has taken over his family's mannequin business. By night, Frank stalks and scalps car-challenged women in L.A. due to unresolved mommy issues that would make Norman Bates blush. The pervasive and disturbing POV shots allow viewers to see Frank's victims from his perspective, which makes their fear and panic all too palpable. (BD) **Best extra:** An hour-long making-of documentary.

## TEASE FRAME

**Judy Greer**

→ Judy Greer throws caution—and her blouse—to the wind in *Adaptation* (pictured) and flashes her breasts at the Bluths on *Arrested Development.* She can currently be seen as the gym teacher in *Carrie.*

## ROBERT RODRIGUEZ

*THE MACHETE KILLS DIRECTOR TALKS ABOUT CINEMA'S PREMIER PISSED-OFF MEXICAN*

**Q:** What is the best thing about *Machete Kills*?

**A:** In this one, Machete's legend has grown—it's global. Everything in the movie is dialed up to 11. We have some of the sexiest women in film—Sofia Vergara, Amber Heard, Michelle Rodriguez, Vanessa Hudgens, Jessica Alba, Alexa Vega—dressed outrageously hot and falling at the feet of our legendary badass ex-fed and mack daddy, played by Danny Trejo.

**Q:** You've got Sofia Vergara firing bullets out of her metal bra, Mel Gibson playing a nutbag zillionaire arms dealer and Charlie Sheen as the U.S. president. All this and Lady Gaga as a hit woman too?

**A:** Lady Gaga said she wished she had been in *Machete,* so I wrote her a part, and she just kicked ass. Danny, of course, is Machete. But you know, I didn't set out to make *Machete* or a sequel. Machete the character makes me want to make *Machete.*

**Q:** What's the best way to experience *Machete Kills*?

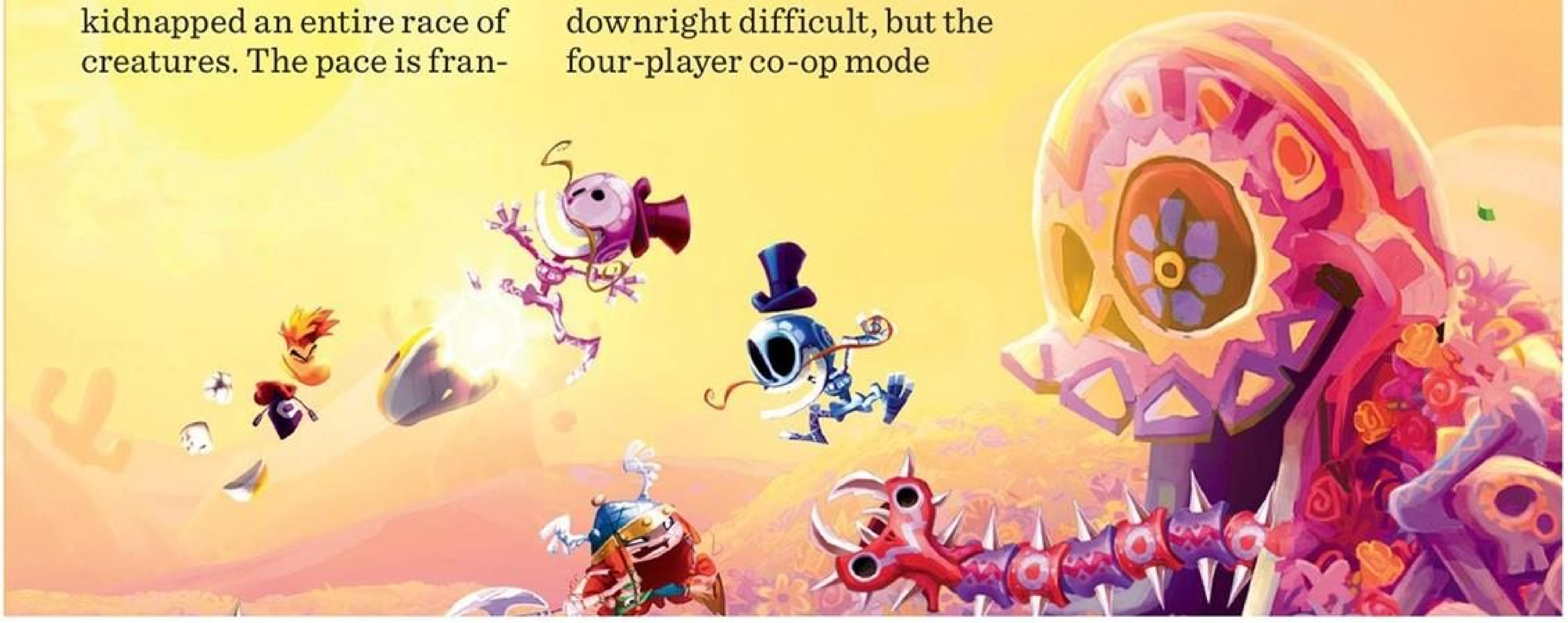
**A:** Go with a bunch of friends, because the movie is fun, crazy. You'll feel like you're tripping, but no, it's really happening. You actually just saw what you think you did.—*S.R.*

GAME OF THE MONTH

# RAYMAN LEGENDS

By Marston Hefner

• *Rayman Legends* (360, PC, PS3, Wii U) marks the return of the award-winning adventure series as Rayman faces off against dark forces that have invaded his world and kidnapped an entire race of creatures. The pace is frantic as you run, leap, dodge obstacles and beat dragons and other monsters in wild worlds inspired by famous paintings and fairy tales. The gameplay is challenging, bordering on downright difficult, but the four-player co-op mode lets you bring in friends for backup. Our favorite level: a rhythm-based challenge that syncs music to your play, matching every movement to the beat. 🐰🐰🐰🐰



# MUST-WATCH TV

By Josef Adalian

## 1 MASTERS OF SEX

• This *Mad Men*–era series about pioneering sex researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson never goes more than a few minutes without a naked body or noisy orgasm. But titillation isn't the point: Showtime's next great series aims to tell the story of a puritanical nation ready to shed its inhibitions and a gender poised to demand equality. Riveting, nuanced performances by Michael Sheen (Masters) and Lizzy Caplan (Johnson) ensure this never feels like a history lesson—or a peep show. 🐰🐰🐰🐰

## 2 MARVEL'S AGENTS OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

• There's no Hulk or Thor, but ABC's attempt to assemble the Marvel masses is super in its own way. A sort of *NCIS* meets *The X-Files, S.H.I.E.L.D.* focuses on a team of agents charged with investigating bizarre and unexplained phenomena, with not-dead-after-all Agent Coulson from the movie franchise leading the way. *The Avengers* director Joss Whedon makes sure the banter is witty, the characters aren't cardboard and lots of ass is kicked. 🐰🐰🐰

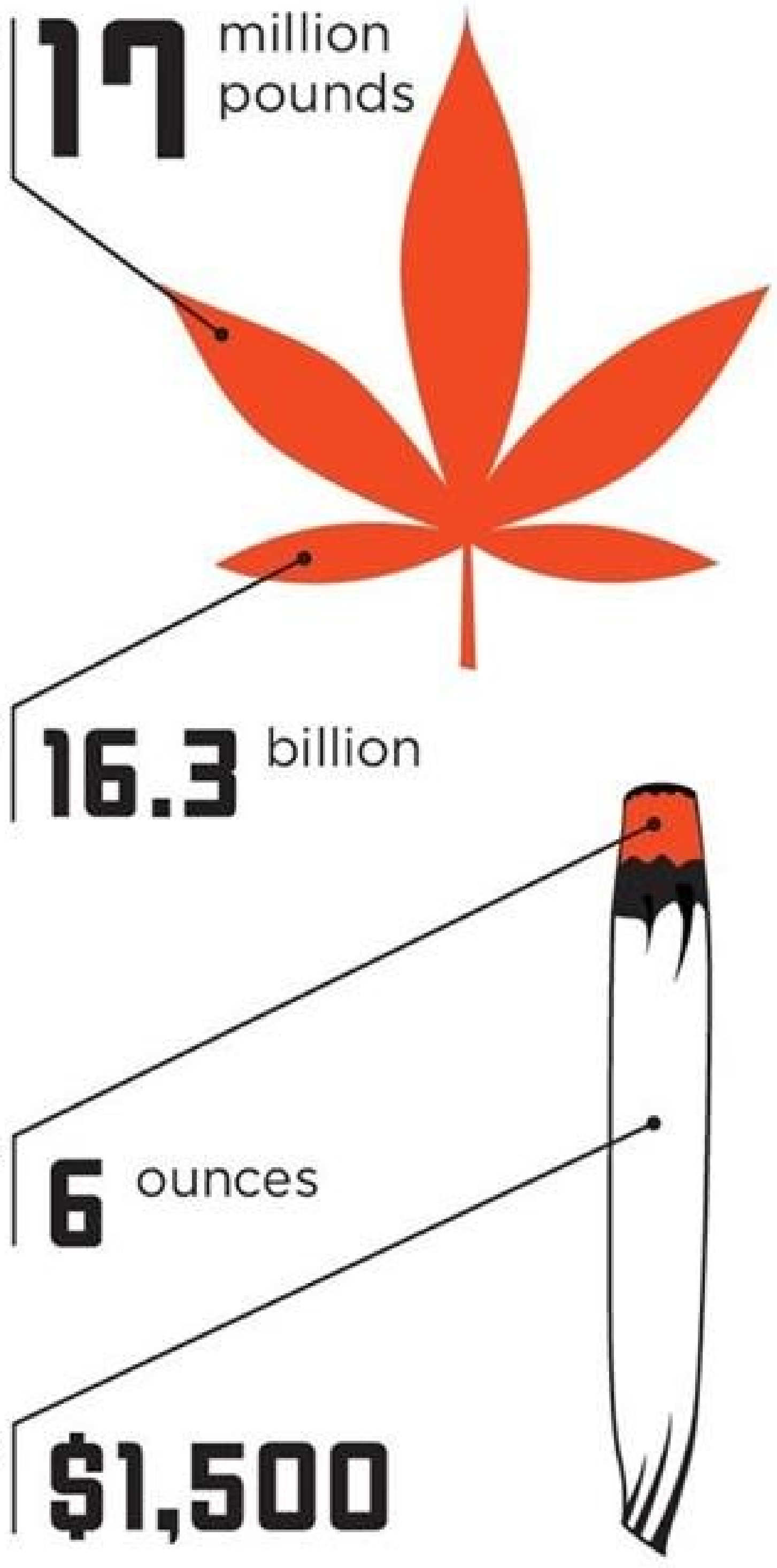
ALBUM OF THE MONTH

# WISE UP GHOST

By Rob Tannenbaum

• A musical pairing can be as awkward as a blind date but lasts a lot longer. If Metallica hadn't clicked on Lou Reed's Christian Mingle profile, metaphorically speaking, we'd have been spared the 2011 catastrophe *Lulu*. But the romance between Elvis Costello and the Roots has a solid foundation: Both are known for smarts, musical curiosity, far-ranging taste and eyeglasses. On *Wise Up Ghost*, Costello and the Roots use the familiar components of soul music to depict a dangerous, lamentable modern world where streets are littered with "handbags, toupees, lost legs and fingernails." It's grim and hazardous, and instead of giving pleasure, the buzzing horns and jabs of organ sound an alarm. 🐰🐰🐰🐰

## REAL HIGH



❶ Amount of marijuana seized by U.S. Border Patrol agents on the southwest border between January 2005 and October 2011

1 **17** million pounds

❷ Number of joints that could create

2 **16.3** billion

❸ Amount of marijuana inside a super-joint rolled by rapper B-Real of Cypress Hill

3 **6** ounces

❹ Estimated street value of the superjoint

4 **$1,500**

## FULLY TANKED

• This summer a tanker truck carrying 6,000 gallons of scotch overturned and caught fire in New Jersey.

## WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU

• A Yahoo News analysis of 444 briefings found that White House press secretary Jay Carney has responded to reporters' questions with a variation of "I don't know" 1,905 times since February 2011.

**OTHER COMMON ANSWERS:**

① *"I would refer you to someone else."* (1,383 times)

② *"You already know the answer."* (1,125 times)

③ *"I'm not going to tell you."* (939 times)

## LIGHT MY FIRE

• *This year marks the 40th anniversary of the BIC lighter.*

Launched: 1973

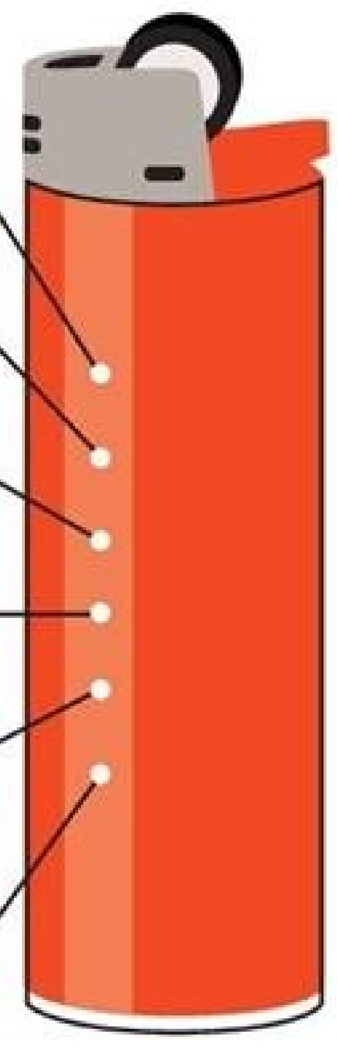
Original price: $1.49

Current price: $1.69–$1.89

Number sold daily: 6 MILLION

Total sold: 30 BILLION

Number of lights provided by a standard BIC lighter: 3,000



## CLASSIC TO THE CORE

• Price paid for an original 1976 Apple I at auction in Germany:

$671,400

• Number of still-working Apple I's believed to exist:

## BIG BROTHER

• In the week after details of the Prism surveillance program leaked, sales of George Orwell's novel *1984* went up 7,000% on Amazon.

## BIG MONEY

• The world's largest lotteries, by total annual ticket sales:

| | |
|---|---|
| ① | $25.1 billion<br>**Lottomatica, Italy** |
| ② | $20.4 billion<br>**China Welfare Lottery** |
| ③ | $17.5 billion<br>**China Sports Lottery** |
| ④ | $16 billion<br>**Française des Jeux, France** |
| ⑤ | $12.2 billion<br>**SELAE, Spain** |

• The New York Lottery, at $7.2 billion, comes in at eighth place; the California Lottery, at $4.5 billion, is number 14.

## OUR SECRET

• According to the National Opinion Research Center's General Social Survey, wives today are

40%

more likely to cheat on their husbands than they were in 1990. They still cheat 30% less than married men.

## ROBOT LOVE

• A Huffington Post/YouGov survey on robots found:

18% of respondents believe humans will be able to have sex with robots by 2030.

9% said they would have sex with a robot.

42% believe sex with a robot constitutes cheating on a spouse.

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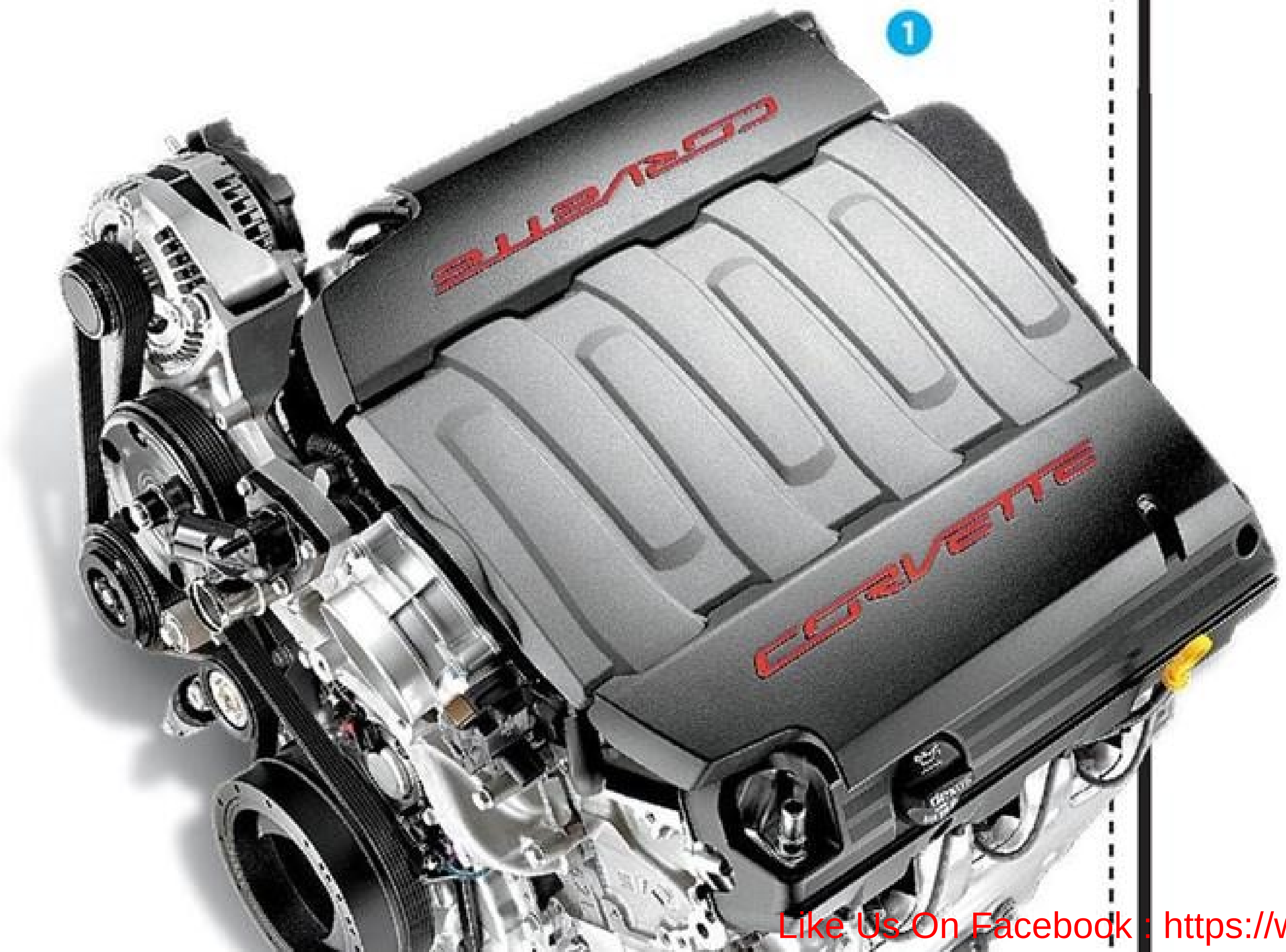
# LITTLE RED CORVETTE

## THE ALL-AMERICAN SPORTS CAR IS BORN AGAIN

• Chevrolet designers and engineers felt the heat when they were called to create the seventh-generation Corvette. With the Vette's dwindling sales and aging fan base, this new iteration would have to chariot the nation's most famed sports car into a new era and carve out an audience among young drivers. The C7 Stingray (check out the new emblem, middle right) hits streets this month, 60 years after Chevy unleashed the first Corvette. It's the fastest, most powerful and lightest base Vette ever. In our test-drives on road and track, we found this low-slung hard charger to be a wild amount of fun for $51,000 and up. Will it compete against Euro-bred sports cars at the same price? Time will tell. Let's take a closer look.



1
### Power Trip

→ The 6.2-liter direct-injected LT1 V8 throttles 455 horsepower, delivering a zero-to-60 sprint in under four seconds, with decent mileage (17 city, 29 highway). An optional performance exhaust (see the pipes, above right) ups the power to 460.

2
### Gorgeous Figure

→ Fitted atop a super-rigid all-aluminum chassis is a fiberglass body that appears more angular and Japanese influenced, with jet-aircraft-inspired scoops adapted from the Le Mans class-winning Corvette race car.

3
### Hot Seat

→ In the past, even Vette lovers complained that GM skimped on the interior. Not anymore. Carbon fiber abounds. Go for the optional Competition Sport bucket seats.

4
### Utility Player

→ A console-mounted drive-mode selector lets you choose from five settings—tour, weather, eco, sport and track. Each optimizes throttle mapping, stability control, traction control, power steering and damping.

5
### Gear Head

→ Choose between two trannies—a seven-speed manual or six-speed auto, both with twin-disc clutch. In manual, active rev matching anticipates your next move and blips the throttle for butter-smooth shifting.

6
### Spinning Wheel

→ Speed doesn't do you any good without grip and stopping power. The new Vette comes with race-bred Michelin Pilot run flats, huge Brembo brakes, plus third-gen magnetic shocks and light alloy wheels.

# FUEL GAUGE

WITH GREEN TECHNOLOGY SPROUTING UP EVERYWHERE, HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO BUY? LET'S POP SOME HOODS

1

## Flex Fuel

→ A flex-fuel car can burn normal gas or ethanol fuel such as E85 (85 percent ethanol, 15 percent gas). **Pros:** Ethanol is made from farm-grown grain that's renewable and domestically produced. It's cheaper than gas and creates fewer emissions. **Cons:** Ethanol reduces vehicle emissions, but modern farming produces plenty of its own. Your car won't go as far on E85 as it will on gas, and finding E85 outside the farm-rich Midwest is tough. The jury is still out on flex fuel. **Pictured:** Bentley's flex-fuel Continental GT.

2

## Electric Vehicle (EV)

→ An EV is a plug-in, all-electric car. **Pro:** You never have to pay for gas! **Cons:** You'll need a garage with a 220-volt outlet. If you run out of juice on the road, you're screwed. Although you're not polluting the Earth with emissions, you're juicing off the power grid, which taxes the environment anyway. Great for someone with a short commute. **Pictured:** the Nissan Leaf.

3

## Hydrogen Fuel Cell

→ Hydrogen stored in a cell combines with oxygen from the air to produce electricity that powers the car. **Pros:** The only by-product is water, and the fuel is domestically produced. **Cons:** It's expensive to build. And though hydrogen is the most abundant element in the universe, there are fewer than a dozen refueling stations in the country. Hydrogen may be the fuel of tomorrow but not today. **Pictured:** Honda's FCX Clarity is the only hydrogen-fuel-cell car on the market now, leasable for three years at $600 a month.

4

## Hybrid Vehicle

→ Manufacturers have created a variety of systems, but the basic technology is the same: a gas engine and a battery-powered electric motor combined for overall efficiency. **Pros:** It's the most proven and versatile type of green car. Concerns over battery life and resale are all but gone. **Con:** So much for spirited driving. **Pictured:** VW's new hybrid Jetta gets 42 city and 48 highway mpg.

5

## Clean Diesel

→ Europe's green car of choice, the clean diesel is breaking into the U.S. **Pros:** About 30 percent more mpg than gas, with about the same emissions. **Cons:** The fuel costs a bit more. A hybrid is cleaner, but if you want to be green and have fun at the wheel, diesel is for you. **Pictured:** Chevy's new diesel Cruze gets 46 mpg highway.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HARKNESS

INTERVIEW

## RON HOWARD

*We slip into the cockpit with the director of this fall's Rush*

- *Racing history is rife with Hollywood-ready story lines. The new film Rush explores the 1970s Formula One rivalry between Englishman James Hunt (Chris Hemsworth) and Austrian Niki Lauda (Daniel Brühl). We talked racing with director Ron Howard.*

**Are you a gearhead?**

→ Oh God no. The only car I ever loved was the first car I bought—a 1970 VW Bug.

**Were cars a big part of the soul of this film?**

→ Anyone around racing always talks about the car. The car is alive. It is ever changing. It changes with every lap, and the drivers notice the difference every lap. There's a sensuality. There's a collective level of sexuality—F1 has sexuality.

**Did you use real race cars?**

→ We had a combination of historic originals and replicas. We had the real Tyrrell, the Lauda Ferrari, the Hunt McLaren.

**Any high-speed mishaps?**

→ We had only 14 racing shoot days, and we had some scary moments. Those cars were built to be durable and drivable. Still, shit could happen.

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# NOT JUST ANY HALLOWEEN GUIDE

**This year, we're making sure October 31st won't be just any Halloween by getting prepped in style. Suit up with tips on classic costumes, gentlemanly cocktails and even little-known Halloween lore to ensure you'll have an unforgettable night.**

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|  |  |  |
|---|---|---|
| Naughty Nurse | Vampire Vixen | Pirate Wench |
| Red Hot Devil | Bewitching Witch | Gypsy Temptress |
| Kicky Cheerleader | Little Red Riding Hood | Fetching Flapper Girl |

## ADULT COSTUME BINGO

What's a party without a challenge? Have each of your friends be on the lookout for each costume above, and when they spot them (you might even make them shoot a photo for proof), they can check off that square. The first one of your friends to get a whole row marked off earns a well-deserved shot of Hornitos® tequila.

## CELEBRATE AUTHENTICALLY

Halloween's the rarest of holidays—it's as much fun as it is culturally rich. While today's sophisticated gentleman thinks of it as a time to dress up and be social, we like to think of Halloween as a chance for cultural exchange with our neighbor to the south, Mexico. There, Mexicans have an autumnal celebration known as the Day of the Dead, a traditional holiday in which friends and family gather together to remember friends and family who have died. We're wowed by the Day of the Dead's elaborate preparations and pageantry, and have cribbed some of the highlights for our stateside Halloween party decor.

**Sugar Skulls**—these small white *calaveras de azúcar* are made of granulated sugar and powder that's mixed by hand then pressed into shaped molds. The skulls are left to dry overnight, then adorned with the name of the deceased written on them in bright icing. Make your own sugar skulls or buy them pre-made at any Mexican market.

**Pan de Muerto (Bread of the Dead)**—this traditional egg bread is an offering to the spirit world; it's available at Mexican-American bakers around Halloween.

**Tamales**—After journeying back from the Great Beyond, spirits are hungry for this traditional corn comfort food wrapped in corn husks. Their starchy goodness makes a great party snack, too.

**Tequila for the altar**—On graves and altars across Mexico, bottles of tequila are left as offerings to the deceased—but we're happy to have bottles of Hornitos® tequila on hand as an offering for our guests.

# RECIPES

Your guests will know this isn't just any Halloween party when you play bartender for them and serve distinctive cocktails using Hornitos® tequila. For an especially dramatic presentation, hide a few pans filled with dry ice underneath your bar table and behind jack-o'-lanterns. Throughout the evening, pour a bit of warm water on the dry ice so that spooky fog wafts over the bar.

## MIDNIGHT MASQUERADE

1.5 PARTS HORNITOS® PLATA TEQUILA
1/2 PART SWEET VERMOUTH
1/2 PART DRY VERMOUTH
1/2 PART CAMPARI® LIQUEUR
1 DASH ANGOSTURA® BITTERS

Stir all ingredients with ice, and strain into a rocks glass over fresh ice. Garnish with a lemon peel.

## NOT JUST ANY POTION

1.5 PARTS HORNITOS® PLATA TEQUILA
2 PARTS LIME JUICE
1 PART SIMPLE SYRUP
1/2 PART RASPBERRY PUREE
1 PART DEKUYPER® VANILLA LIQUEUR

Shake and pour ingredients into a cocktail glass half rimmed with a thick layer of black lava salt. Garnish with 2-3 chocolate/salt covered raspberries.

## DAWN OF THE DEAD

1 PART HORNITOS® PLATA TEQUILA
1 PART KAMORA® COFFEE LIQUEUR
1 PART HARD APPLE CIDER

Build in a pilsner glass over ice. Garnish with an orange slice.

# HALLOWEEN RITUALS AROUND THE WORLD

We're working on seeming like an international man of mystery by knowing a few tidbits about Halloween celebrations across the globe. Throw these facts into conversation and you'll seem worldly.

In **Singapore**, the Hungry Ghosts Festival says that the gates of hell are opened and spirits come back to visit their families; it's commemorated by Chinese opera performances.

In **Colombia**, there's U.S.-style trick-or-treating, with children chanting "Tricky tricky Halloween, I want candy for me, and if there's no candy for me, your nose will grow!"

In the **Philippines**, there's an old custom of souling, similar to caroling in U.S. Christmas celebrations. In it, a group goes from house to house singing for money to pay for masses for the dead.

**Joss sticks are traditionally burned during the Hungry Ghosts Festival in Singapore**

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# NOT JUST ANY HOUSE PARTY

Forget the finger-shaped cookies and cheesy games. This is not just any night or party, so a few well-chosen upgrades will make it extra-special.

**Hire a mobile photo booth company** for your party. Also, create a hashtag for the evening and post it around the party, so both you and your guests will be able to see all the shots later on Instagram or Twitter.

**Have a live DJ**. You'll be too busy hobnobbing with guests to worry over a playlist, so hire someone to oversee the tunes, from campy Halloween classics like "Monster Mash" to charting singles.

For a guaranteed conversation-starter, serve **Not Just Any Chocolate Chip Cookies**, made by replacing half the chocolate chips in chocolate chip cookies with crickets (don't worry—you won't have to catch them, they are available via mail order). Crickets are naturally high in protein and you can't beat the shock appeal.

# MAKE YOUR COSTUME SPECIAL

It's Halloween. The quickest way to signal that you're ready for a good time—as the host of your own party, a guest at someone else's or on a pub crawl with your friends—is to wear a costume. Trust us on this one. (And may we recommend a shot of Hornitos® tequila at home before you debut your new look for the general public.) We recommend going classic with your look—because a well-dressed man, even in costume, is the guy you remember.

1. **Jazz Up Pin Stripes:** Take a pin-stripe suit you already own and add a high-quality fedora from a hatmaker for a classic '40's gangster look.
2. **Basic Black:** You look good in your favorite black suit. You know you look good in your favorite black suit. Worn with a white shirt and black tie a la any Tarantino henchman, everyone will know you look good in your black suit.
3. **Love The Leather:** A leather bomber jacket plus a broad-brim fedora equals a rakish Indiana Jones.
4. **Hello, Slick:** A handful of pomade in your swept-back hair worn with a gray suit channels Don Draper. In a good way.

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OPEN TO CELEBRATE *NOT JUST ANY HALLOWEEN*

# TOOL 2.0

## TAKE YOUR TOOLBOX BEYOND THE SCREWDRIVER AND HAMMER

**1. Chop Chop**
→ The Fire Fighter's Battle Axe by Lansky ($87, lansky.com) includes a steel ax head, a pry bar and a handle insulated for up to 10,000 volts.

**2. Get a Grip**
→ The red oak handle and steel body of the Mo-Tools Wood Inlay Axe ($50, brookand hunter.com) hide knives, pliers, wire cutters and more.

**3. Crash-Proof**
→ Your car just splashed down in a lake. Luckily Leatherman's Z-Rex ($26, leatherman .com) includes a seat-belt cutter and a glass breaker.

**4. Razor's Edge**
→ Irwin's FK250 ($16, irwin.com) features a locking blade, a one-inch screwdriver bit and a built-in wire stripper.

**5. Big Fish**
→ The compact Guppie by CRKT ($40, crkt.com) packs in a half-inch wrench, a steel blade, an LED, a bit carrier, a money clip and a bottle opener.

**6. Lock Jaws**
→ Concave jaws lined with teeth help VamPliers ($35, vampiretools.com) remove stripped and rusted screws.

**7. Dirty Dozen**
→ Loaded with 12 components ranging from a serrated blade to a bit driver, Gerber's MP1 ($115, gerbergear.com) does it all.

2
3
440C
4
IRWIN
1
LANSKY
5
6
7
GERBER
MP1

Photography by JOSEPH SHIN

STYLING BY ANDY KENNEDY

WESTCOAST
CHiLL
No Sugar
No Caffeine
WESTCOAST
CHiLL
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www.westcoastchill.com

# ATTACK OF THE DRONES

• Who watches the watchmen? You do, with the latest remote-controlled drones. They fly, hover and stream high-definition video footage straight to your smartphone. The surveillance state starts at home.

## 1

### WATCH THIS

→ Meet the cameraman for your next snowboard adventure. Pilot the AR.Drone 2.0 by Parrot from up to 165 feet away via a sleek smartphone app while a built-in HD camera sends footage straight to your device.

*ardrone2.com*
*($300)*

## 2

### FAR OUT

→ A drone is only as good as the distance it can travel. The Phantom by DJI Innovations can journey up to 980 feet from the remote control at speeds of up to 32 feet per second. Gone too far? A GPS module inside helps the Phantom hold position at your command or automatically return to you in case of communication loss or low power. Strap a GoPro camera (sold separately) to the mount and take off.

*dji-innovations.com*
*($679)*

## 3

### HEAVY METAL

→ Want a drone with more muscle? The Pegasus by Mavrx can be upgraded with up to eight rotors and can haul a two-pound camera. Send it exploring while you pilot it on your phone and watch streaming video.

*mavrx.co*
*($1,200)*

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HARKNESS

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

PROMOTION

# KICK-ASS 2

On Friday, July 19th, celebrities, media and pop-culture icons touched down in San Diego to live out their ultimate superhero and supervillain fantasies at the official party for *Kick-Ass 2* during Comic-Con weekend.

To celebrate the release of the film, Playboy and Universal Pictures created an interactive playground for partygoers—complete with a live action stunt from AXE® Black Chill™ that showcased the evolution of super-heroine hotness over the decades.

Guests and talent alike explored sets inspired by the film, demonstrated their superhuman strength on the *Kick-Ass 2* bungee, transformed into alter egos in various photo booths, and battled their cravings with refreshing Patrón cocktails and popsicles as DJ Five fueled the night.

To see more action from the party, visit **playboy.com/kickass2**

AXE® BLACK CHILL™ TEQUILA PATRÓN Ultimat Vodka

PLAYMATES ALANA CAMPOS, SUMMER ALTICE AND HEATHER RAE YOUNG

BAM!
PATRÓN POW!

GUESTS IN PATRÓN TEQUILA PHOTO BOOTH

ACTORS CHRISTOPHER MINTZ-PLASSE AND DONALD FAISON

ACTRESS OLIVIA MUNN

ACTOR DONALD FAISON
ON THE SUPERHERO BUNGEE

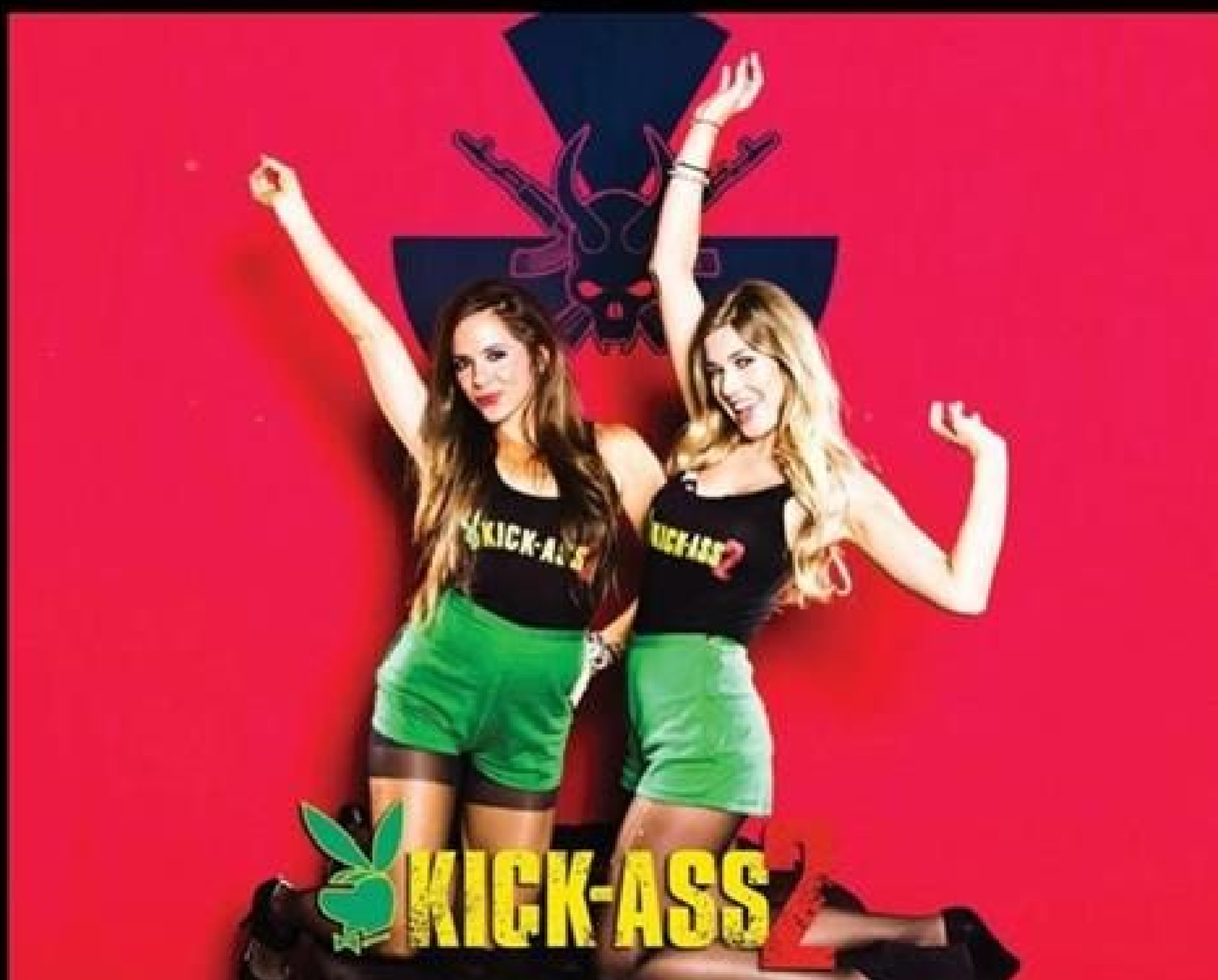
SUPERMODEL
EMILY RATAJKOWSKI

ACTOR NAVID NEGAHBAN WITH PLAYMATES ALANA CAMPOS, SUMMER ALTICE AND HEATHER RAE YOUNG

AXE® BLACK CHILL™ SUPER-HEROINE STUNT

ACTOR KEVIN BACON

ACTRESS MAITLAND WARD



MODELS IN THE MOTHER F%&*^R'S LAIR PHOTO BOOTH

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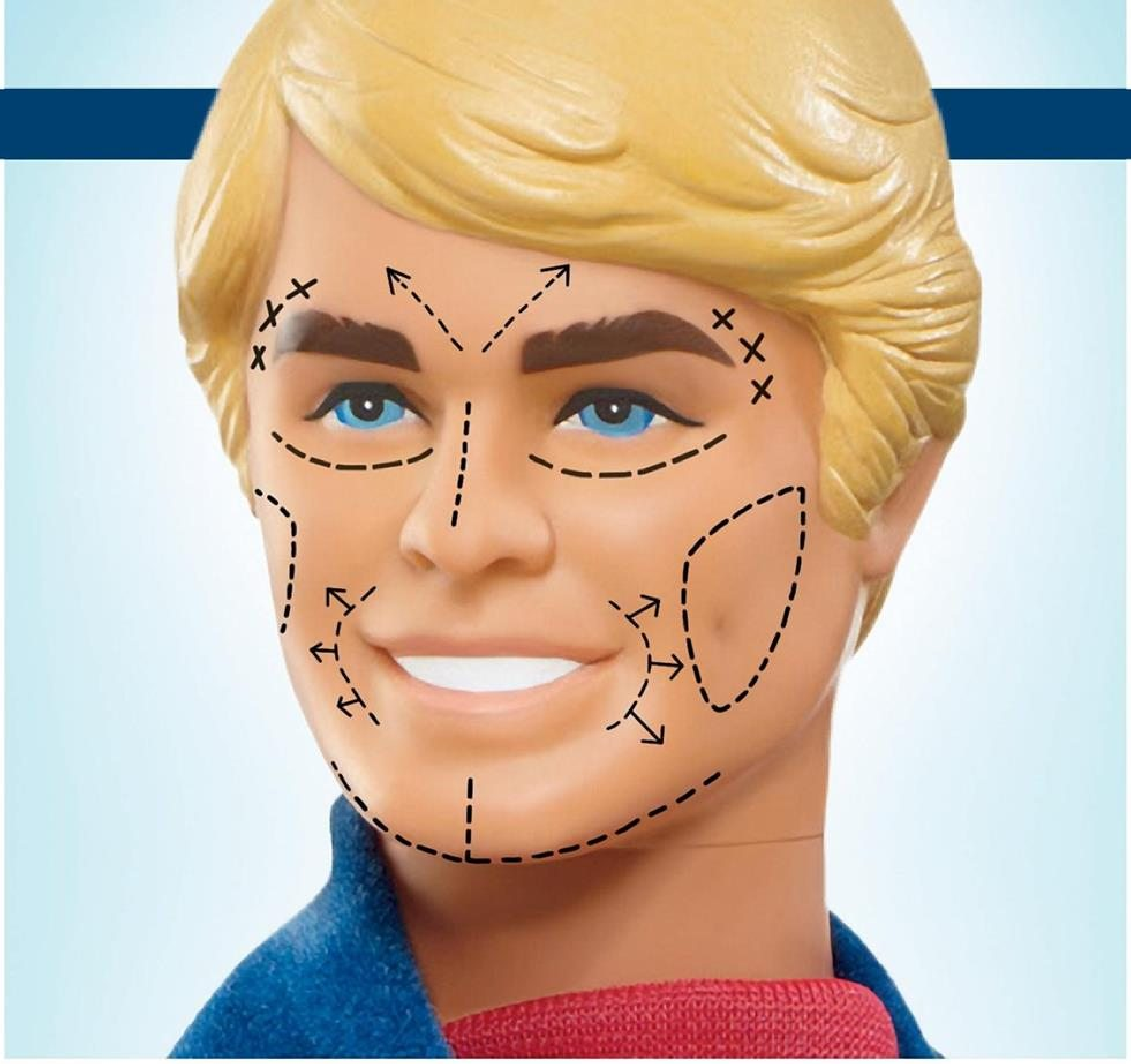
# The BRUCE JENNER Problem

## MALE VANITY IS OKAY. PLASTIC SURGERY NOT SO MUCH



Male vanity is supposed to be aggressive. You can strap on a codpiece, handlebar your mustache, Mike Tyson your face and even shave your balls—because really, few things are more aggressive than the message "Admire my testicles!" But you can't get plastic surgery. That's because plastic surgery is passive. Plastic surgery tries not to be noticed. Plastic surgery wants to fit in. Plastic surgery is high-tech tucking.

Men suck at warning their friends about huge mistakes: We're silent about the mercenary fiancée, the get-rich-quick business plan, the two A.M. bar chick, the bet on the Jets. But we need to get involved with this plastic surgery thing and speak truth to creepiness. About 10 percent of cosmetic procedures in America last year were performed on men. If you're thinking that doesn't seem like a huge slice of plastic surgery patients, remember: Men don't have tits. Last Father's Day, Beverly Hills plastic surgeon Dr. Robert Applebaum advertised a consultation as a gift for Dad. If your kid buys you plastic surgery, you need to stop shaving your tiny, tiny balls. Because while some kids will stop following their dad's orders once they're big enough to beat him up, *every* kid will stop following Dad's orders after he gets a brow lift.

The rule is that the only two things relating to their physical appearance men are allowed to care about are their hair and their dick, and not too much about either; otherwise you're in Magic Mike territory. Plastic surgery is caring way, way, way too much. It's a costume, just as makeup, nail polish and anything that's not a suit and tie is a costume. Face-lifts make guys look like such pussies that, even though I know better, I mistakenly believe I could beat up Mickey Rourke. I have no doubt whatsoever that Kenny Rogers is going to fold them. I am shocked every time I see Barry Manilow and he's not making a pot of tea. Howard Stern copped to getting lipo on his chin and a nose job, and yet he still looks like Howard Stern.

After a face-lift, old men's eyes are too open, their lips too eager—it's all way too friendly. Old men are supposed to be annoyed and world-weary, but when you stretch their skin and they keep the scowl, it's weird, like being greeted by your cruise director, the Marlboro Man. Try this experiment: Yell at a kid to get off your lawn without crinkling your brow and see if he listens.

Plastic surgery makes women look weird, and it makes men look like women.

By Joel Stein

Bruce Jenner may not look like a grandfather, but he does look like a lesbian grandmother. Gene Simmons and his wife, Shannon Tweed, got face-lifts together, and both came out looking like Shannon Tweed. Prettiness may be appealing in a boy-band member, but old people are already too androgynized. That's why old ladies wear so much makeup and jewelry and old dudes wear Members Only jackets: It helps us tell them apart. Otherwise, every early-bird dinner date would be in danger of recreating the song "Lola."

A friend of mine who slept around a lot used to say he didn't like the way fake breasts looked but he liked what they said about the woman. Insecurity can be attractive in a one-night stand, but not in a guy. And if anything shows more neediness than risking death to look better, it would be wearing nail polish because your wife thinks it looks cute. A face-lift looks like something you were ordered to do by your dominatrix.

Women have all kinds of complicated reasons for altering their appearance that have to do with competing with other women, being admired and other baffling things that I assume fuel the plotlines of those *Real Housewives* shows. The only reason a guy makes any effort with his looks is to get laid. If we just remember this basic, natural law, the only plastic surgery procedure for a guy will be administered by a fencing sword to his cheek.

I'm not excited about getting old, but I know how lucky I am to be a man getting old instead of a woman getting old. A dude freaking out about aging is unseemly, like a one-percenter begging for cash (which is why we all hate Kickstarter). No one cares what men look like at any age except young gay men without money, and none of them needs plastic surgery. Our responsibility ends at trimming our nose and ear hair and asking the barber to mow our eyebrows back. Men have the advantage of still being able to get laid while looking like *Scooby-Doo* villains. It's deeply ungrateful to reject that gift.

Maybe one day doctors will invent subtle plastic surgery that doesn't take away our masculinity. But until then, I'm vowing to let my eyelids droop, my eyes crinkle and my testicles fall. Because there's something manly about sending the message "I'm not afraid of these things getting kicked. Even by me." ■

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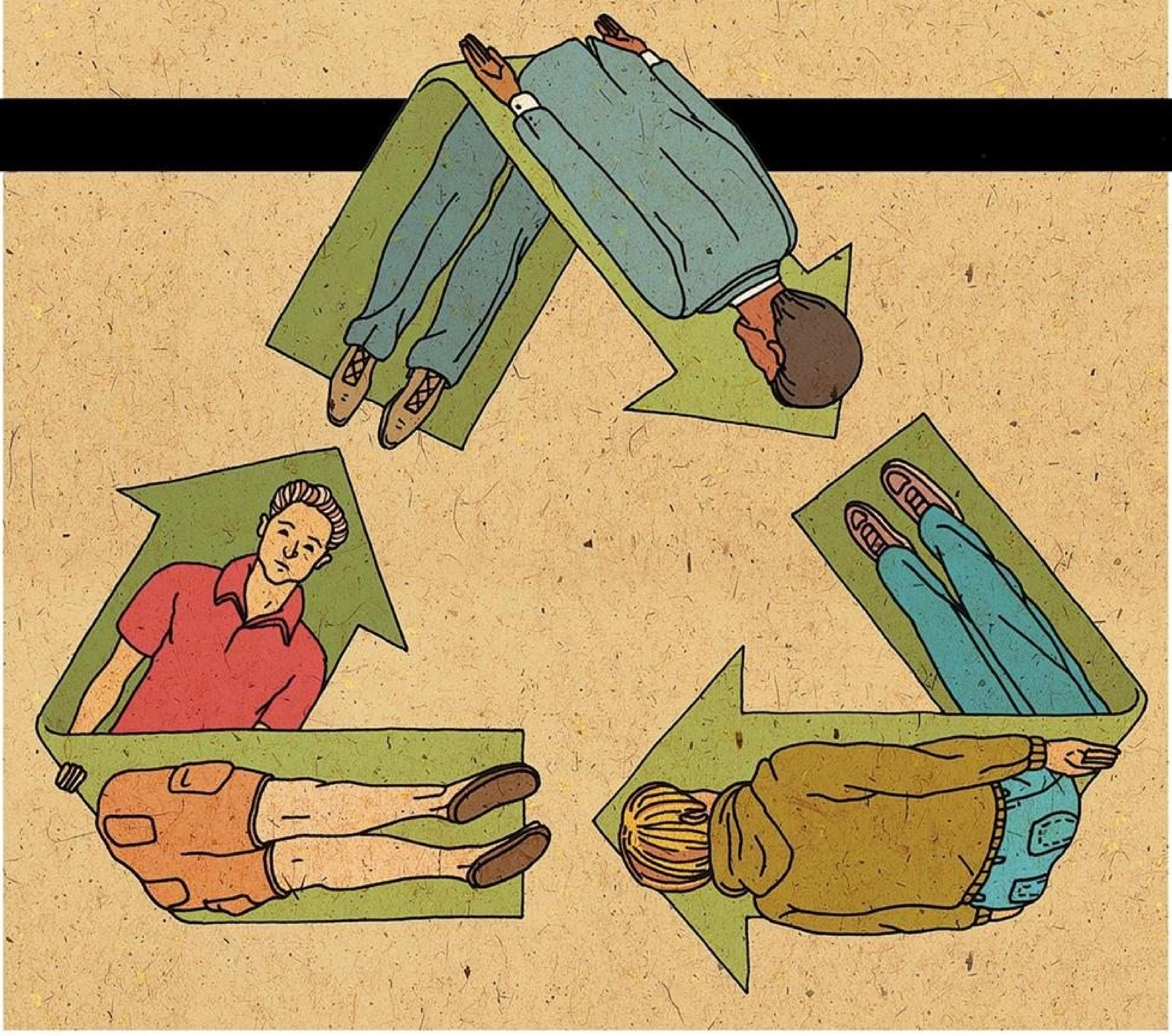
# FRIENDS OF FRIENDS

### WANT TO BE DRIVEN CRAZY? SHE CAN DO IT TOO



A few years ago my best friend from college started dating my ex-boyfriend only a few months after he'd dumped me. It sucked even though the guy and I weren't in love and had dated for only about six months. They started secretly dating around the time my friend and I rented a beach house with some other friends for the summer. Shit was about to get ugly.

My friend, whom I'll call Jane, sort of asked my permission after they'd already started sleeping together, as if I wouldn't figure that out. That meant my ex would be hanging around the beach house at odd hours. I told Jane there was no way I could stomach all of us breakfasting together.

She mostly respected my wishes, but that didn't make it any easier, particularly because I was single at the time and hating it. I had a meltdown one day after seeing the remnants of a romantic picnic in the backseat of her car (fur blanket, empty bottles of rosé, chipped wineglasses—you might as well just kill me).

Guess what, guys. Girls go absolutely nuts if you dump them and then date their friends. It breaks the golden rule of girl code: No woman shall date her friend's ex-boyfriend unless the friend is madly, deeply in love with a new guy. Even then it's dicey. It almost never ends happily ever after for anyone.

Girl code is not about jealousy. It's about boundaries and respect. When you start sleeping with someone, you submit to some rules of basic human decency. You won't give her an STD. She won't lie about birth control. You won't have to vacation with her parents unless you're almost engaged. She won't have to play *Grand Theft Auto*. You will keep your paws off her friends. So when you meet a group of women, you really have to choose one and stick with your choice or suffer some serious consequences.

My story is hardly unique. Some things just shouldn't be shared, like toothbrushes, underwear and exes. And I'm not talking about hygiene, though that matters too.

Even if it's all done aboveboard and everyone pretends it's no big deal, it's a big deal. No woman wants to see a friend in a relationship with an ex. It just feels weird. Most close friends tell each other a lot about the person they're dating and the details of the relationship. Women go way deeper, discussing pretty much everything you could possibly worry about them discussing. Your new girlfriend may pretend her friend, your ex, didn't tell her all your secrets, but trust me, she definitely did. Now, because of you, they're probably not speaking to each other. And they've probably drawn enemy lines through their mutual friend groups. Girls can be real psychos about this stuff.

DEBORAH SCHOENEMAN

Frankly, men are not much better. When you introduce your new girlfriend to your friends, you're taking a leap of faith. You want them to like her, sure. But you don't want them to try to steal her. The same rules apply to both genders. You don't want your best friend from college to sleep with your girlfriend, even after you've broken up. And even if your ex-girlfriend is totally over you, she doesn't want to see her best female friend hanging on your arm.

So, men, if you want to sleep with your buddy's girlfriend, stop. Go find someone on the internet instead. Don't hang out with her. Don't go to her birthday dinner. Unfollow her on Instagram. Be the better man.

If you truly believe your pal's girlfriend is the girl of your dreams, be patient. Let them drift apart on their own. Act natural and neutral if your friend asks you for advice about the relationship. Only a sociopath would engineer a breakup.

When they do break up—and most couples do break up—continue to keep your distance. I think it's best to wait a year before you ask your friend if it's okay to date his ex. You can ask after six months if your friend is happy in a new relationship with a great woman. If you want to date an ex-girlfriend's female friend, you should at least try to get the ex's blessing, but it's really up to the girls to hash it out. Proceed with caution.

I truly didn't want to date my ex again, but it was the worst breakup of my life. I'm talking about the one with Jane. I really didn't give a shit about the guy, except I was annoyed he kept trying to have coffee with me to talk about it. Cocktails would definitely have been necessary if I were to agree to such a talk, which I never did. I had enough friends. I didn't need a new one who had messed up my relationship with an old one.

Of course, Jane and my ex broke up by Christmas. It took years for our friendship to get back on track. We both admittedly acted pretty crazy about the whole thing, but we managed to finally put it behind us.

I can't help but feel a tad smug that he's still single and pushing 50. He's not getting any less bald either. Ooh, it felt good to put that out there. Hell hath no fury and all that. ■

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TASCHEN

# PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend's mother hates me. Two years ago, long before I started going out with my girlfriend, I smoked weed with her brother at their house. Their mom found out and claimed I had brought "darkness" into her family. Since that day she has blamed me for every bad grade and screw-up. When she found out I was dating her daughter, she went ballistic. My girlfriend is under so much stress she has started scratching her arms and legs until they bleed. I wrote her mother a letter to apologize for smoking weed with her son (his weed!) and told her I love her daughter and treat her better than any other guy she has dated. Her mother responded with a long e-mail saying I should "be a man" and end the relationship. Is there any way I can make this woman like or forgive me? I love my girlfriend and don't want her to be miserable.—D.T., Baton Rouge, Louisiana

*You aren't the cause of her misery. If you respect and love your girlfriend, let her decide whom to date. Have no more communications with mother dearest—it will only antagonize her, and what more is there to say? Let your girlfriend know you're concerned about her and that she can trust and rely on you. If she says she wants or needs to break up, take two steps back and hope she is soon able to escape. As heartbreaking as it seems, no relationship takes place in a vacuum, and this one may not be able to thrive or survive under the circumstances.*

I have a long-standing argument with my wife about the leanest cut of steak. She contends it's a filet mignon and I say it's a top sirloin. The information I have seen on fat content never accounts for the fat that gets trimmed away. I argue that if I'm ordering off the menu, the leanest cut is either a top sirloin or a New York strip, after I trim the lip. What is the answer?—R.A., Park City, Utah

*You're both right, or wrong, depending on how you want to play it. In this case, a seven-ounce cooked serving of top sirloin with visible fat trimmed is the leanest, with 10 grams. A strip steak has 12 grams and filet mignon has 14. (A lot of the fat in a filet is marbled and can't be trimmed.) A T-bone is the fattiest cut, with 16 grams. At the extreme, the leanest cuts are eye of round and sirloin tip side steak. Because fat provides flavor, eating lean beef is like wearing a condom—sometimes you may need to do it, but you don't have to like it.*

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TOMER HANUKA

It bugs me that my wife doesn't help with the chores. I like to cook, so I do the cooking. I also like a clean house, so I do the cleaning. She seems to be getting lazier. What should I do?—B.M., Portland, Oregon

*We assume you've taken this gripe to your wife and she has a different assessment. One sociologist who studies how couples divide chores suggests men and women naturally balance the hours they spend working inside and outside the home. If that's true, we wonder if you give your wife due credit. Who handles the finances? The laundry? The grocery shopping? Does she set the table and clean up after dinner? You could ask for help with that or with meal prep, which is a good way to spend time together. As for cleaning, hire someone for a twice-monthly visit, which is a relatively inexpensive way to avoid arguments. On the bright side, studies have found that men who do the most housework report having better sex lives—on clean sheets.*

I broke up with a woman three years ago, but we never quit talking. She says she still loves me. When I say anything about getting married, she just says something like "That'll be nice." When I ask her about getting back together, she says she has lots going on and enjoys being single. Is she stringing me along?—R.K., Cleveland, Ohio

*She's content to keep you around until she gets a better offer, so the only time you're wasting is your own.*

A year ago, at the age of 35, I weighed 300 pounds. After my doctor told me I was half a step away from a heart attack, I changed what I eat. Even without working out, I have so far lost 60 pounds and one of my three chins. How do I know when to stop? I'm five-foot-11. Is there a technical assessment of my ideal weight, or do I keep going until I'm satisfied with what I see in the mirror? Also, would I be imagining things if I thought certain, mostly older women were making eye contact lately? I have a tendency to see signs that aren't there.—R.S., Charlotte, North Carolina

*Don't we all. Congratulations on the weight loss; that's great news. You can get an idea of where you're at with the fat by calculating your body-mass index. In your case, at five-11 and 240 pounds, you have a BMI of 33.5. You need a BMI of 29 (208 pounds) or less to no longer be considered obese and a BMI of less than 25 (178 pounds) to no longer be overweight. You can find a BMI calculator at a site developed by Dr. Steven Halls at halls.md. He also includes another interesting measure known as the ideal weight formula. Based on studies, men of your age, weight and height identify 202 pounds as their ideal weight, which is too heavy. (Men tend to do that, while women usually give numbers that are too low.) You can continue to diet, but to shed pounds more quickly, start exercising. You don't have to run a marathon; start with a few hours each week of brisk walking or bicycling. As for getting noticed, we suspect your growing confidence has gotten you to start looking up and around. If you think losing a third chin did wonders, wait until you lose the next one. And if you need any more motivation, every inch of belly fat you lose adds an inch to your erection.*

My wife and I bought an inflatable dildo you can make larger by squeezing an attached bulb. The pleasure she receives from each pump is beautiful to see. Unfortunately, she has become looser. We gave the toy a rest so her vagina would tighten up, but it hasn't. She has mentioned vaginal surgery. Does it exist? If so, what results and risks could we expect?—P.J., Toronto, Ontario

*Even if your wife believes she is "looser," it has nothing to do with the toy. The vagina has been aptly described as a potential space, meaning it's not a hole but a muscle that fits snugly around whatever is inserted. Childbirth and the atrophy that comes with age can make the vagina feel weaker (known in the trade* *as "coital laxity"), but whatever questionable fix a cosmetic surgeon suggests is more easily, economically and safely achieved by simply squeezing. You heard right—your wife should immediately begin a regimen of Kegel exercises, which involves nothing more than squeezing the muscle used to stop the flow of urine. As it happens, the same muscle controls the strength and angle of an erection. We did 372 reps while writing this response—time to hit the showers.*

How old is too old for a belly-button ring? I am a 28-year-old woman who has had one since the age of 16, but I feel 30 is the cutoff. A few friends have informed me I am eight years overdue.—K.S., Boise, Idaho

*It's not the ring but whether you wear clothes that allow the ring to be seen. If that's the case, you are overdue for a new wardrobe.*

Just about every night I wake up with an erection. After I go back to sleep and wake up a few hours later, it's still there. I've heard those ads on TV about the dangers of having an erection that lasts more than five hours. Is this bad?—L.T., Omaha, Nebraska

*Don't worry—it's not the same erection. During deep sleep, a man gets hard every 90 minutes or so, regardless of what he's dreaming about. Scientists aren't sure why, but it's probably a systems check.*

In June a reader asked why some of his shirts have a horizontal buttonhole at the bottom of the placket but no corresponding button. They were probably designed to couple with trousers that have a button inside the waistband to keep shirts from coming untucked.—A.K., Bardstown, Kentucky

*That makes sense, but how are you supposed to stretch at your desk? If you're having trouble with your shirts staying put and you're finding it hard to lose 60 pounds, another option is a shirt stay, which is an elastic band attached to the bottom of the shirt and the top of your socks. Most commonly used for military dress, they come in either straight or stirrup, the latter of which, an online sage notes, is less likely to "snap off and hit you in the nuts."*

I was married to an amazing woman for 12 years. We were swingers. Now we're divorced and I'm dating online. (To weed out women who wouldn't be open to the lifestyle, I ask them, "If we were invited to the Playboy Mansion, would you go?") Here's the problem—I have met two women but can't decide which to pursue. The first I could easily fall in love with, but I don't think she'd swing. She's attractive but not a knockout like my ex. She has small tits, which is okay but not my preference. The second woman is smart and has tits so large they're a sideshow, but she has more emotional baggage and a deeper voice than I care for. However, she does swing. Do I settle for the amazing woman who will probably never attend an orgy or go with the slightly damaged swinger? Or do I need to grow up?—K.G., Litchfield Park, Arizona

*So many choices. You first need to find out what each of these women is looking for—it may not be you, at least for the long term. But you're coming out of a 12-year relationship. What's the rush? If you so quickly found two women you're interested in, and who both show interest in return, there will be more.*

A gentleman asked in June if women are okay with manual stimulation instead of oral sex. Your primer on how oral sex is as risky for pathogen transfer as unprotected intercourse is appropriate but fails to address the social context of the question. A man should not expect to receive if he is not willing to give. Guys, if you say you won't go down on a woman because of the risk of STDs, don't bitch when you're denied a blow job for the same reason.—A.L., Lima, Ohio

*Fair enough.*

Five years ago, when I was 21, I set up a Roth IRA. I want to be sure I'm taken care of in my 50s and 60s. What are some things I can do to retire sooner?—Z.P., Bristol, Connecticut

*Retire? Who has time for that? You're smart to start early—compound interest is going to be your BFF. Contribute at least as much as your employer will match. Also establish a cash fund equal to a minimum of three months' salary to avoid having to withdraw your Roth funds in an emergency. There are many models to determine how much you will need. Fidelity Investments, for example, advises clients to have saved the equivalent of their then-current annual salary by the age of 35, twice their then-current salary by 40, four times by 50, five times by 55, six times by 60 and eight times by retirement. That's the ideal, but for most people it's far from the reality. One study found that the median amount saved for retirement among working adults is $3,000. The best many people can hope for is that someday they will be able to work fewer hours.*

Whenever we hug hello or good-bye, my fiancée's sister draws her body hard into me. She also kisses me square on the lips—it's not open-mouthed but still a serious kiss. I'm attracted to her, but I'm not sure that has a bearing on how I interpret what's going on. Is it possible she's into me?—J.B., Buffalo, New York

*Does she hug and kiss other guys in the same way? If your fiancée hasn't said anything, her sister may well be a power hugger. We have to think a woman who wants to sleep with her sister's lover would send far more discreet signals.*

I'm sure your response will be "Man the fuck up," but I'm conflicted. I fell in love with my girlfriend three months ago and have been telling the world. Quite often I get responses from friends and acquaintances about the night they fucked her. This has happened at least 15 times! It bothers me to realize she was essentially "legs open"—and some of these dudes, wow. She admits it when asked and I have no fear of her cheating. She is one of the best-looking girls around, so I assume these guys are validating their existence with the memory of the one night she was drunk enough to sleep with them. How do I keep dating her, knowing nearly every bloke in town took her for a ride?—A.W., Pasadena, California

*A woman who likes sex and isn't ashamed to say so? What's a guy to do? Your friends are being assholes—unless you have confirmed every claim (we hope not), they may be messing with you, or they may believe you're headed for a fall and hope to temper your expectations. The next time someone tries to goad you, shrug and say, "Lucky you. She hadn't mentioned it."*

After a 25-year habit of one or two packs a day, I switched to electronic cigarettes. Did I trade one vice for another?—B.L., San Diego, California

*We bet you're smoking less as a result, which is progress. For the uninitiated, battery-powered e-cigarettes heat liquid containing nicotine into a vapor that can be inhaled. That eliminates many but not all of the carcinogens and other risks associated with traditional cigarettes. If you're trying to quit, however, there are better strategies.*

Is it possible to sue someone for intentionally trying to break up a marriage when the person is an in-law and the veracity of the allegations can be proven by self-incrimination or cross-examination?—J.H., Raleigh, North Carolina

*You've been watching too much Law & Order, but yes, North Carolina is one of a handful of states that still allow "alienation of affection" lawsuits. A few people have won millions of dollars in damages, but the judgments are almost always against lovers. It's not easy to prove—you must convince a judge or jury not only that your marriage was a model of civility and happiness but also that the defendant willfully and maliciously broke it up. (A ready defense: "I didn't know he was married!") If your in-laws are trying to destroy your marriage but have succeeded only in being annoying—welcome to the club.*

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*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. For updates, follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.*

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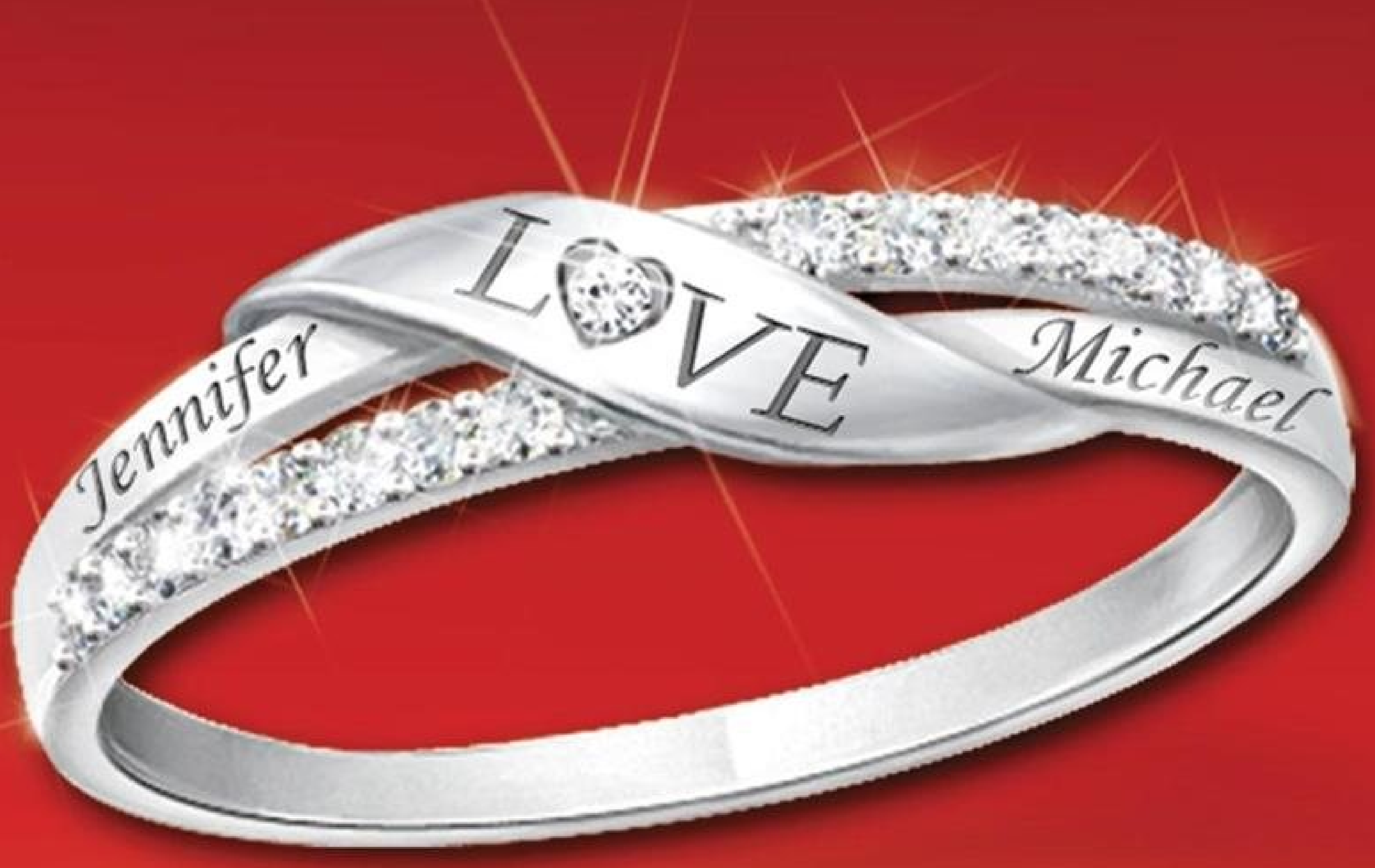

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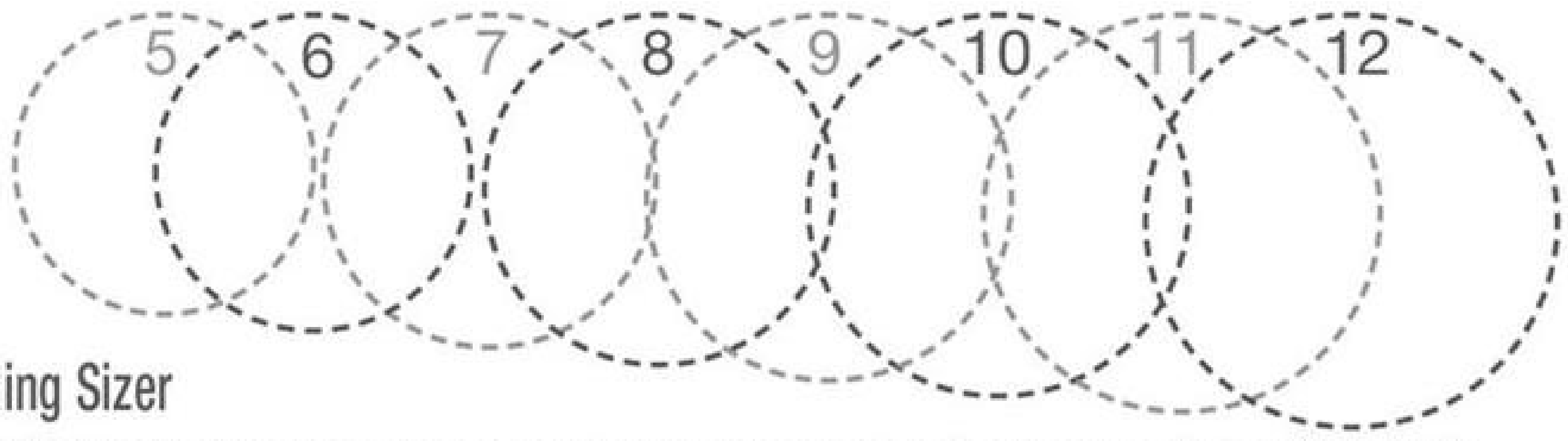

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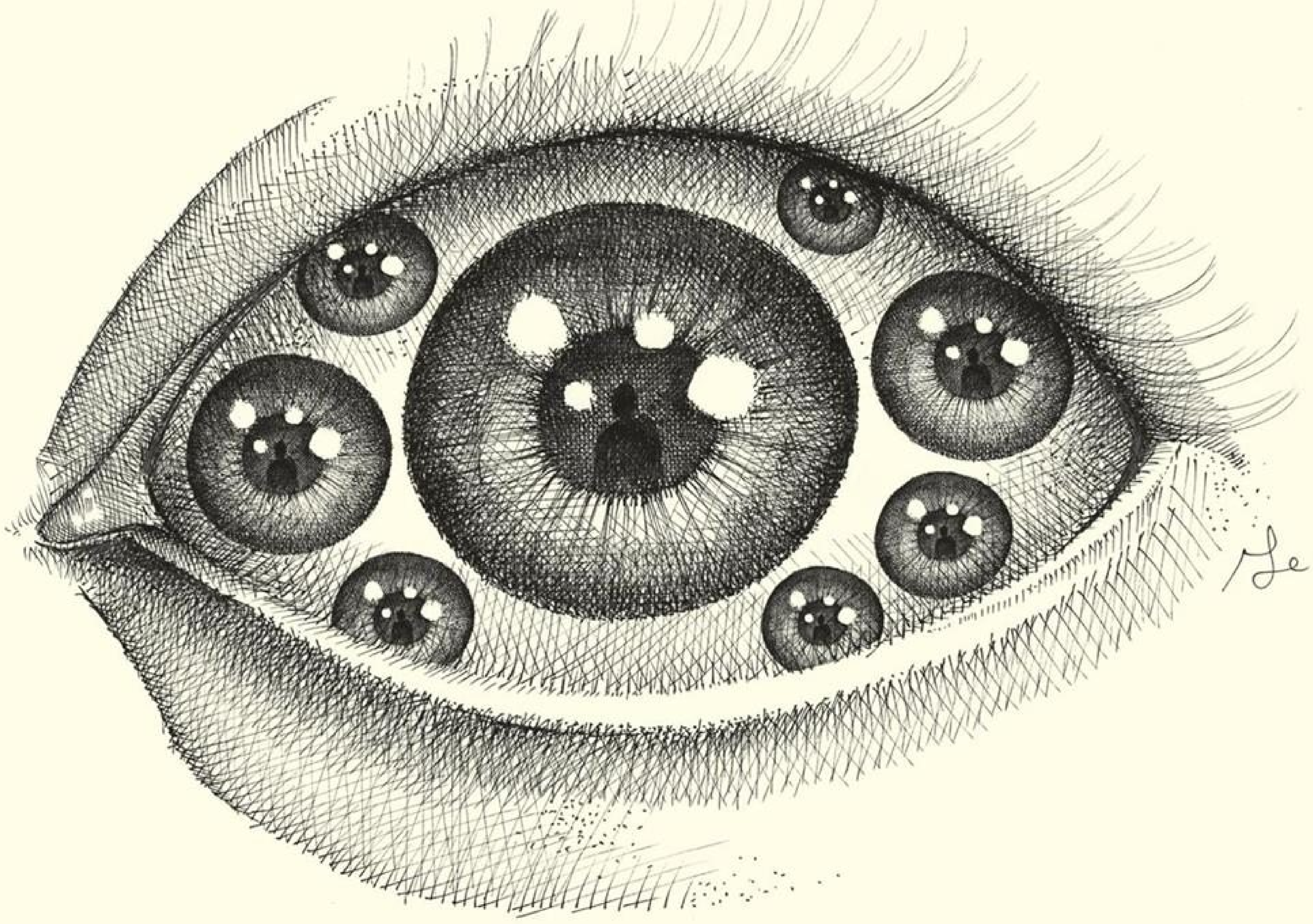
FORUM Oct. 2013

*Private spying* *Monsanto tyrannis* *Al Gore*



# THE SURVEILLANCE INDUSTRY

*When governments need help abridging our liberties, they turn to corporations*

**BY HEIDI BOGHOSIAN**

Although he affirmed his oath of office on the Bibles of Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King Jr., Barack Obama might just as well have laid his hand on the corporate charter of Northrop Grumman. In outsourcing at least 70 percent of its intelligence operations, his administration has continued the shift from a co-dependent relationship with telecommunications companies and military contractors to a deferential one. Domestic spying accelerated after 9/11 as federal intelligence agencies used fear to justify widespread surveillance. Given that the Pentagon's vast information network was developed by technology companies on which the National Security Agency depends to analyze data, the new terrorism rhetoric has paved the way for government abuse of authority. But it was facilitated by corporate power brokers.

The irreconcilability of public and private sector missions means our government's mandate to serve an entire population has ceded to producing profits for an elite few. This shift is evident in the NSA's covert Prism program, which began in 2007. It can also be seen in secret legal interpretations of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act used to justify open-ended mass surveillance. The government more or less lacks lawful authority to sweep up personal data on Americans without indication of crime, so it skirts the law by paying industry giants to do it. The Fourth Amendment forbids unreasonable searches and seizures by government but not by corporations.

> *Federal agencies used fear to justify widespread surveillance.*

## READER RESPONSE

### GAYS AND BLACKS

Ishmael Reed's assertion that the struggle for gay rights is somehow inferior to the movement for rights for blacks is insulting ("Who's Next?" July/August). Why do we have to place either ahead of the other? Both groups face unique challenges. For many gays that includes having to hide their sexuality, sometimes even from their families, or face persecution. Many religious leaders and politicians are openly hostile, throwing around terms such as *abomination* and *immoral.* We have a twice-elected black president, yet gays don't have national antidiscrimination protection (sexual orientation is excluded in Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964) or federal marriage rights. Homosexuality remains punishable by death in seven countries, including our ally Afghanistan, where gay U.S. troops have only recently been able to serve without fear of repercussions from their own government.

**R. Clark**
*Los Angeles, California*

FORUM

*Gay rights Neuro-creativity The fall of science*

WHO'S NEXT?

*Are gays the new blacks?*

BY ISHMAEL REED

*The LGBT movement, like the feminist movement, has been co-opted.*

READER RESPONSE

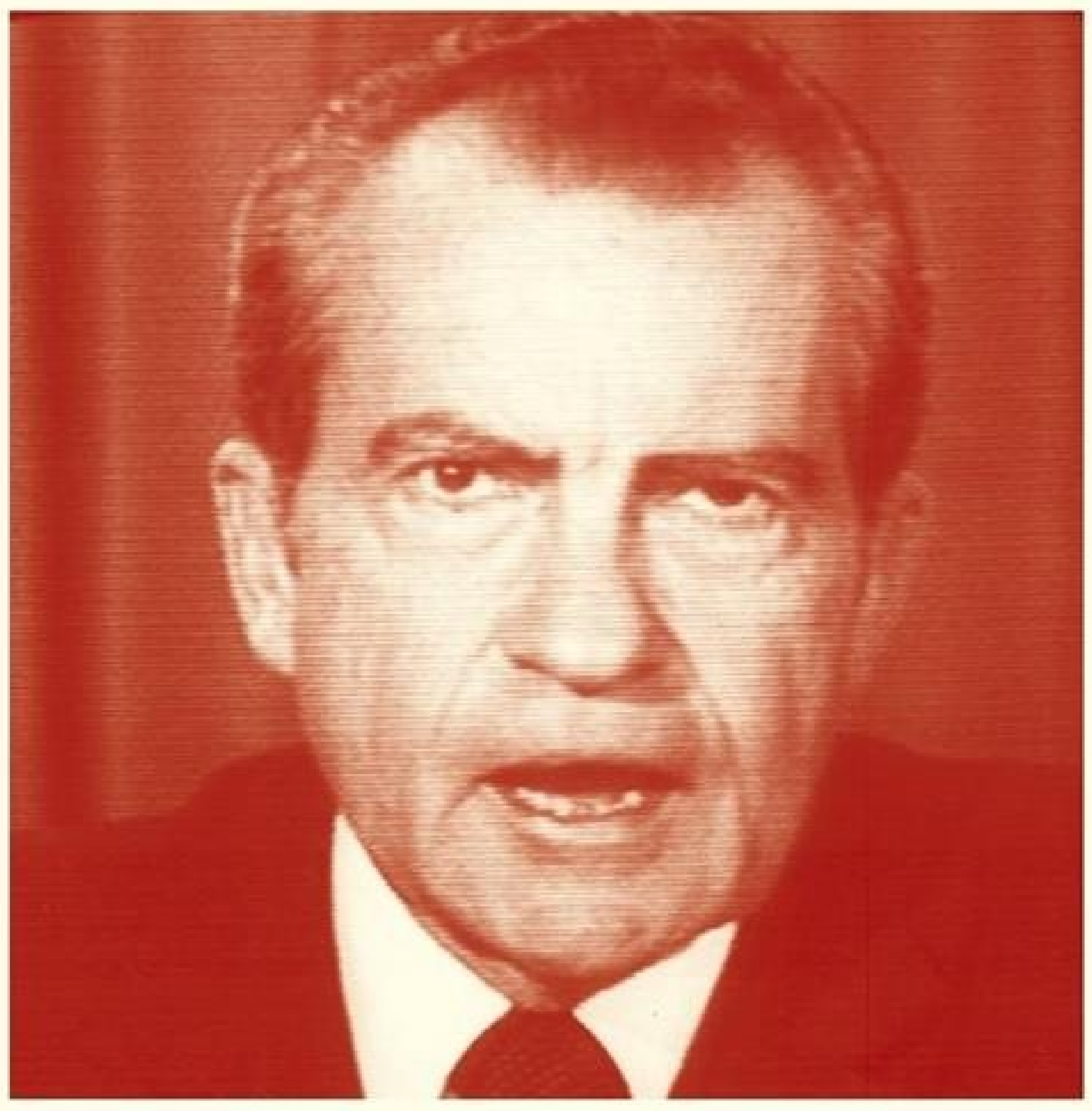
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUSTIN PAGE

Thirty officials from Lockheed Martin, Sprint Nextel, Verizon, Microsoft and others serve on the President's National Security Telecommunications Advisory Committee and counsel the president on information and telecommunications policies. Fusion centers created by the Department of Homeland Security encourage collaboration between intelligence agencies and corporations in collecting, storing and acting on private information. In a 2012 report, the Senate questioned the relevance of fusion centers. A two-year investigation found they yielded intelligence of uneven, outdated and frequently substandard quality, at a cost of between $289 million and $1.4 billion since 2003. Fusion centers could possibly invent new domestic security threats to justify their existence. The danger is great that they will assist the government in waging campaigns of political repression more nefarious than the covert initiatives of Richard Nixon.

> ***Billions of taxpayer dollars have been squandered.***

More than a decade after 9/11, the government's method for securing fundamental freedoms has involved compromising and reducing them. There has been little public debate about the consequences of this. Ten years of war paid for on a credit card have not only threatened national security through debt and instability but also thinned the lifeblood of our democracy—civil liberties—through an increasing intrusion of the state. The threat to democracy isn't just found in the reach of technology; it's also in government's collusion with corporations. The consolidation of power in tracking everybody makes us less secure in our freedoms. We are also less secure in practical ways. As we siphon dollars into Silicon Valley, talented federal intelligence personnel take jobs in the private sector. They may be lured by higher salaries, but they also leave because the Pentagon has placed a cap on its civilian workforce, which forces managers to hire contractors. When intelligence agencies are without talented IT program and contract managers, when outsourcing replaces fundamental government functions—and when contracts are awarded to those who don't have our best interests at heart—our defense system is compromised.

Our nation is further weakened when we subsidize flawed projects. Project Trailblazer, overseen by Science Applications International Corporation, was launched in 2000 to analyze communications networks. As whistle-blowers asserted, an existing program called ThinThread could have performed the same functions in a manner that protected consumers' privacy. True to its name, Trailblazer raged ahead, incurring hundreds of millions in cost overruns. It was canceled in 2006 after whistle-blowers complained to the Department of Defense about fraud, waste and unlawful domestic spying. There's no shortage of mismanaged projects that show how billions of taxpayer dollars have been squandered. Problems plagued Project Groundbreaker, run by Computer Sciences Corporation to provide support to NSA's information technology systems. The company estimated it would need to transfer 750 NSA employees to work for it or other corporations on its contracting team. In 2007 CSC was rewarded with a three-year extension.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS: REPRESSION COULD BE WORSE THAN IT WAS UNDER RICHARD NIXON.

The three branches of government showed their deference to corporations in 2008 when Congress passed and George W. Bush signed the FISA Amendments Act, which granted immunity to the telecommunications industry from lawsuits. Since then, courts have deferred to the act. Companies were protected from liability when they assisted the government in warrantless eavesdropping on Americans' e-mail and phone activities. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence noted corporations might be unwilling to cooperate with the feds if they knew their customers might sue them. Courts have cited the law when dismissing lawsuits brought on behalf of customers against Sprint, Verizon, Cingular Wireless and AT&T. From 2000 to 2010, Department of Defense spending on contractors—much of which was supposed to be short term—more than doubled, to over $150 billion. Homeland Security's counterterrorism grants to local governments have led to exaggerated and manufactured risk assessments. One such investment was Project Shield in Chicago, a surveillance network that failed after $45 million was spent. The DHS inspector general cited numerous glitches, including missing records, faulty equipment and inexperienced first responders.

## WHO'S WATCHING?

### *It's not just the feds spying on you. Private data brokers collect and sell plenty of information*

Let's assume you're a 41-year-old man living in South Carolina. You smoke three packs of cigarettes a day and drink a couple of liters of vodka a week. You're overweight and have a regimen of prescriptions given to you by your doctor. Data brokers know all this about you and sell the information to marketers. You—along with 500 million others in the case of Acxiom Corporation, one of the largest data brokers—are segmented into one of 70 "identity profiles" based on lifestyle and income. You have been pegged and profiled, and your personal details are for sale at an extremely low price.

Last December the Federal Trade Commission opened its first inquiry into private spying. "There is no global legislation governing this industry's practices," says Tiffany George, a privacy attorney for the FTC. "We're trying to figure out what protections there should be for the accuracy of your information, what access, correction and opt-out rights consumers should have and what limitations should exist on its use." The feds are asking questions that beg to be asked of an industry that, until now, has been left to regulate itself.

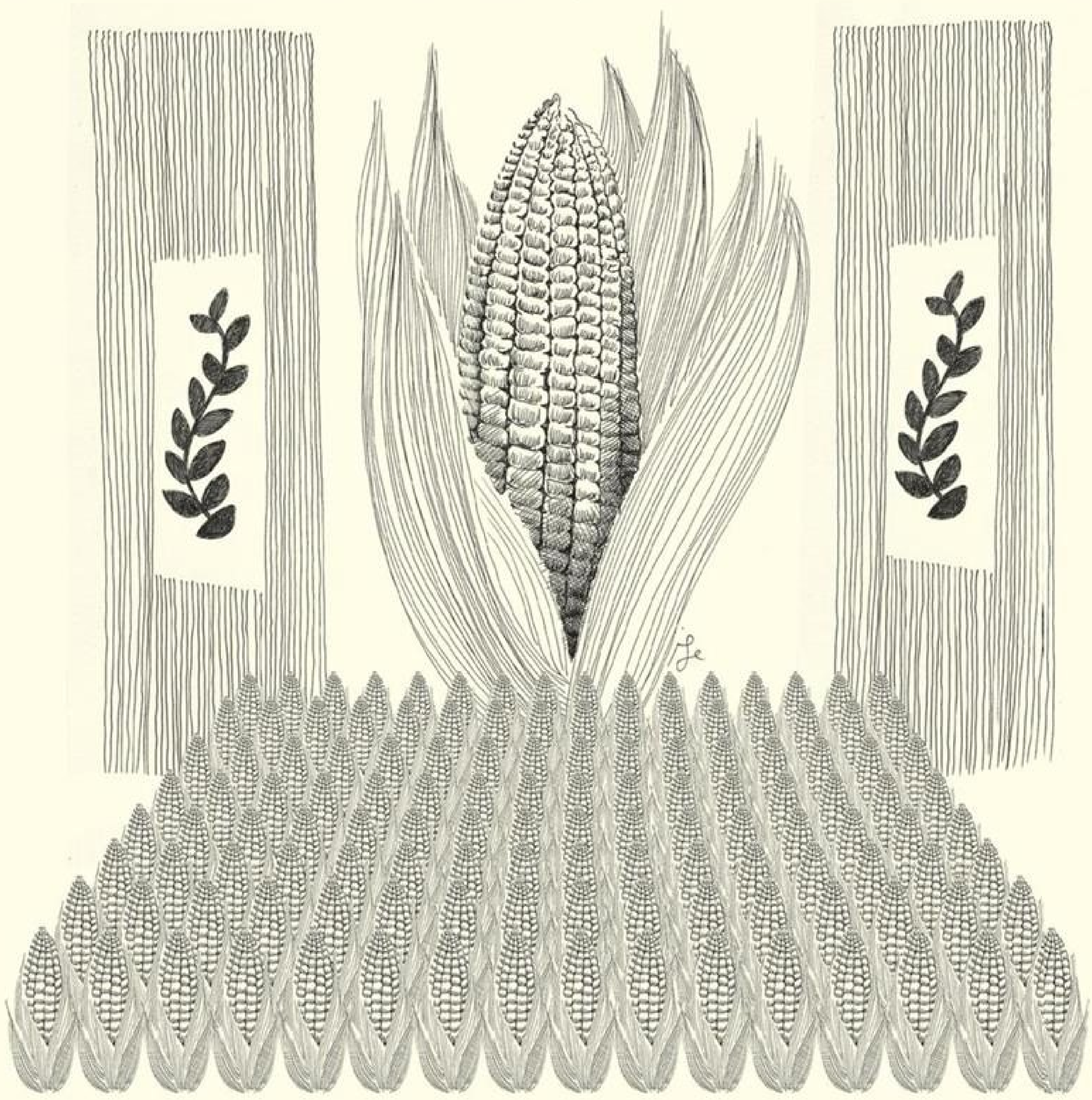
Do you deserve to be placed on a health insurance watch list if you search online for "heart pain" or purchase blood thinners? If an insurer or credit agency confuses you with someone with a similar name based on a data broker's information, who's to blame? One data report obtained from Acxiom—what it calls a U.S. Reference Information Report—contained inaccurate information about an individual's street address, phone number, e-mail address and college attended. The report listed six different versions of the individual's name, some of which had never been used before.

Seven of the top eight credit card companies, four of the top five retail banks and a multitude of other corporations use data brokers' research. The ways in which your information is now obtained without your knowledge are beyond anything in history. You deserve not to have your privacy, identity and consumer behavior co-opted without your knowledge, and we all deserve to know what happens behind data-center doors. Don't assume the war against big data is over; it's clear the war has just begun.—*Tyler Trykowski*

Our leaders are in the dark about intelligence outsourcing. Regulation of corporate contractors is nonexistent; in 2010 President Obama threatened to veto legislation calling for congressional oversight of intelligence operations. That same year, the Government Accountability Office reported how information was inadequately safeguarded from contractors. When government provides no checks on executive orders, the business of domestic intelligence is further normalized.

Our culture of individual freedom is fast becoming a relic. In its place are credit, consumerism and national security—the rise of corporate-government domination over civic power. Allowing the surveillance infrastructure to grow unfettered permits a small group of individuals to influence how we exercise freedom. ■

*Heidi Boghosian is author of Spying on Democracy: Government Surveillance, Corporate Power and Public Resistance.*



## *Our Corporate Masters*

# ABOVE THE LAW

*Monsanto doesn't just dominate the seed business—it bullies the federal government as well*

**BY BRIAN COOK**

Depending on whom you trust, genetically modified crops could be a miracle, an apocalypse or something more mundane. Although there's scant evidence that GM food causes serious health effects, critics say most of the studies sponsored by St. Louis–based Monsanto and other bio-agricultural firms have been biased and those same companies have stymied independent research. Last year, French scientists claimed rats fed only Monsanto's Roundup Ready corn had abnormally high rates of tumors, but once their study's methodology received a cursory glance, they were all but laughed out of the scientific community.

Despite the uncertainty surrounding its products, there's a consensus about Monsanto: It is a behemoth with enough profit and clout to exist above the law. Monsanto's bullying of farmers was at issue in *Organic Seed Growers & Trade Association v. Monsanto*. The court case involved organic farmers who wanted to grow crops clear of Monsanto seed genes—a difficult endeavor since up to 98 percent of seeds for some conventional crops contain those genes. Avoiding even accidental contamination involves costly measures such as testing seeds and creating buffers between crops and neighboring farms.

Still, the farmers worried that if trace amounts of patented seeds were found in

## READER RESPONSE

### TAX THE RICH, REDUX

Regarding the reader who suggests in the May issue that we tax the rich at 90 percent: Suppose I earn $1 million annually and have all but 10 percent confiscated by the government. I'd find a lower-paying job so I could still keep $100,000 but not work so hard. And suppose I earned my million by running my own company. Too bad for my employees! I am confounded by the fact that statists, though they understand that taxing "sins" such as alcohol and tobacco deincentivizes the commission of those sins, fail to comprehend how taxing productivity deincentivizes productivity.

Democrats who railed against the prior administration remain silent on Obama's decisions.
READER RESPONSE
TAX THE RICH
The Country's Wealth
IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

**Chris Overstreet**
*Gainesville, Georgia*

The campaign by the Obama administration and the mainstream media to demonize high-income earners is driven by politics, emotion and jealousy rather than sensible economic policy. Capital tends to seek a warm, friendly environment, so rule of law and reasonable tax rates are critical determinants of growth. Punitive tax rates discourage savings and reduce capital formation—capital used to build roads, schools, hospitals, airports, factories and infrastructure. That reduces national income levels, hurting the very people progressives claim to want to help. The proper role of government is to protect

## READER RESPONSE

equal rights, not provide equal things. It is no accident that we rose from a fledgling colony to become the wealthiest nation in history. We could hike marginal tax rates to whatever level "feels good," but wouldn't it make more sense to structure our tax code to be simpler and to maximize revenue than to worry about whether your neighbor's income and net worth are growing faster than your own?

**Mark Lazar**
*Sandy, Utah*

### PLAYBOY ON THE PLATFORM

I've been reading the letters from readers who have been told by flight attendants they can't read

PLAYBOY on the plane. I work on an offshore production platform that was once owned by BP, and we're not allowed to bring PLAYBOY with us. The platform is 90 miles out in the Gulf of Mexico, and we stay for 14 days at a time. I feel oil workers should be able to bring what we want to read when we're off the clock.

**Kenneth Tindell**
*Dothan, Alabama*

### POSITIVE RESULTS

I hope your insightful commentary "What Happened to Science?" (July/August) brings greater awareness to a serious problem facing the U.S. in its position as a research leader. Articles like this are one reason my husband and I subscribe.

**K. Denham**
*St. Louis, Missouri*

### CAN YOU TAG BULLETS?

In the July/August issue a reader suggests the U.S. needs "a law that requires all new guns to be stamped so they leave a distinct mark on the bullets they fire, allowing investigators to match casings to weapon." Does that technology exist? How could you stamp a soft

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their crops, not only would their organic product be ruined but Monsanto could sue for infringement. The company said it wouldn't sue for "trace" contamination but refused to sign an agreement to that effect. So the farmers—citing 144 patent-infringement cases Monsanto had brought against farmers (along with 700 settlements) between 1997 and 2010—sued the company preemptively, asking the court to declare their farming to be infringement-free. The Court of Appeals for the Federal Circuit held that Monsanto's assurance that it wouldn't sue meant no judicial action was needed. The court also noted Monsanto's refusal to swear off litigation over accidental contamination. Had the court ruled against Monsanto, the company might have had to abide by the decision. That's no longer the case. On the emergency budget bill that avoided a government shutdown last spring, a rider (known as the Monsanto Protection Act) was added that prevents federal courts from halting the sale of GM seeds.

> *Congress prevents federal courts from halting the sale of GM seeds.*

Monsanto's ostensible regulator isn't the only government body that appears to feel the company is above the law. In November, news broke that the Department of Justice had ended a two-year investigation of the seed industry for possible antitrust violations, with nary an indictment. The investigation likely came about because of price increases, with soybean seed and corn seed prices rising 108 percent and 135 percent from 2001 to 2010. (Those jumps are more than five times the rise in the consumer price index for the same period.) Prices alone are not enough to prove antitrust violations, and the DOJ might have had good reason to throw away two years of work. (A DOJ spokesperson told *Mother Jones* the decision occurred because of "marketplace developments" but did not elaborate.)

Perhaps the DOJ should have outsourced its investigation to Total Intelligence Solutions, the private intelligence company owned by Blackwater founder Erik Prince. Monsanto paid TIS more than $200,000 in 2008 and 2009. *The Nation* uncovered e-mails from TIS that describe a meeting in which the two companies discussed using TIS employees to infiltrate anti-Monsanto activist groups. A statement on Monsanto's website denies anyone was hired for this task, adding that the company does "not condone that type of behavior." One could be forgiven for having seeds of doubt. ■

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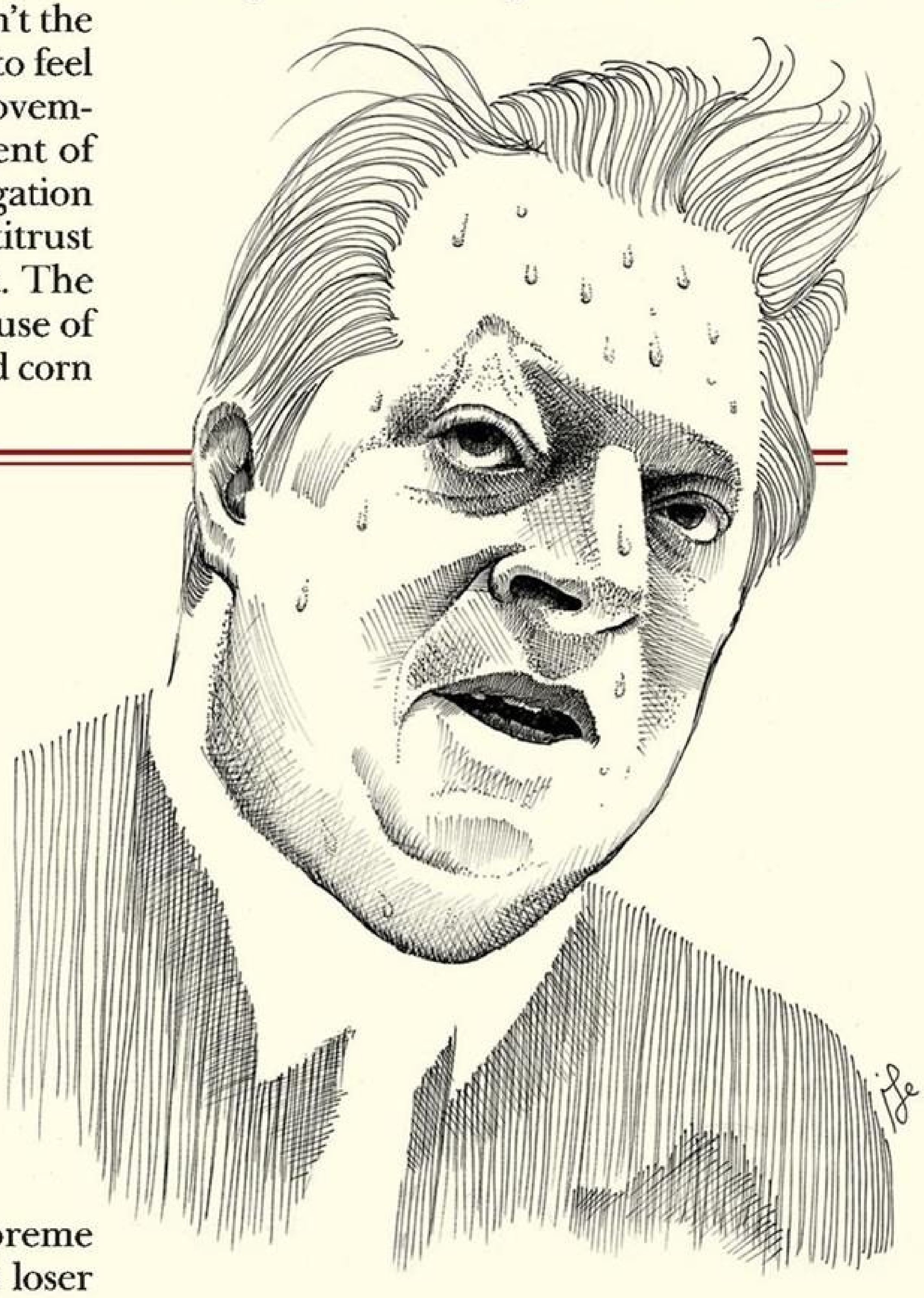

# CHILL OUT, AL

*How did conservatives convince Americans that man-made global warming doesn't exist?*

**BY MELBA NEWSOME**

Seven years after the Supreme Court made Al Gore the loser in one of the closest elections in American history, the former vice president addressed a packed house in Norway as a Nobel laureate for his work on climate change.

In the years between his presidential campaign and his Nobel Prize, Gore had gained cult status in the environmental movement. *An Inconvenient Truth,* his documentary about the rising threat of global warming, had grossed nearly $50 million and garnered two Academy Awards.

But Gore's larger-than-life status and dire warnings gave climate-change deniers and those who oppose a legislative solution a villain they could use to woo nearly half the country to their side.

"Al Gore was the perfect proponent and leader of the global-warming alarmists because he's very politically divisive and controversial," said Myron Ebell, director of the Center for Energy and Environment, part of the Competitive Enterprise Institute, a free-market think tank. "He was a wonderful target for our side."

Gore was hardly controversial, but simply being a Democrat made his message unpalatable to many Americans. During Gore's 2000 presidential campaign, he was painted as a liar, an image conservatives used to discredit him on global warming. They tried to discredit his science and dubbed him a *warmist,* a pejorative for anyone who believes human activity contributes to climate change.

Gore is featured prominently on skeptic websites. Their conferences feature anti-Gore propaganda. His name alone brings audiences to their feet in anger and/or ridicule. They malign him as a coward for refusing to debate the science with skeptics. This was all part of an overarching strategy to make the public doubt Gore and, by extension, to doubt what is essentially settled science.

During the 1990s, big carbon industries ramped up their efforts to curtail regulation of greenhouse gases. Many fossil-fuel companies objected to the Kyoto Protocol on the grounds that it would hurt the U.S. economy. Companies also argued that developing nations should not get a free pass.

Sociologist and Stanford fellow Robert Brulle has studied what he calls the environmental countermovement. "This is a long-standing Republican complaint, and it fits nicely with their opposition to increased government interference in the economy," says Brulle. "They want to push back the state and not have it get involved."

> ***"The fossil-fuel industry basically purchased the Republican Party."***

Economists, lawyers and public policy specialists—not scientists—formed groups to cast doubt on the science when the consensus was overwhelming and getting stronger. Exxon went after the science and surreptitiously funded free-market studies and PR campaigns by organizations such as the Heartland Institute and the Competitive Enterprise Institute to challenge the science.

"We felt that if you concede the science is settled and that there's a consensus, the moral high ground has been ceded to the alarmists," said Ebell.

This tactic is reminiscent of those of the tobacco industry, which spent decades denying that smoking caused cancer. In 1998 the American Petroleum Institute developed a comprehensive plan to shift public opinion by going after the science itself. The group said success would be achieved when the average citizen believes there are uncertainties in climate science and when media coverage also includes the skeptics' view. By that measure, the plan has been a rousing success. Each year, tens of thousands of scientific papers document the role of human activity in a warming planet, but the scant few written by skeptics get the media buzz. Most reporting on climate change now includes the contrarian view in the name of balance.

"It's not a real debate, but if you can move the debate out of the scientific community and into the public arena, where the word of Rush Limbaugh equals that of scientists, then you're in business," says Brulle. "We're the only country in the world where this is actually disputed. It's like denying gravity."

Gore famously said that the climate crisis was a "moral and spiritual challenge," not a political issue. It looked that way during the 2008 presidential campaign, when both John McCain and Barack Obama supported action on climate change. But it has since become a starkly partisan issue, with little room in the Republican tent for anyone who accepts the science.

"The fossil-fuel industry basically purchased the Republican Party," says environmental activist Bill McKibben. "The Chamber of Commerce, which is the biggest fossil-fuel front group and one of the biggest campaign contributors, gave more than 90 percent of its money to climate deniers, almost all of them Republicans. Consider the role of the Koch brothers in the party, and then look at where their money comes from."

A Pew Research poll found only 42 percent of Romney supporters believe there is strong evidence of global warming and just 18 percent acknowledge its anthropogenic origin. Compare that with the 88 percent of Obama supporters who say the planet is warming and 63 percent who say it is anthropogenic.

Last year, the climate was one of the biggest news stories. U.S. farms were devastated by the worst drought in 50 years. Deadly floods and superstorms paralyzed the Northeast and other parts of the country. It was also the hottest year on record for the contiguous U.S. Yet skeptics continue their campaign to discredit Gore. Instead of being cowed, the former vice president has redoubled his efforts to push for a worldwide solution. In 2011 he launched the Climate Reality Project to counter the deluge of propaganda from skeptics.

While the argument continues about which side is lying and why, the debate about finding a legislative solution has all but vanished. In that respect, the skeptics have already achieved a major victory. ■

## READER RESPONSE

lead or frangible bullet in such a way that it wouldn't be distorted and unreadable after firing? If you could stamp the casing by numbering the firing pin, wouldn't that be easy to file off? Even if the casings were numbered, what would the police do with a shooter who stopped by a local gun range and collected a few stray casings to scatter around the crime scene? The tool we have available now is to lock up for a long time people who use guns in crimes.

**Roy Kubik**
*Lebanon, Kentucky*

*The technology is here. In a study funded by the Department of Justice, researchers found that 87 percent of the time they could read every letter and number imprinted by the firing pin on a single shell casing. (Presumably collecting multiple shell casings at a crime scene would boost the success rate.) The industry's take is that imprinting costs too much and ignores the fact that many crimes involve stolen or black-market weapons. In addition, millions of handguns already in private hands don't have markers. Nevertheless, a law that went into effect in California earlier this year requires all new semiautomatic handguns to include microstamping.*

The editors claim "the Supreme Court has placed reasonable restrictions on every other amendment" except the Second (*Reader Response,* June). Are you kidding? What about the National Firearms Act, the Gun Control Act of 1968 and many other laws? You can have a rifle with 30-round mags but not Stinger shoulder-fired missiles and rocket-propelled grenades. That sounds reasonable to me. But saying I can have only 10 bullets in a magazine is like saying the First Amendment can be interpreted to mean you can write paragraphs of only 30 words or less.

**John Rickard**
*El Dorado, Arkansas*

***E-mail letters@playboy.com.***
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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SAMUEL L. JACKSON

## *A candid conversation with the highest-grossing actor about the burden of being cool, his near-lethal golf swing and that feud between Quentin Tarantino and Spike Lee*

*Samuel L. Jackson is one of Hollywood's greatest special effects. Depending on the movie and the role, the actor, who has appeared in more than 100 films since his first in 1972, brilliantly calibrates the required intensity of flash and firepower. As the hit man in Pulp Fiction, he roars his Quentin Tarantino–written rants with electrifying, Old Testament–worthy fury laced with deadpan street talk. In Coach Carter he's quiet and righteous, a dignified, unshakably good man, never better than when laying down the law to a hardcase basketball team. As the brainy bad guy in Jackie Brown, he's so caught up rapping about the killing power of AK-47s that he's oblivious his girlfriend is hot for fellow con man Robert De Niro.*

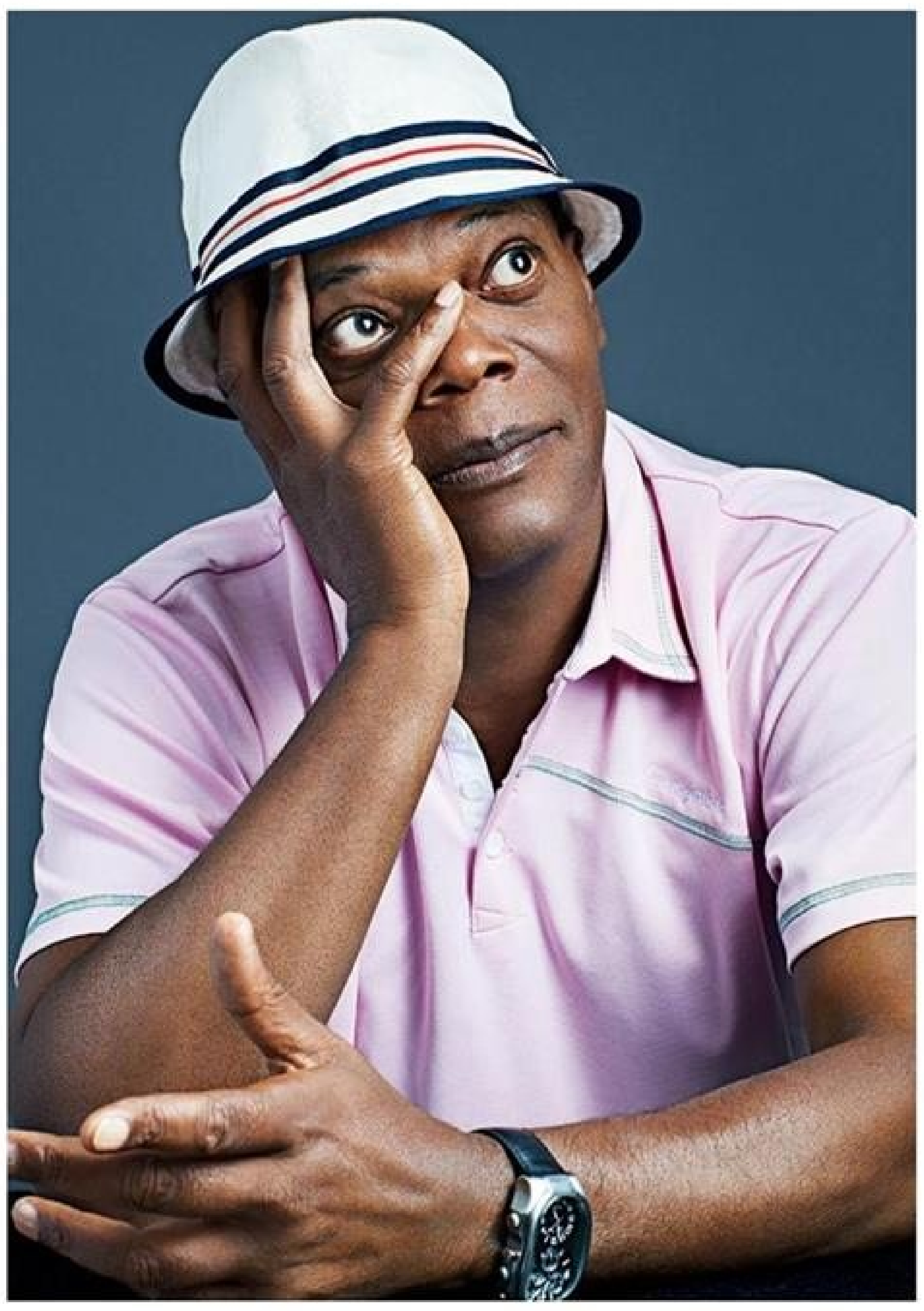
*Whether he's flashing his charismatic mojo in blockbusters (Jurassic Park, the Star Wars prequels, two Iron Man flicks, Captain America, The Avengers), tamping things down in arty indies (Eve's Bayou, The Red Violin, Black Snake Moan) or rousing cheers from the rafters with profanity-laced tirades in popcorn-munchers (Deep Blue Sea, Snakes on a Plane), no 3-D IMAX CGI light-and-magic show can upstage him. And with an estimated $7.4 billion–plus at the box office—making him the highest-grossing actor in history, according to Guinness World Records—Jackson has an uncanny knack for landing in more hits than misses.*

*His road to the top wasn't short or easy. Jackson was born Samuel Leroy Jackson in Washington, D.C. Abandoned as an infant by his alcoholic father, he was raised by his mother, grandfather and grandmother in racially segregated Chattanooga, Tennessee. A strong student, musician and athlete, he attended Morehouse College, where he took a public-speaking class to tame a terrible stutter and reconnected with his childhood love of acting. He and fellow students took hostage an entire board of trustees meeting in a 1969 campus protest, which led to his being ejected from Morehouse but also introduced him to his future wife, LaTanya Richardson, a fellow actor. He moved to Harlem in 1976. While in New York, Jackson began to get work in off-Broadway productions, as a stand-in for Bill Cosby during rehearsals for The Cosby Show and in films for then-budding writer-director Spike Lee, including Do the Right Thing, School Daze and Mo' Better Blues.*

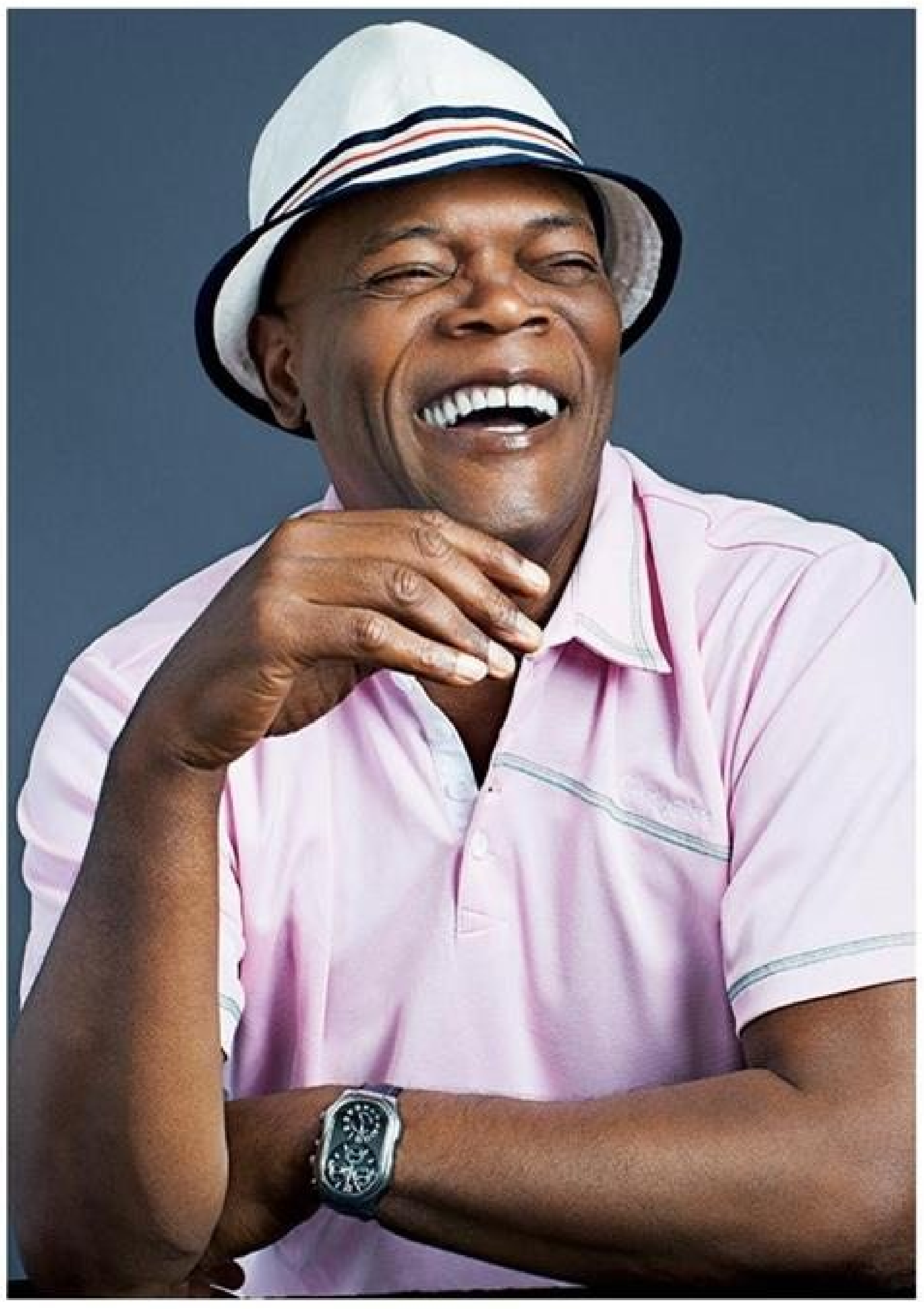
*But there were problems. Jackson's spiraling addictions to drugs and alcohol cost him jobs and eventually led to a life-changing 1990 intervention by his family. He worked constantly through the 1980s and early 1990s on TV series such as Law & Order and in small film roles including Gang Member No. 2 in Ragtime and Dream Blind Man in The Exorcist III. He won acting awards from the Cannes Film Festival and the New York Film Critics Circle for his heartbreaking turn as an addict in Jungle Fever, but playing Bible-quoting killer Jules Winnfield in the instant cult classic Pulp Fiction in 1994 gave him his first signature role. Now, at the age of 64, he finds himself as busy as ever, with six movies already completed in 2013.*

PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Stephen Rebello,** *who recently interviewed Matt Damon for the magazine, to talk with Jackson at the London hotel in West Hollywood. Says Rebello: "I first interviewed Samuel L. Jackson seven years ago for a 20 Questions feature, and he'd done the Playboy Interview in 1999. Apparently he thought he'd blown our earlier interview, because he told me he'd been wondering why he hadn't been asked back until now. The thing is, if you want to hang with a smart, well-read, supremely confident guy with a truckload of gusto, passion and a seen-and-done-it-all vibe, then this is your go-to guy. In the space of several hours, he ran the gamut—candid, funny, insightful, explosive, friendly, defensive and politically incorrect—and was deadly accurate. Over soft drinks, he more than lived up to his reputation. Better still, he surpassed it."*

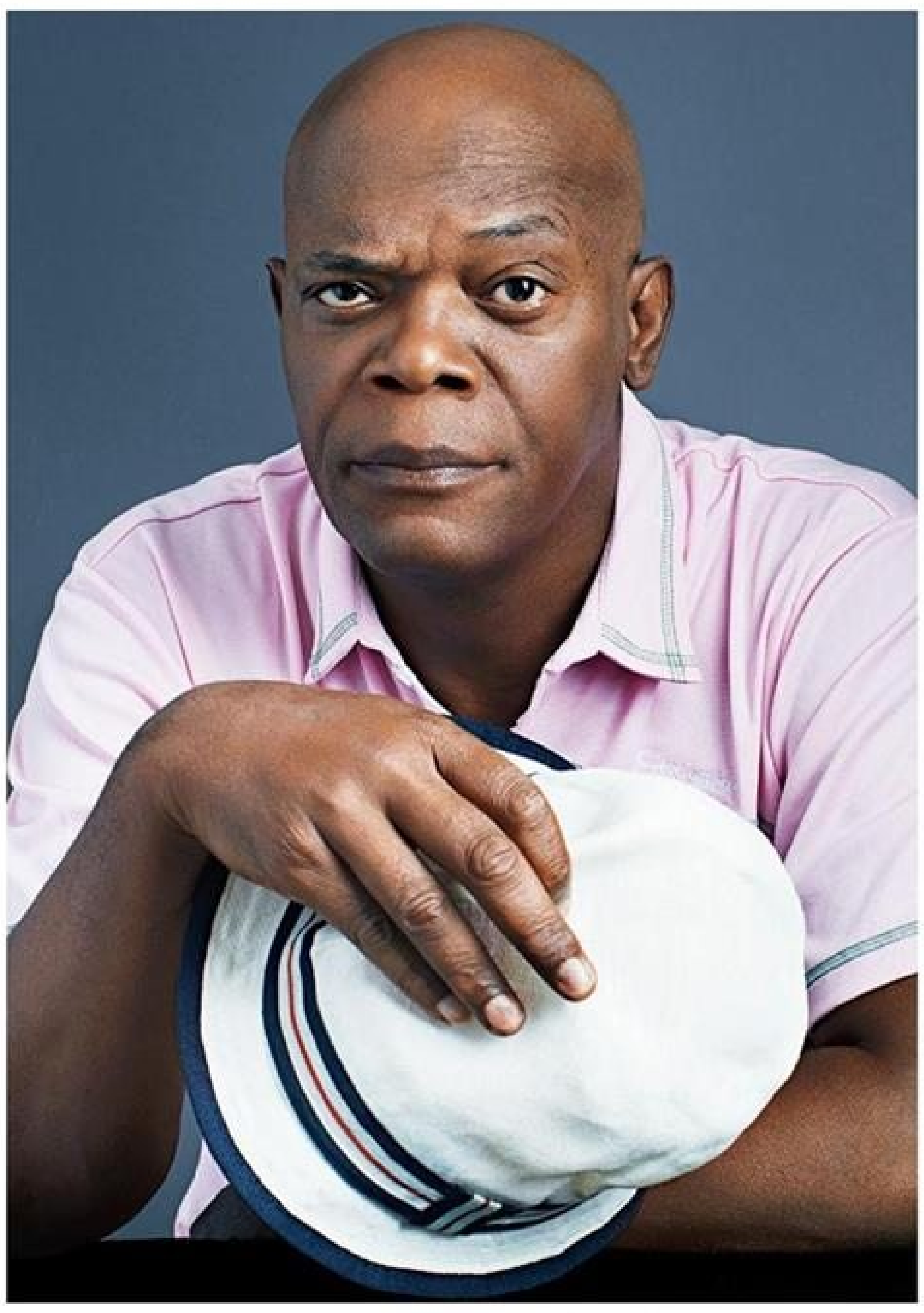
**PLAYBOY:** You and Spike Lee have reunited for your new movie, *Oldboy,* Lee's take on the South Korean–made 2003



*"Looking back, I love the South so much, even though there was a time when I didn't feel so proud of being from there. The sense of community there is unheard of in this day and age. The idea that it takes a village—it works."*



*"These 20-somethings can't turn around and tell me the word nigger is fucked-up in Django yet still listen to Jay Z or whoever else say 'nigger, nigger, nigger' throughout the music they listen to."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND

*"I was a militant revolutionary dude. I went to Martin Luther King Jr.'s funeral. I joined a march for equal rights in Memphis. In 1969 I got kicked out of college because a bunch of us had issues with the way the school was run."*

vengeance hit. It's been more than 20 years since you worked together on *School Daze, Do the Right Thing* and *Jungle Fever*—movies that helped put you on the map. Why such a long gap?

**JACKSON:** Spike's wife, Tonya, and my wife, LaTanya, have been good friends for a long time. My wife just acted in a TV film Tonya produced and wrote called *The Watsons Go to Birmingham.* So our wives would interact often, and we would all end up going to dinner together. Our relationship healed [from a public falling-out] over those dinners and conversations. He told me at dinner he was going to remake *Oldboy,* and I was like, "Can I be in it?"

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you want to be in that one in particular?

**JACKSON:** I watch the original *Oldboy* eight, nine times a year. Every time I meet someone who hasn't seen it, I order it and give it to them. Spike told me that, aside from the leading role, I could have any part. I always wanted to be the crazy guy who runs the place where the main guy gets locked up and isolated.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you two get back into the groove quickly, or did it take some time?

**JACKSON:** Working with Spike was just like we'd never stopped. He's very efficient, knows what he wants and doesn't get in my way artistically—whatever I come with, I come with, and it's cool.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you and Josh Brolin, who plays the leading role, get along?

**JACKSON:** We all do our homework, so beforehand I asked T.L. [Tommy Lee Jones] about Josh because he tolerates no bullshit whatsoever, and he said, "Ah, great kid." If T.L.'s down with you, you're good with me. People who come to a movie set angry, bitter and giving people a hard time? It's like, fuck, this is supposed to be a great place, a playground. Josh is good, and he understands the fun aspect of the job. When they say "Action," you get serious. "Cut," boom. There are a few actors who are like that who are really great, like Julianne Moore. When we were doing *Freedomland,* Julianne was standing there saying, "Sam, do you watch *American Idol*? Oh, it's so great." They call "Action!" and she's crying her eyes out; they call "Cut!" and she comes right back over: "As I was saying, this *American Idol* thing…." She's amazing.

**PLAYBOY:** Spike Lee said some pretty harsh things last year when you played the controversial role of a conniving house slave in *Django Unchained,* Quentin Tarantino's racially charged spaghetti Western. Lee complained about Tarantino's 100-plus uses of the *N* word in the script, called the movie "disrespectful to my ancestors" and tweeted, "American slavery was not a Sergio Leone spaghetti Western. It was a holocaust. My ancestors are slaves. Stolen from Africa. I will honor them." Tarantino called Lee's charges "ridiculous." Did you hash out any of this while making *Oldboy*?

**JACKSON:** We didn't have that conversation. One thing I've learned is that when I'm hired to do the job, that's what I do. I did a film [*Soul Men*] with Bernie Mac that was directed by Spike's cousin that I didn't have such a great time doing. We didn't talk about that either, other than my saying, "How's he doing?" and Spike answering, "Oh, he's fine. You guys didn't get along so well, did you?" "No, we didn't." Boom—that was the end of it. One thing had nothing to do with the other. Part of the thing that fucks with all those people who criticize Quentin for being a "wigger"—even, I guess, Spike—is that they don't take into account that Quentin's mom used to go to work and leave him with this black guy downstairs who would take him to these blaxploitation movies. That's his formative cinema life. He loves those movies. It's part of him.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't Lee basically saying that only black artists should tackle black characters and subject matter?

**JACKSON:** There is this whole thing of "Nobody can tell our story but us," but that's apparently not true, because the Jackie Robinson movie finally got made as *42.* Spike didn't make it, but people still went to see it. When Boaz Yakin did *Fresh* in 1994, all of a sudden it was like, "Who is this Jewish motherfucker telling our stories?" He's the Jewish motherfucker who wrote the story, that's who. If you got a story like that in you, tell it. We'll see when [director] Steve McQueen's movie *12 Years a Slave* comes out, if it'll be like, "What's this British motherfucker know about us?" Somebody's always going to say something.

> *[I wouldn't] dress up as a woman and kiss another guy. I don't think people want to see me do that. But you know what? If it's done right and the story is good, I might.*

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think Lee has substantive issues with Tarantino and his movies?

**JACKSON:** Spike saying "I'm not going to see *Django* because it's an insult to my ancestors"? It's fine if you think that, but then you have nothing else to say about the movie, period, because you don't know if Quentin insulted your ancestors or not. On the other hand, Louis Farrakhan, who these blackest of black people say speaks the truth and expresses the vitriol of the angry black man, can look at the movie and go, "Goddamn, that's a great fucking movie. Quentin Tarantino told the truth." Dick Gregory's seen the movie 12 fucking times. I respect what they have to say more than anybody else, because they've been through it. They walked the walk with Dr. King. Some of the bullshit criticisms about *Django* come from people who don't understand the genre and who didn't live through that era. They think they need to wave a flag of blackness that they don't necessarily have the credentials to wave.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have other specific people in mind when you say "these blackest of black people"?

**JACKSON:** W. Kamau Bell's FX show [*Totally Biased With W. Kamau Bell*] had this whole segment where he was criticizing *Django*. He's a young black man with nappy hair and very dark skin, but he also has a very white wife and an interracial child. You can't tell me you know what people in the South did if you never spent time down there. He can say there had to be words Quentin could use other than *nigger.* Well, what are they? These 20-somethings can't turn around and tell me the word *nigger* is fucked-up in *Django* yet still listen to Jay Z or whoever else say "nigger, nigger, nigger" throughout the music they listen to. "Oh, that's okay because that's dope, that's down, we all right with that." Bullshit. You can't have it one way and not the other. It's art—you can't not censor one thing and try to censor the other. Saying Tarantino said "nigger" too many times is like complaining they said "kike" too many times in a movie about Nazis.

**PLAYBOY:** As painful and uncomfortable as *Django* can be to watch, did Tarantino's decision to cut out some of the brutality cost you any big scenes?

**JACKSON:** Tarantino asked me to play the most hated Negro character in cinema history, but if people think they hate my character, they will really despise him if one day they get to see me torture Django. There are scenes on the cutting-room floor or in Quentin's house or wherever that one of these days, hopefully, he'll let people see. He literally could have *Kill Bill*ed that movie, because there is enough stuff for two two-and-a-half-hour movies. A *Django* Western and *Django* Southern would have been equally entertaining and great. I kept hoping he would do that. People said, "Well, slavery wasn't a picnic," and I want to say, "No, motherfucker, slavery wasn't a picnic," but nobody was singing songs while picking cotton in the field in that movie either. People got whipped. Dogs got sicced on people. These 20-year-olds and others are always talking about "Where's my 40 acres and a mule? Where are my reparations?" Well, you wanna act like the government owes us reparations, we gotta *show* what they owe us for. Here it is, right here onscreen. These stories must be told. Yet they still want to turn around and go, "Fuck Quentin Tarantino, he don't know shit about it," but if Spike, the Hughes brothers or Carl Franklin had done it, it would have been right? Look, Quentin has this master storytelling ability, and a lot of criticism from a lot of people is straight bullshit jealousy because they can't do it themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain the bond between you and Tarantino?

**JACKSON:** I get the vision of the whole movie when I read his stuff. It's like you go into his head. I work with a lot of mechanics—you know, the film-school guys. Quentin isn't like that. He knows what his movies look like before he shoots them and knows how to tell a story with camera movement. I love the same movies he does. We both look at a lot of movies. We've read a lot. I also think part of it is the only-childness of both Quentin and me.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the one thing you wouldn't do onscreen, even for Tarantino?

**JACKSON:** Probably dress up as a woman and kiss another guy. I don't think people want to see me do that. He hasn't asked me, but you know what? If it's done right and the story is good, I might.

**PLAYBOY:** Which of your movies would you choose as your signature, your legacy?

**JACKSON:** If there were one movie I wanted people to look at, it would be *A Time to Kill*.

**PLAYBOY:** That's the 1996 Joel Schumacher–directed movie with Sandra Bullock and Matthew McConaughey, based on a John Grisham novel, in which you play a man on trial for murdering the men who raped his 10-year-old daughter. Why that one?

**JACKSON:** It's an American story and a very Southern story. I'd like people to look at that one and say, "Oh my God."

**PLAYBOY:** Moviegoers know you best today as a smart, larger-than-life, potentially explosive, sometimes funny and usually likable badass. Did you show any childhood signs of some of the personality traits that have made you famous as an actor, let alone a star?

**JACKSON:** I play a lot of characters that aren't that way at all, but those aren't the ones people remember. If audiences see those qualities in my work, it's about comfortableness, confidence, success in what I've done. But oh hell no, I was not the cool guy growing up. I was bookish. I had a stutter. I wasn't in the streets with all the other kids. I didn't dress cool or do cool shit. I played the trumpet, flute and French horn in the marching band and had great style on the field when we performed, but that wasn't the cool thing to do. I was popular because I was funny. I definitely didn't have the hot chicks. The atmosphere in the house was one of love, with a lot of joy, but I also had discipline—and a curfew.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you and your family butt heads over their rules and discipline?

**JACKSON:** Looking back, I love the South so much, even though there was a time when I didn't feel so proud of being from there. The sense of community there is unheard of in this day and age. The idea that it takes a village to raise a child—it works, because wherever I was in town, somebody always knew. My teachers had taught my mom and her brothers and sisters. The teachers knew the expectations my family had of me. If I was fucking up in school, somebody was like, "Stay away from those people. Sit down, read." Outside school, if other kids were getting ready to do some shit that was going to get everybody in trouble or might get me in trouble, I went home. The one thing my family insisted on was, don't embarrass us. Don't make us come to jail, because though we will come to see you, we're going to leave you there. It just wasn't an option for me. I was more afraid of the people I lived with than the people I ran with.

**PLAYBOY:** Living in a segregated environment, what were some other useful survival tools your family gave you?

**JACKSON:** There were certain things you necessarily had to be told as a child—things that would keep you alive and out of harm's way. My family would point out this or that person as a Klansman or a grand wizard and tell me who specifically those men had killed and gotten away with it just because they'd said that black person was doing this or that. You could not look suspicious, because when people can accuse you of anything, there's nothing you can say. They'd tell me not to get in a car with this or that policeman, saying, "I don't care what happens, you run and run till you get here, and then we'll deal with it here."

> *I was always noticing girls. As a kid, I spent summers on a farm with cows, chickens. I saw things fucking from the time I was three, four years old.*

**PLAYBOY:** When did girls come into the picture for you?

**JACKSON:** I was always noticing girls. As a kid, I spent summers on my grandfather's sister's farm down in Georgia, with her cows, chickens and all her kids and me running up and down dirt roads, feeling all that freedom. I saw things fucking from the time I was three, four years old.

**PLAYBOY:** When was the first time you did what comes naturally in the barnyard?

**JACKSON:** In Georgia there was a family of girls who lived through the woods from us, and we all used to meet at this creek and swim naked. I was about 10 or 11. I think two of the girls were about 14, 15, so that's when it happened. Girls were interesting to me, period. They could be fat, skinny, tall, short, ugly, beautiful—as long as they were willing to do that thing.

**PLAYBOY:** How did acting enter the picture?

**JACKSON:** When I was a small child, my aunt Edna, a fourth-grade teacher and performing arts major, taught dance at home, so I took tap with her and other crazy classes. When she did plays and pageants, she never had boys available, so she was always putting me in shit. I did a lot of acting against my will for a long time. I acted my way right through junior high and high school.

**PLAYBOY:** Did moviegoing influence your eventual decision to become an actor?

**JACKSON:** Before we even had a television, I listened to a lot of radio drama as a kid, hearing how people's voices can tell stories. Every Saturday I spent all day in one of Chattanooga's two black theaters, the Liberty and the Grand, seeing Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Lash LaRue, Westerns, *Creature From the Black Lagoon, Francis the Talking Mule*. Books had more to offer than movies. My mom's rule was that for every five comic books I read, I had to read a classic. I read Shakespeare and *Beowulf* while other kids were learning how to diagram sentences and learning to conjugate so they could fill out job applications. My fantasies weren't inspired by John Wayne but by Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* and Dumas's *The Three Musketeers*. When I was in the room by myself reading, I would stand in front of the mirror pretending to be all those people in the books. I was acting for myself before I ever did it for anybody else.

**PLAYBOY:** What about sports?

**JACKSON:** I had all kinds of shit going on. It was crazy. I had track scholarships but didn't use them. By my senior year in high school I was a candidate for Annapolis, and I had also applied to UCLA, Cal Berkeley, the University of Hawaii. As much as I love the South, the one given was that I was not going to live in Chattanooga. I had read too many books about the world, and I wanted to see it. I had actually signed myself out on a merchant ship, but my mother found out and she was like, "Oh hell no, that's not happening." My mom had it in her mind that I was going to Morehouse College in Atlanta, and that's where I went.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your major?

**JACKSON:** I wanted to be a marine biologist. That was the influence of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. Even today, when they keep talking about doing a new *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, I would kill to play Captain Nemo. I loved Edgar Rice Burroughs as a kid too, and I was going to do a new Tarzan movie with Alexander Skarsgård, but it got canceled.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you act at Morehouse?

**JACKSON:** I took a public-speaking class to help with my stuttering, and all of a sudden I found myself being part of a theater group. It was like, *click*—this is where I should've been all along. Not to mention that when I showed up, six of the nine guys were gay, so I saw all these girls, they saw me and it was like, *bing*! So shit kind of changed for me in that way.

**PLAYBOY:** What was college about for you? Your studies? Partying? Acting? Women?

**JACKSON:** I was a militant revolutionary dude. I went to Martin Luther King Jr.'s funeral in Atlanta after his assassination, and I joined a march for equal rights down in Memphis. In 1969 I got kicked out of college because a bunch of us had issues with the curriculum and the way the school was run. We asked to meet with the board of trustees. They said they didn't have time for us. They had chains on the walkway. We took the chains off, went to the hardware store, bought a padlock, went inside the building, chained the doors and it was like, "Got time for us now?" The first time I actually saw and recognized LaTanya, my wife-to-be, she was in the building where we had those people locked up. She was at Spelman College and was part of the movement too. In college, a lot of people knew me as that militant dude; other people knew me as an actor or as that guy who hung out on the corner and drank wine and got high all the time. I had a whole other set of people, women, around me in different circles.

**PLAYBOY:** Did those circles intersect?

**JACKSON:** Like every sport has its own set of groupies, those circles have their own groupies. There were the militant chicks, the theater girls, the girls who were druggies and the party girls. I had different sets of people I could randomly select from.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of your involvement in the protest at school you were convicted for unlawful confinement. What did your family think of your evolving politics and budding involvement with the black power movement?

**JACKSON:** They actually *got* my militancy. They just didn't want me to get killed running around, chanting with my fists in the air. But I was in Atlanta doing that anyway. One time, I had come home from school to Tennessee. From the time I was an infant, my grandmother had been buying all these bullshit life insurance and burial policies, and every week this insurance guy, Mr. Venable, came to collect his nickel premiums. I had my hair braided and was sitting on the porch, and he walked up and said, "Hi, Sam, is Pearl here?" I said, "Motherfucker, why you calling my grandmother, a woman three times your age, Pearl?" I was cursing and yelling, babbling at him, and before I knew it, my grandmother was out the door and had me by the hair, going, "What the hell is wrong with you?" It was the first time in his life Mr. Venable thought he might have been wrong, and he felt bad, saying, "I don't call anybody else older than me by their first name." But my grandmother kicked my ass after he left. She still thought that he was going to call somebody and have me hanged.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find yourself dealing with many Mr. Venables today?

**JACKSON:** The other day I'm watching this white guy talking to black people on TV, and all of a sudden he's saying stuff like "Pump your brakes" and "I got you," these new politically cool terms that kind of came out of hip-hop and blackness. I'm thinking, We do still speak English, right? Though sometimes I wonder. So yeah, it still happens. But the whole language and culture are different now. I'll be reading scripts and the screenwriter mistakes "your" for "you're." On Twitter someone will write, "Your an idiot," and I'll go, "No, *you're* an idiot," and all my Twitterphiles will go, "Hey, Sam Jackson, he's the grammar police." I'll take that. Somebody needs to be. I mean, we have newscasters who don't even know how to conjugate verbs, something Walter Cronkite and Edward R. Murrow never had problems with. How the fuck did we become a society where mediocrity is acceptable?

> *We have newscasters who don't even know how to conjugate verbs. How the fuck did we become a society where mediocrity is acceptable?*

**PLAYBOY:** Or a society that views graduating from college or grad school as elitist, or one in which President Obama or other highly educated Americans consciously drop *g*s off the ends of words to sound like Joe Average?

**JACKSON:** First of all, we know it ain't because of his blackness, so I say stop trying to "relate." Be a leader. Be fucking presidential. Look, I grew up in a society where I could say "It ain't" or "What it be" to my friends. But when I'm out presenting myself to the world as me, who graduated from college, who had family who cared about me, who has a well-read background, I fucking conjugate.

**PLAYBOY:** With your and your wife's militant revolutionary background, how political are you today, especially having told *Ebony* magazine in 2012 that you wanted President Obama to "get scary"?

**JACKSON:** He got a little heated about the kids getting killed in Newtown and about the gun law. He's still a safe dude. But with those Republicans, we're now in a situation where even if he said, "I want to give you motherfuckers a raise," they'd go, "Fuck you! We don't want a raise!" I don't know how we fix this bullshit. How do we fix the fact that politicians aren't trying to serve the people, they're just trying to serve their party and their closed ideals? How do we find a way to say, "You motherfuckers are fired because you're not doing shit about taking care of the country"? If Hillary Clinton decides to run, she's going to kick their fucking asses, and those motherfuckers would rather see the country go down in flames than let the times change. But as I tell my daughter, there was a time we would be in the streets about this shit.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean instead of signing petitions on Facebook and Twitter?

**JACKSON:** You need to have your physical body out there in the streets and let these people—and the rest of the world—know. When our antiwar movement led the world, it was because people could see us in the streets, see our faces, hear the protest music. You can't do that shit blogging in a room. I can't see you on your keyboard. I can't see you sitting there in the dark. Things happen when people get out in the street.

**PLAYBOY:** Your daughter, Zoe, is 31. Is she politically active?

**JACKSON:** She understands our backgrounds as revolutionaries and about being in the street because I put her out there. She's done some protesting, even though I laughed at her when she went down to Occupy Wall Street because she and Anne Hathaway are good friends. I went, "Wait, you went to Occupy Wall Street—with *Annie Hathaway*?" But see, we also understand the complacency and how we've changed Zoe's life to a point where she sees things differently because she's gone to racially diverse schools like Manhattan Country and Oakwood in Los Angeles and Vassar. Her mother and I would say shit and Zoe would go, "You guys are so racist." When we talked about racism, she said, "That's just some old shit," until she had her own experiences that made her understand.

**PLAYBOY:** So back in the day, there you were, a militant revolutionary, a budding actor, kicked out of college—and a good grammarian. How did you get hooked up in the off-Broadway New York theater scene, where you really got your start?

**JACKSON:** First, after I got kicked out of school, I came to Los Angeles for a year and worked as a county social worker, an eligibility worker, for the city.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you hungry for a Hollywood career?

**JACKSON:** I never wanted to come to California and be an actor or movie star unless I was being sought out. I had so many friends who were good actors who came out to Los

*(continued on page 139)*

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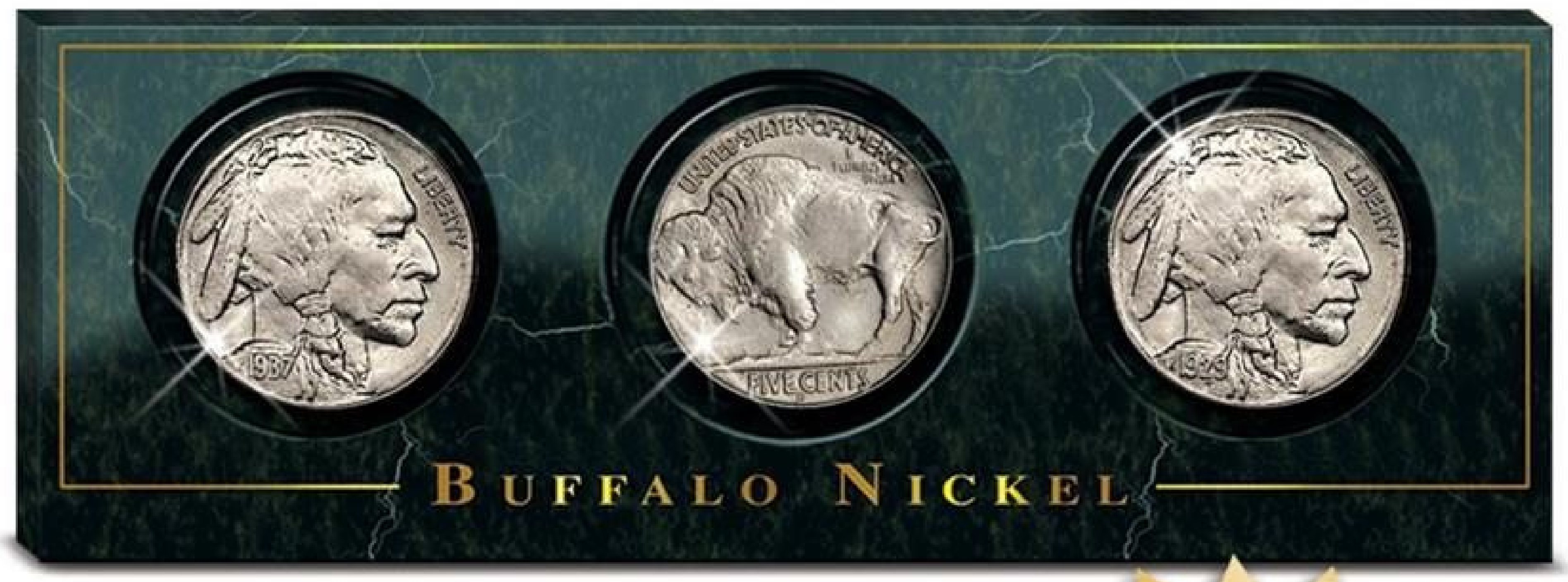

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# INSIDE

On April 24, 2013, Venezuelan president Nicolás Maduro ordered the arrest of American filmmaker Tim Tracy in Caracas on terrorism and spying charges. Tracy was sent to one of the most violent prisons on earth. Was he a spy? Would he get out alive?

VENEZUELA ★ VENEZUELA

**BY MATTHEW ROSS**

VENEZUELA ★ VENEZUELA

Venezuela's El Rodeo prison during riots in 2011 that left more than 20 inmates dead. American Tim Tracy was incarcerated at El Rodeo on May 29, 2013.

# EL RODEO

A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE

REPÚBLICA DE VENEZUELA

## JUNE 4, 2013

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Even if he somehow figured out a way to tune out the death threats that had been coming at him from an entire cell block of hardened killers—"You're going to die tonight, you gringo faggot cocksucker!"—there was still no chance of sleep.

His feet were so ravaged by mosquito bites they'd begun to bleed. There were crevices in the wall on either end of his bed; the moment he lay down, endless columns of roaches came streaming out of the crumbling concrete for a well-coordinated assault on his orifices. Maybe they'd be less aggressive if he wasn't so ripe. There was a showerhead in his cell, but its handle was conspicuously absent, and he hadn't bathed in days. He was still wearing the humiliating outfit they'd forced him to put on just before they paraded him in front of El Rodeo's entire general population upon his arrival: a ratty white T-shirt and a pair of bright yellow cutoff sweats so undersized they might as well have been daisy dukes. His requests for a broom and access to a shower had been denied. More troubling was the fact that his meds for anxiety and insomnia, both of which were spiking, had just run out, and his repeated requests to refill them had been met with either laughter or indifference.

The fact that Tim Tracy had held up this long—42 days, to be exact—meant nothing to him now. Being the American whose arrest was personally ordered by the president of Venezuela on live national television—that Tim could handle. He'd found a lot of it amusing at the beginning, especially the armed convoys that accompanied him to and from courthouse visits. Who did they think he was, Jack Bauer?

Then the rules changed. Six days earlier, he had been transferred from his cell at the national intelligence headquarters in Caracas to El Rodeo, the most infamous prison in a country whose prison system was perhaps the world's worst. He was no longer being used as a political pawn by a desperate government on the verge of collapse.

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Now Tim Tracy had become a target.

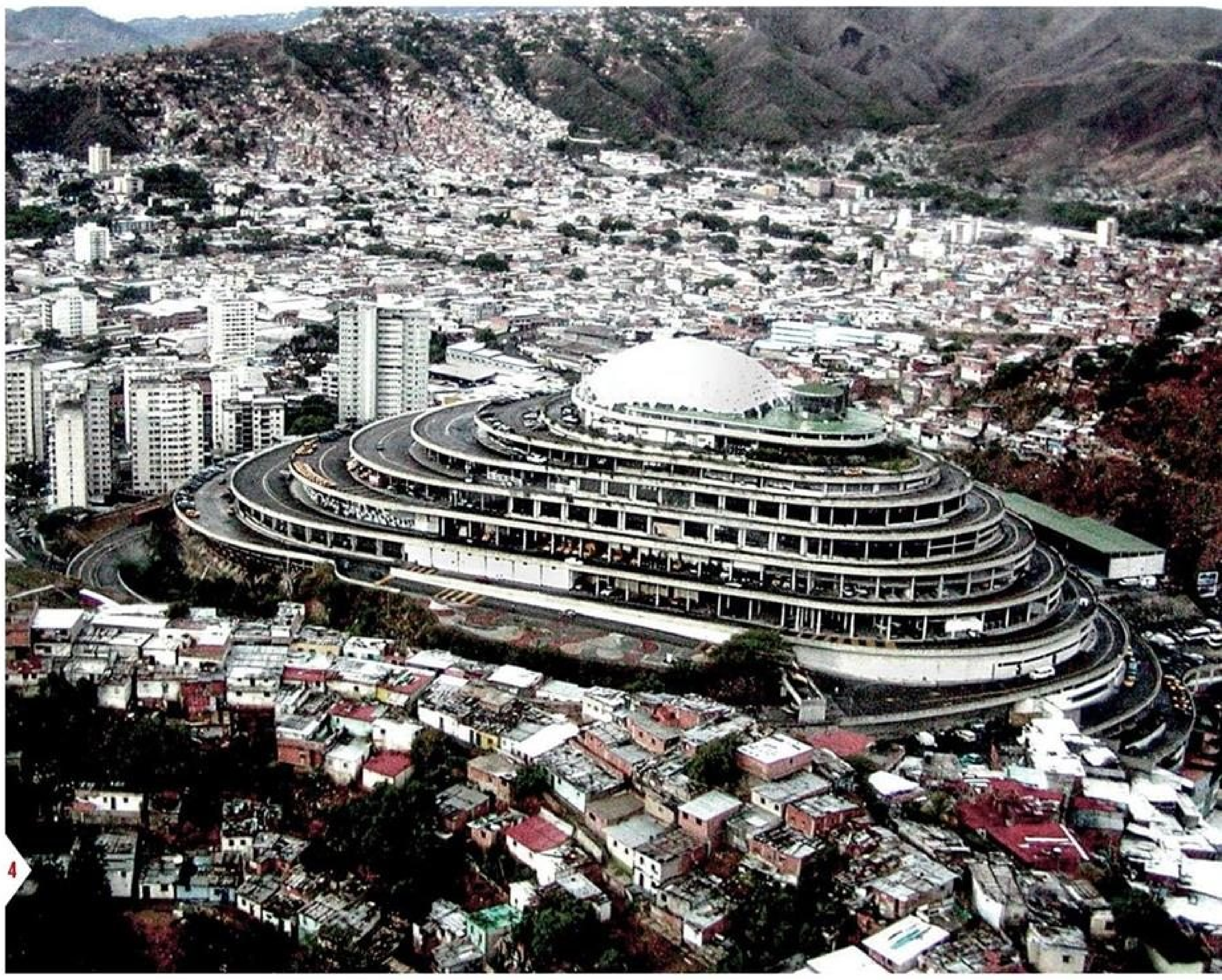
At this particular moment, no one—not even President Nicolás Maduro—could guarantee his safety. Although the wing he was staying in, El Rodeo Dos, was supposed to be secure, the buildings on either side, Uno and Tres, were run by gang leaders. There were no prison guards, just armed thugs with AK-47s and rocket launchers. All it would take was one bribe, or one riot like the one that had happened here two years ago, and he'd be dead.

Then, out of nowhere, a pair of female nurses appeared, both young, both gorgeous, standing in front of his cell door and telling him to come with them. He couldn't be entirely sure they were real. Was he hallucinating? A guard unlocked his door, and the two women were still there. Tracy was standing up and joining them. They were leading him down a hallway, away from the squalor of his cell. Were they taking him to a death chamber? Was he being released? He had no way of knowing. He decided to roll with it and not ask any questions.

It wouldn't be the first time he had followed a Venezuelan girl into unfamiliar waters. If it weren't for Alejandra, none of this would ever have happened.

## CHRISTMAS WEEK, 2011

The evening began at the Chateau Marmont, the only place in Los Angeles with anything resembling old-school Hollywood glamour. I'd been in town for yet another round of casting on the



**1.** This mug shot of filmmaker Tim Tracy appeared on live television throughout Venezuela on April 25, 2013. **2.** Tracy's footage of a pro-Chávez motorcycle gang. **3.** His team's footage of another Chávez rally; Tracy was arrested the same day for the first time. **4.** The headquarters of SEBIN, Venezuela's intelligence service, where Tracy was held on charges of espionage. **5.** Tracy with a *motorizado.* **6.** Tracy with Humberto "Che" Lopez, his original guide to the barrios. **7.** Tracy being led hooded into the barrio, where he was allowed to photograph the inner workings of the Chavistas. **8.** Venezuelan president Nicolás Maduro, who personally ordered Tracy's arrest.

"EL RODEO HAS AN ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE REPUTATION. FOR AN AMERICAN TO GET SENT THERE AND NOT GET HURT OR KILLED WOULD BE HIGHLY UNLIKELY."

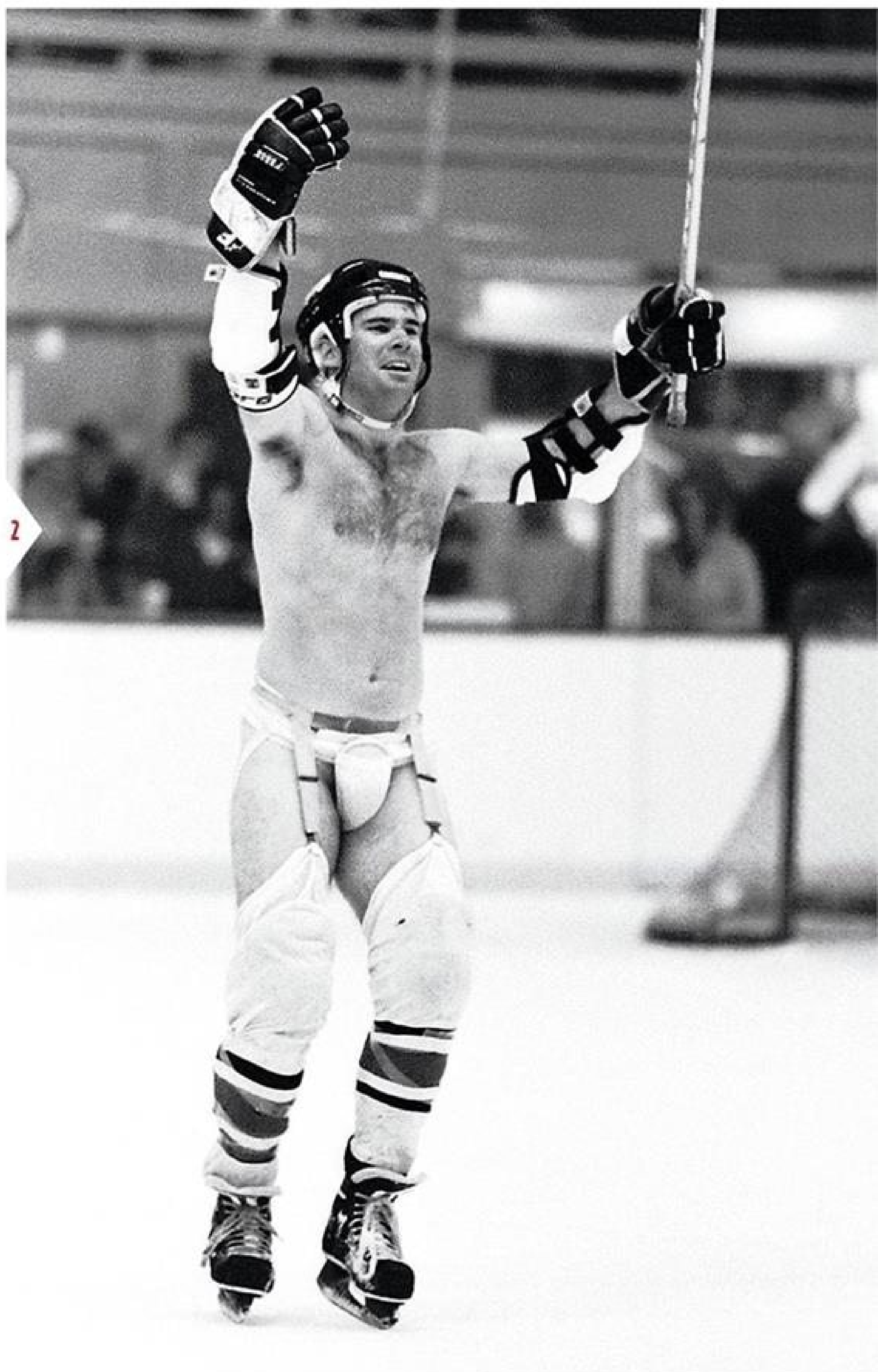
independent film I'd been trying to make for way longer than I was willing to admit, and a girl had invited me to join her and some friends for dinner in the garden.

Sitting across from me was Tim Tracy, a stocky spark plug of a guy with a wildness to his eyes. He was around my age and had been hustling here for almost a decade, but he had a childlike enthusiasm uncommon to veterans of the Hollywood jungle. There was no affectation or cool-guy posturing, no faux-humble name-drops to boost his cred. He said he was a filmmaker but without the usual whose-dick-is-bigger subtext that characterizes most first-time encounters at a place like this.

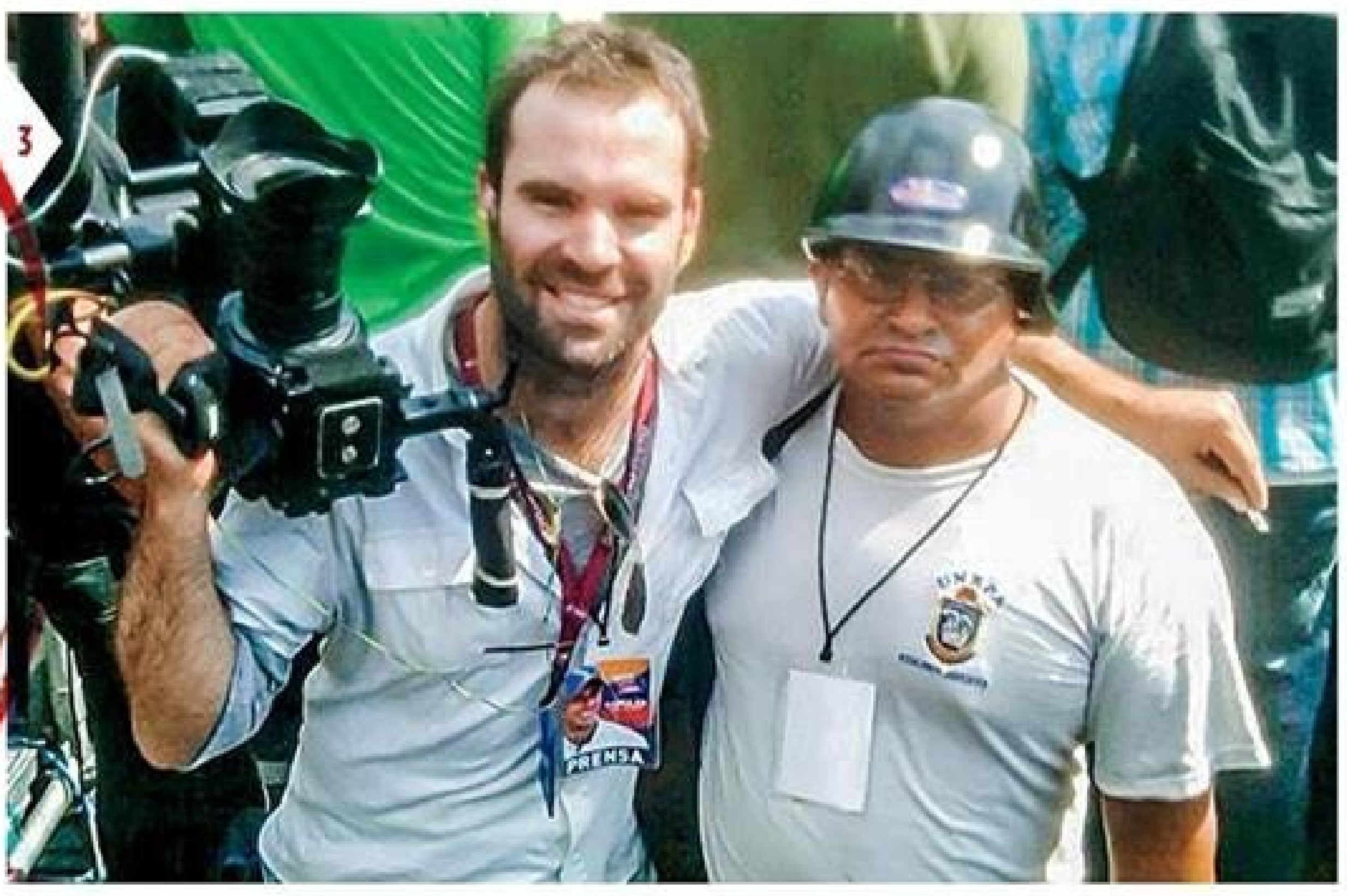
There was something a little off about Tim. I got the feeling that, like me, he was unsatisfied—with his career, with everything—and he was wired in a way that necessitated some kind of outlet for all that unexpressed energy, some substitute for the insanity of making a movie. After interviewing dozens of directors over the years, I had learned that many people were drawn to movies because making them was the only thing that could calm them down. But until that happened, the challenge was figuring out where to burn off all that stockpiled energy before it got radioactive.

I discovered Tim's preferred method a couple of hours later, when our group moved the party from the Chateau to his bungalow in Laurel Canyon. I found myself in the living room, watching as Tim scurried about the space like a man possessed—turning on stereo, strobe light and smoke machine, handing out random props (DEA vest, top hat, plastic swords). An all-night dance party commenced.

At some point Tim made a running, jumping grab for the metal chandelier hanging from the ceiling. He swung around the room before the cord



TIM BEGGED TO SEE A PRIEST SO HE COULD BE ISSUED LAST RITES BEFORE THEY MURDERED HIM. "SORRY, GRINGO," SAID THE PRISON GUARD. "WE DON'T DO THAT IN HERE."



**1.** Tim Tracy in Simón Bolívar International Airport; he had lost 30 pounds. **2.** A hockey enthusiast, Tracy finished his semipro career in style. **3.** For seven months Tracy shot footage with a $20,000 camera inside Caracas's most dangerous barrios.

snapped, sending both him and the chandelier plummeting before stopping, abruptly, a foot from the floor. Tim's friends all laughed. They seemed to enjoy his antics as an expression of some youthful desire to connect to the world.

Was Tim living in a place far above his pay grade as a freelance TV documentary producer with a trust fund to fall back on? Absolutely. Was his *Animal House* shtick a little ridiculous for a guy his age? Sure. To the casual observer who was quick to judge, Tim was an easy guy to write off. But as I would soon learn, underestimating Tim's capabilities, or his courage, would be unwise.

We became Facebook friends, and a few months later I was back in New York, thinking I would never see Tim Tracy again.

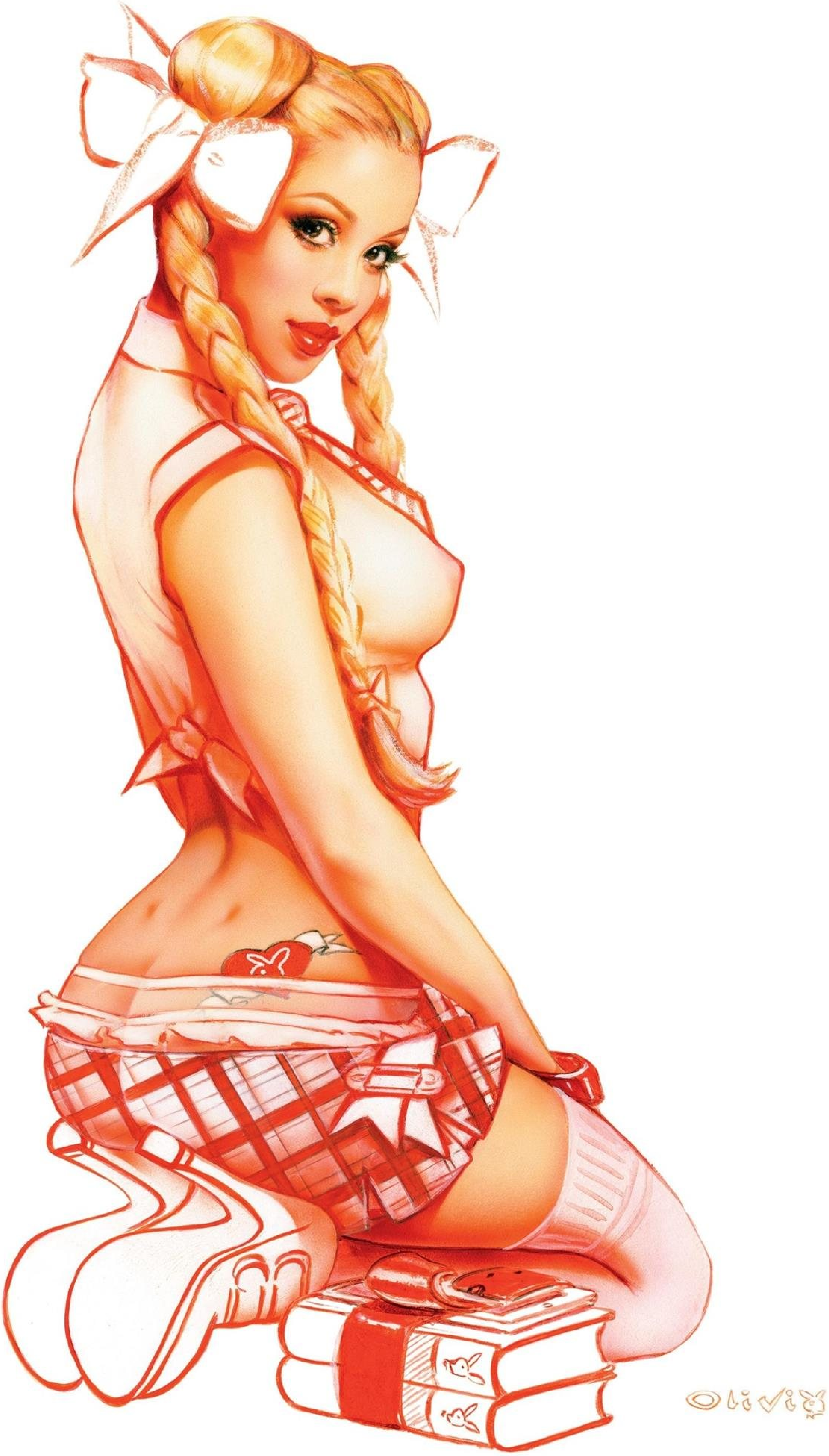
## APRIL 26, 2013

The e-mail arrived as I was walking across Central Park. It was from Alanna Sampietro, an actress friend from L.A. who ran in Tim's circle, with the subject heading: "Sign please! My filmmaker friend arrested in Venezuela." I opened the e-mail, a form letter generated through the website Change.org. "My friend Tim Tracy has been arrested in Venezuela," it began.

Tim Tracy from Laurel Canyon? I clicked through to discover that Tim had been arrested two days earlier at the Caracas airport on his way out of the country. When I read that Tim was in the custody of SEBIN, Venezuela's national intelligence service, on terrorism charges, I stopped in my tracks.

I began scouring the net on my phone. Tim hadn't been formally charged yet. Still, Venezuela's newly elected president, Nicolás Maduro (who had recently taken office after Hugo Chávez's death from cancer), and his interior minister, Miguel Rodríguez Torres, had held news conferences that were carried live by every major TV network in Venezuela. The interior minister announced that the country's new presidential regime had taken down a major threat to national security: the April Connection, a secret plot whose objective was to destabilize the country through acts of violence, with the ultimate goal of starting a civil war. And though the members of this terrorist cell were right-wing ultracapitalists who had been recruited from the ranks of Venezuela's antigovernment opposition, the

*(continued on page 134)*



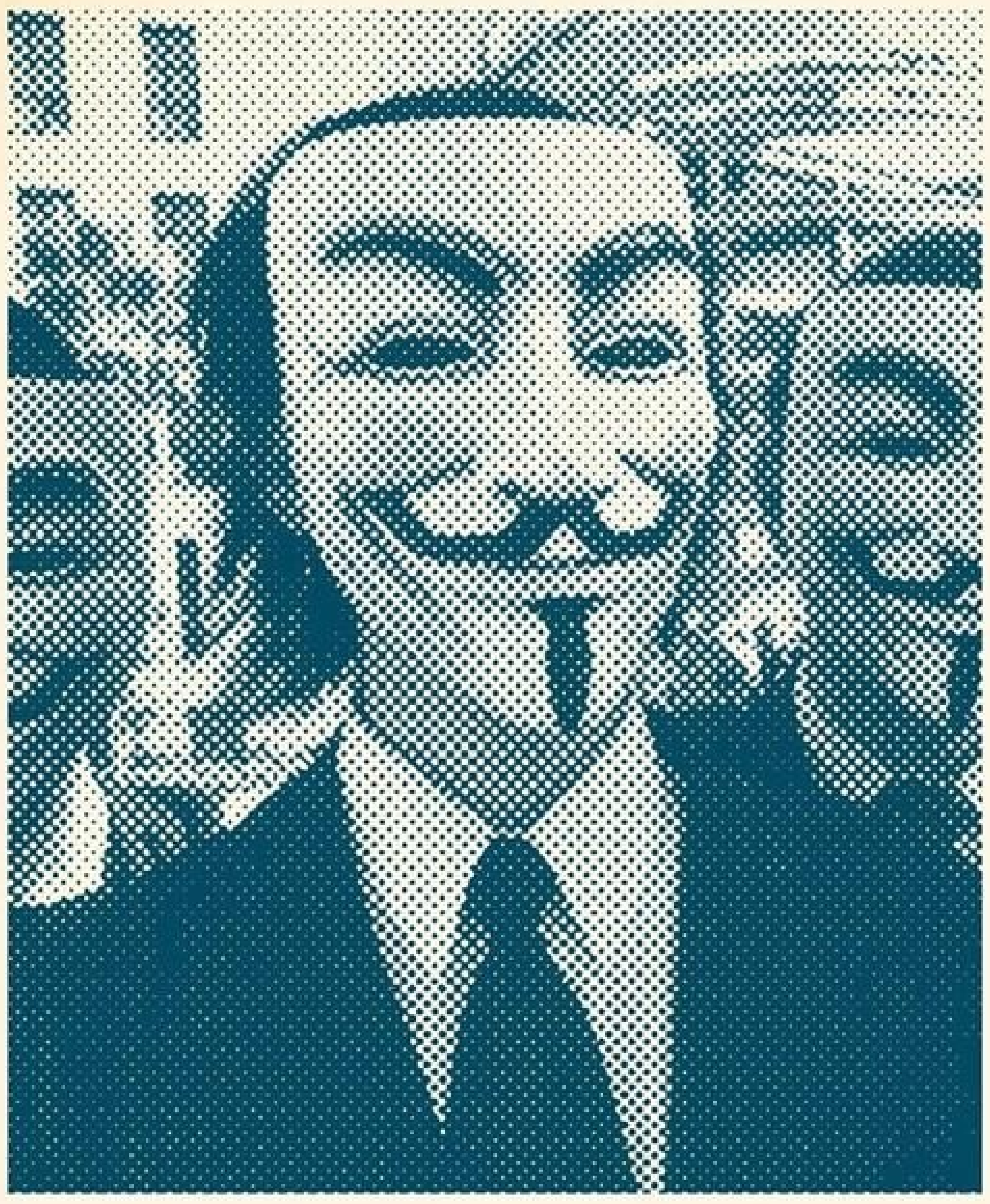
*"I think it's time to hit the books…!"*

# SWEPT AWAY

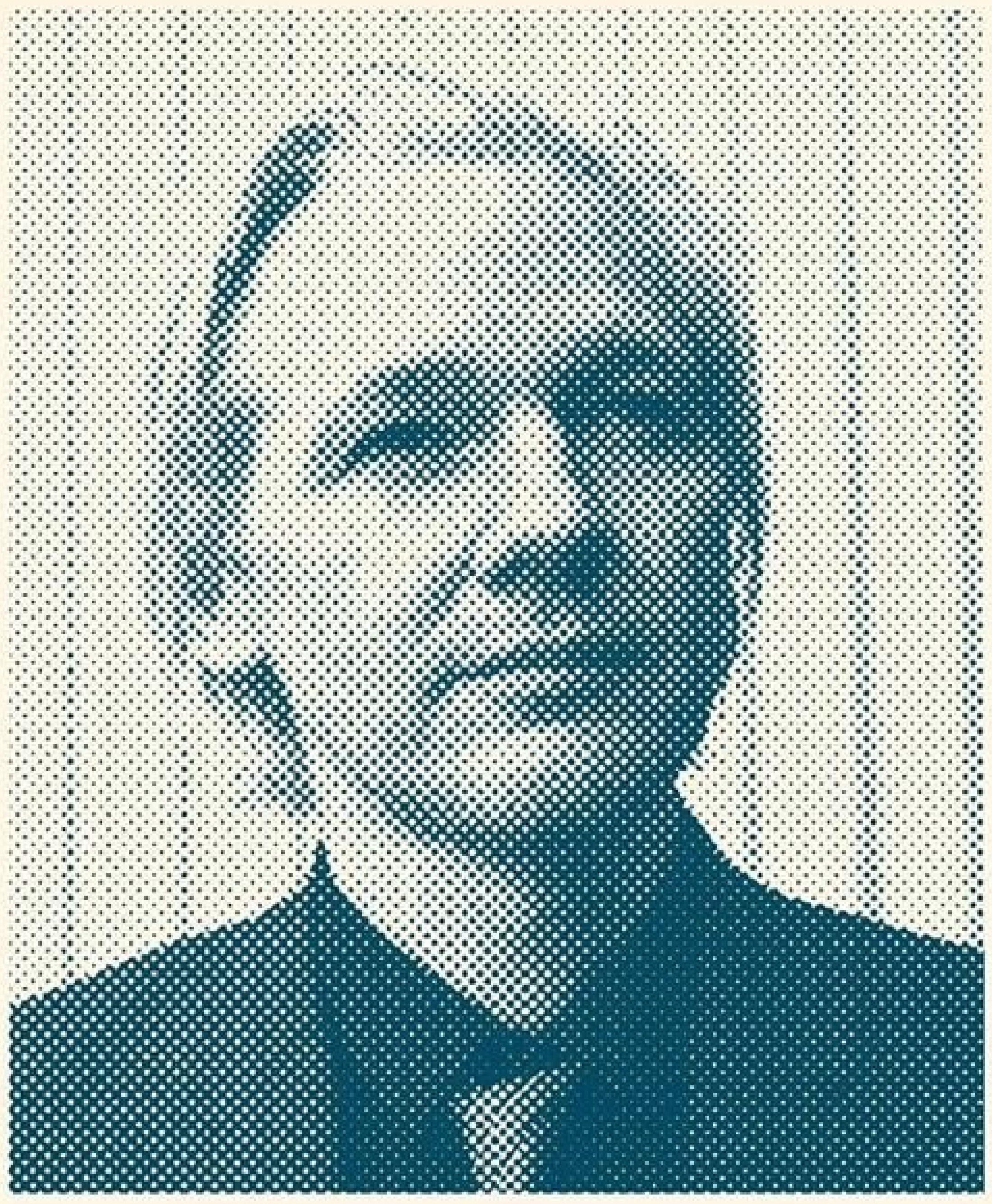
## RIDE THE TIDE WITH MODEL MIRIAM RATHMANN

Every man has a fantasy of buying a boat and sailing off to an exotic port of call—to be at one with the sea, sharks be damned. But no such fantasy would be complete without a first mate. Here we introduce you to 26-year-old model Miriam Rathmann of Hamburg, Germany. A few things to know about the spectacularly beautiful sea nymph: She loves horses and chocolate, and she's an ace on the tennis court. She wants to own her own salon someday. When asked what her ultimate fantasy is, she responds, "To make a journey around the world." Perfect, right? So climb aboard this schooner with Miriam and set sail into the sunset. There's nothing like the motion of the ocean.

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY**
**ALEXANDER PAULIN**

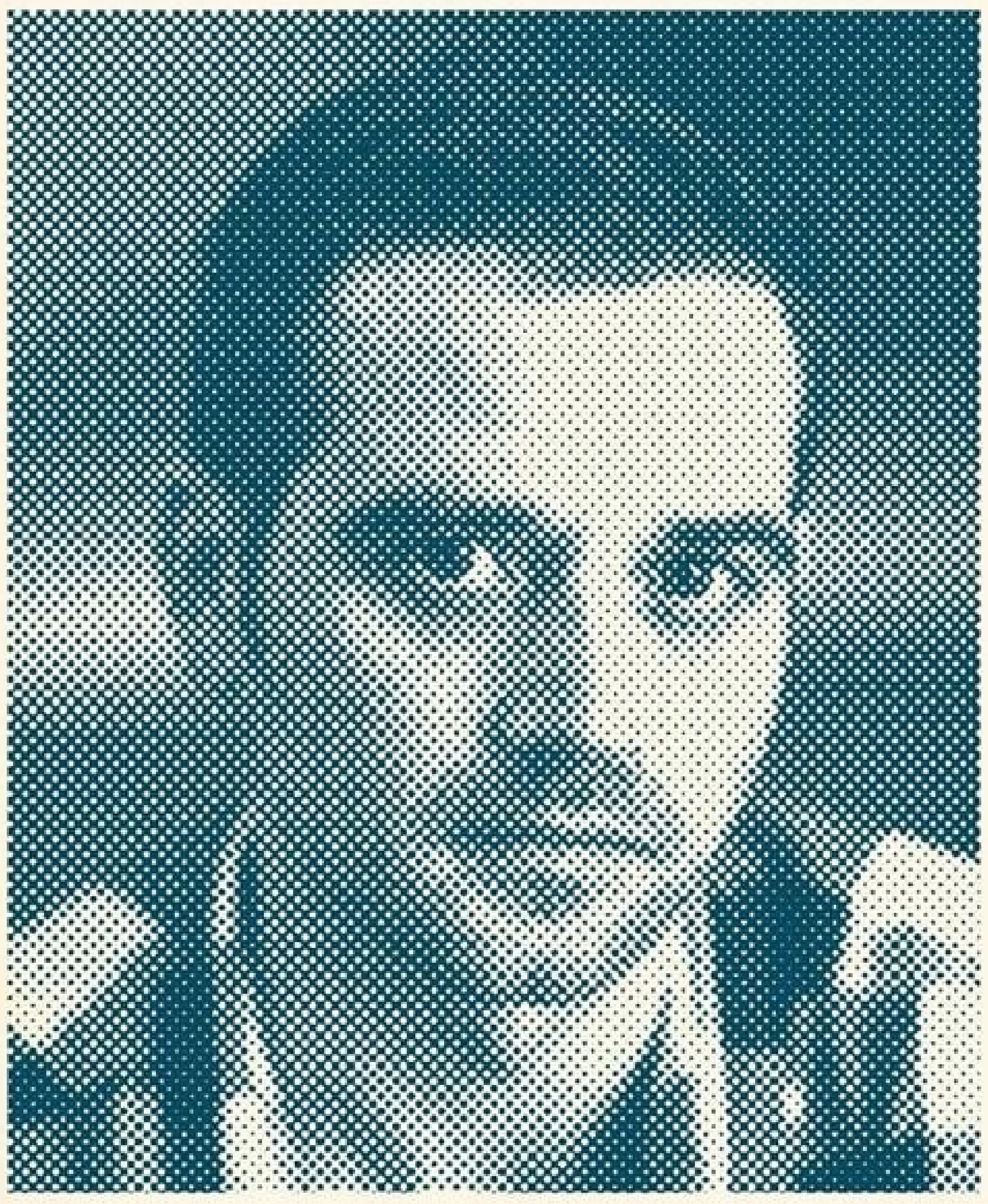


**Anonymous**
Worldwide hacker collective.

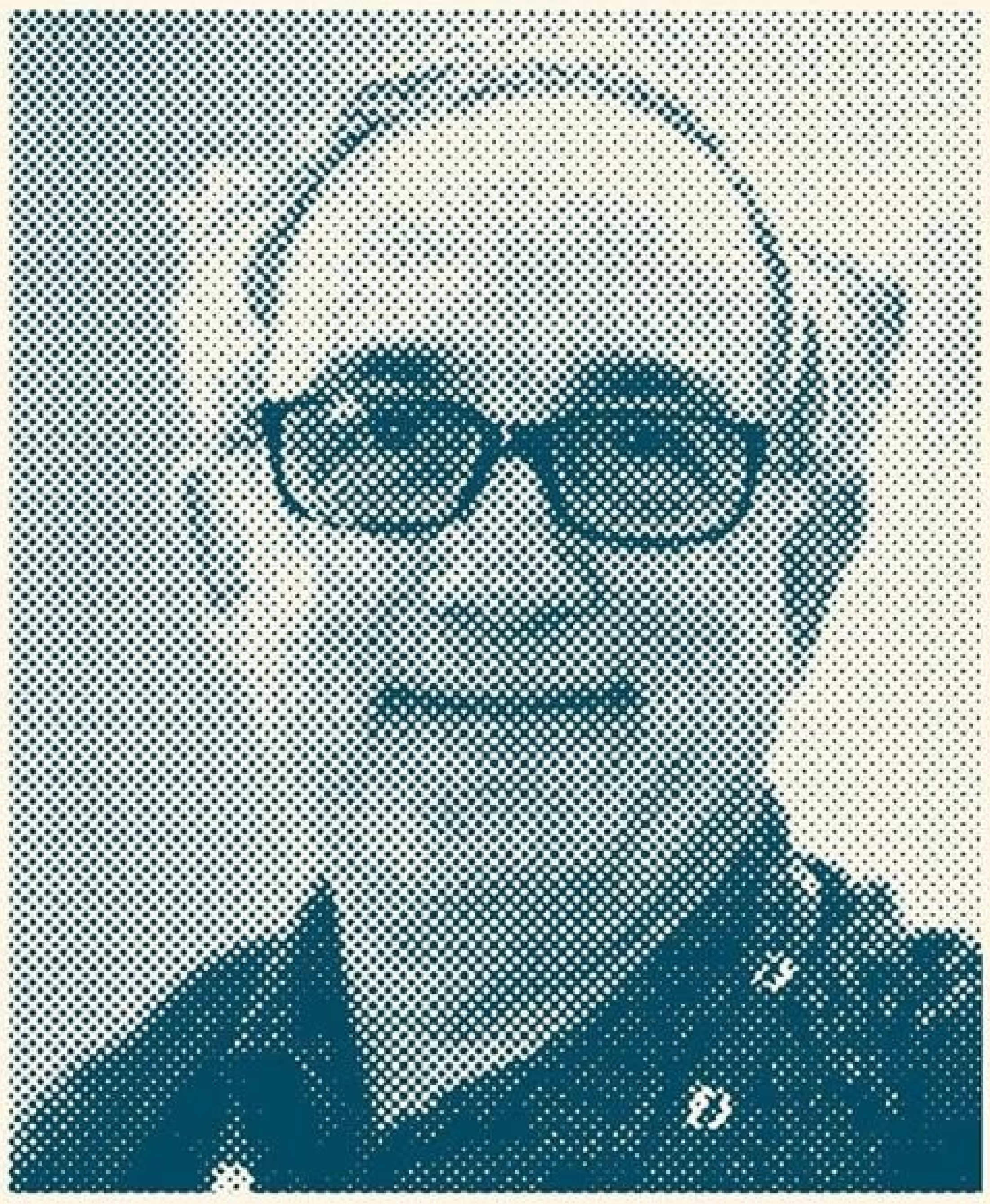


**Julian Assange**
Founder of WikiLeaks.

**John Carmack**
Lead programmer of *Doom* and *Quake*.

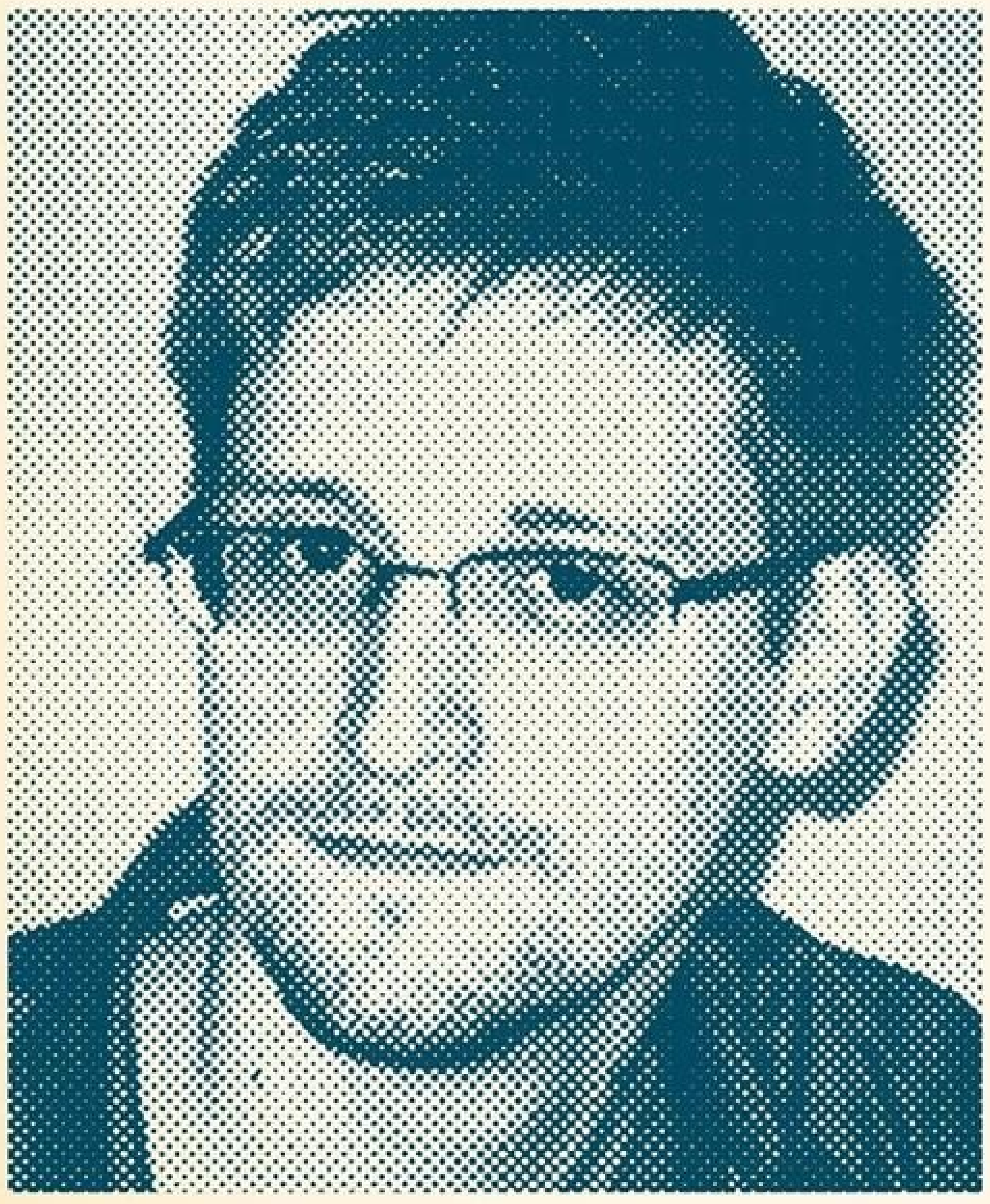


**Barnaby Jack**
"Human hacker" of insulin pumps, pacemakers, etc.

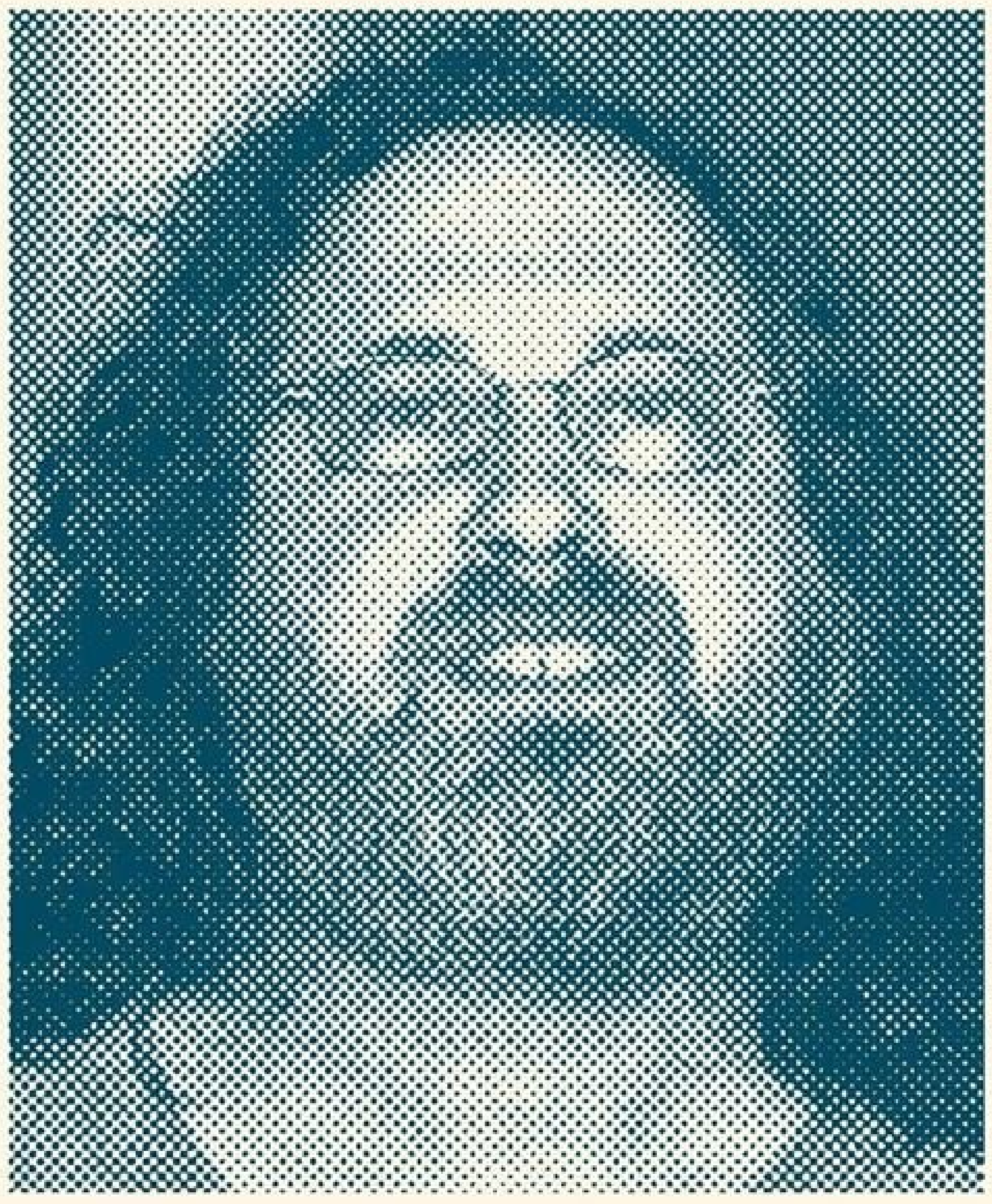


**Mitch Kapor**
Founder of Lotus.

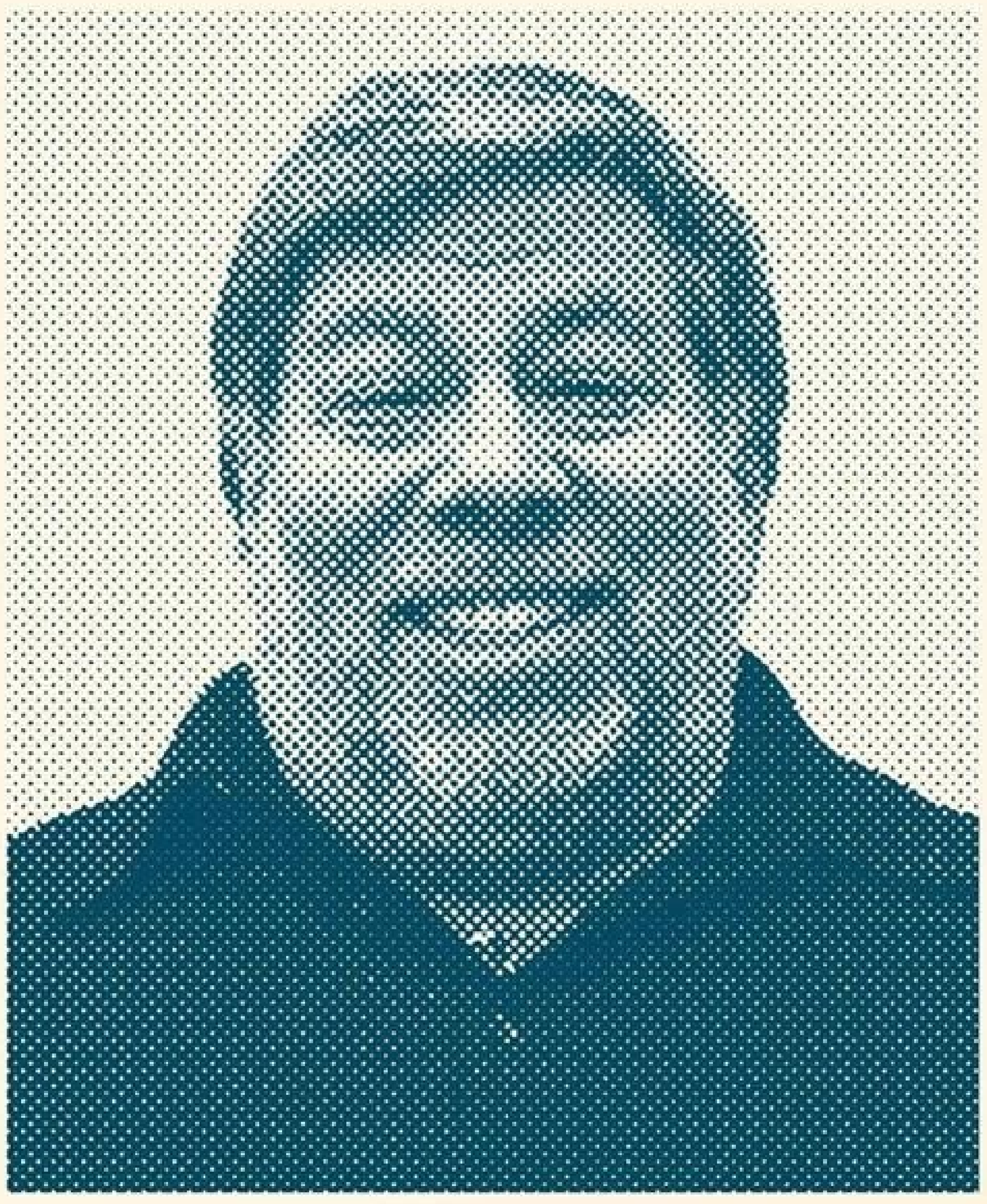
**John Romero**
Co-founder of id Software.



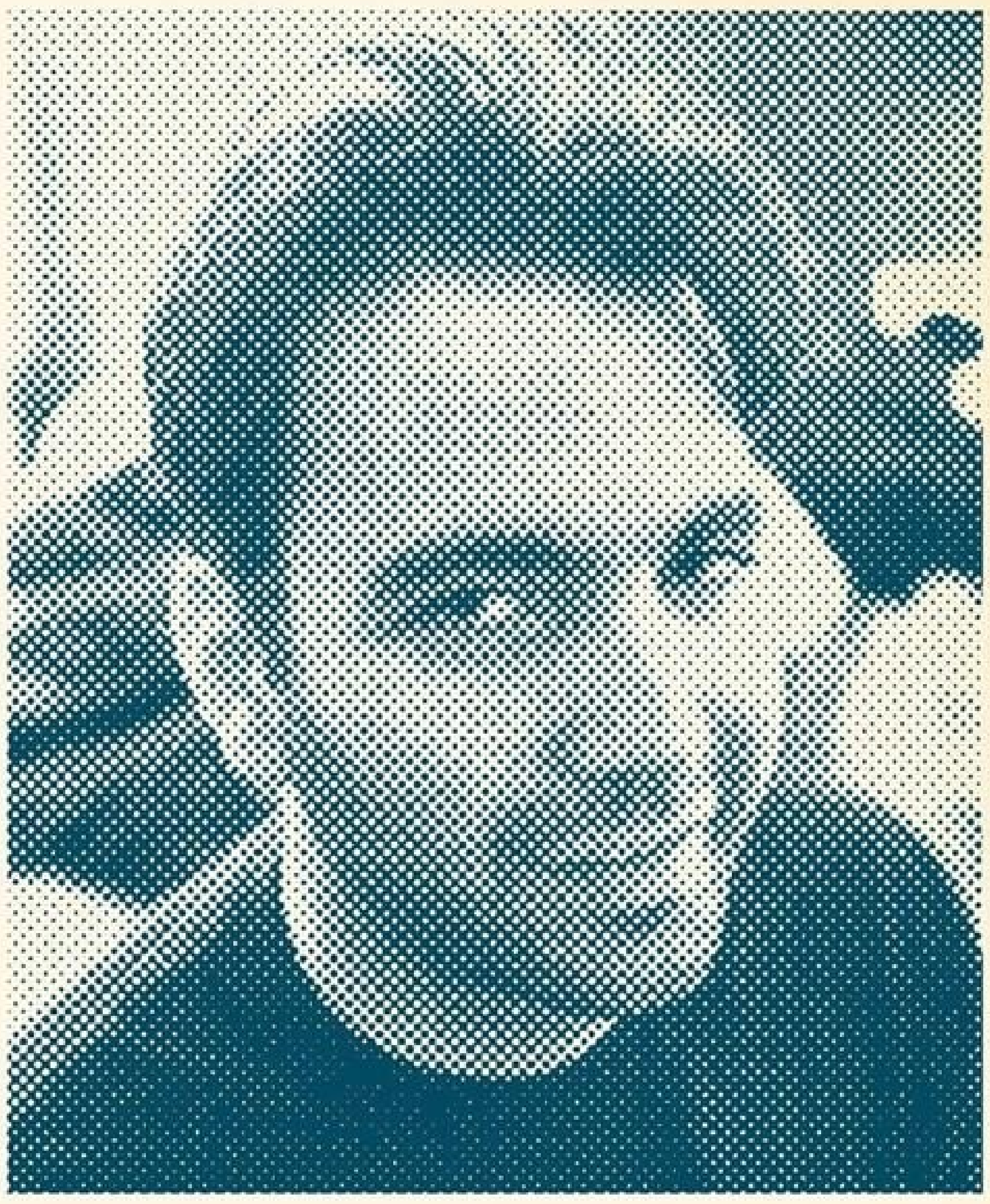
**Edward Snowden**
NSA contract employee.



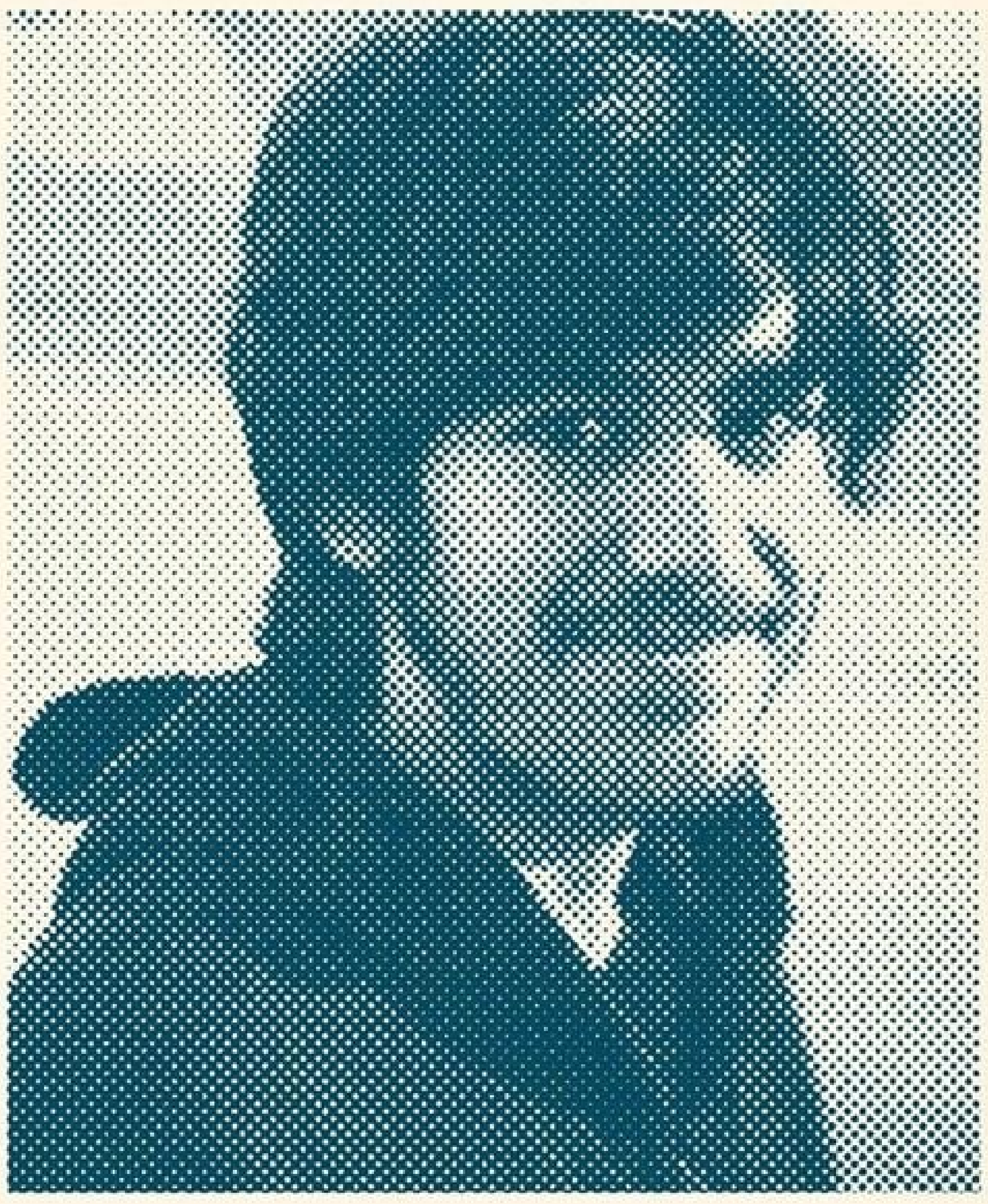
**Richard Stallman**
Founder of Free Software Foundation.



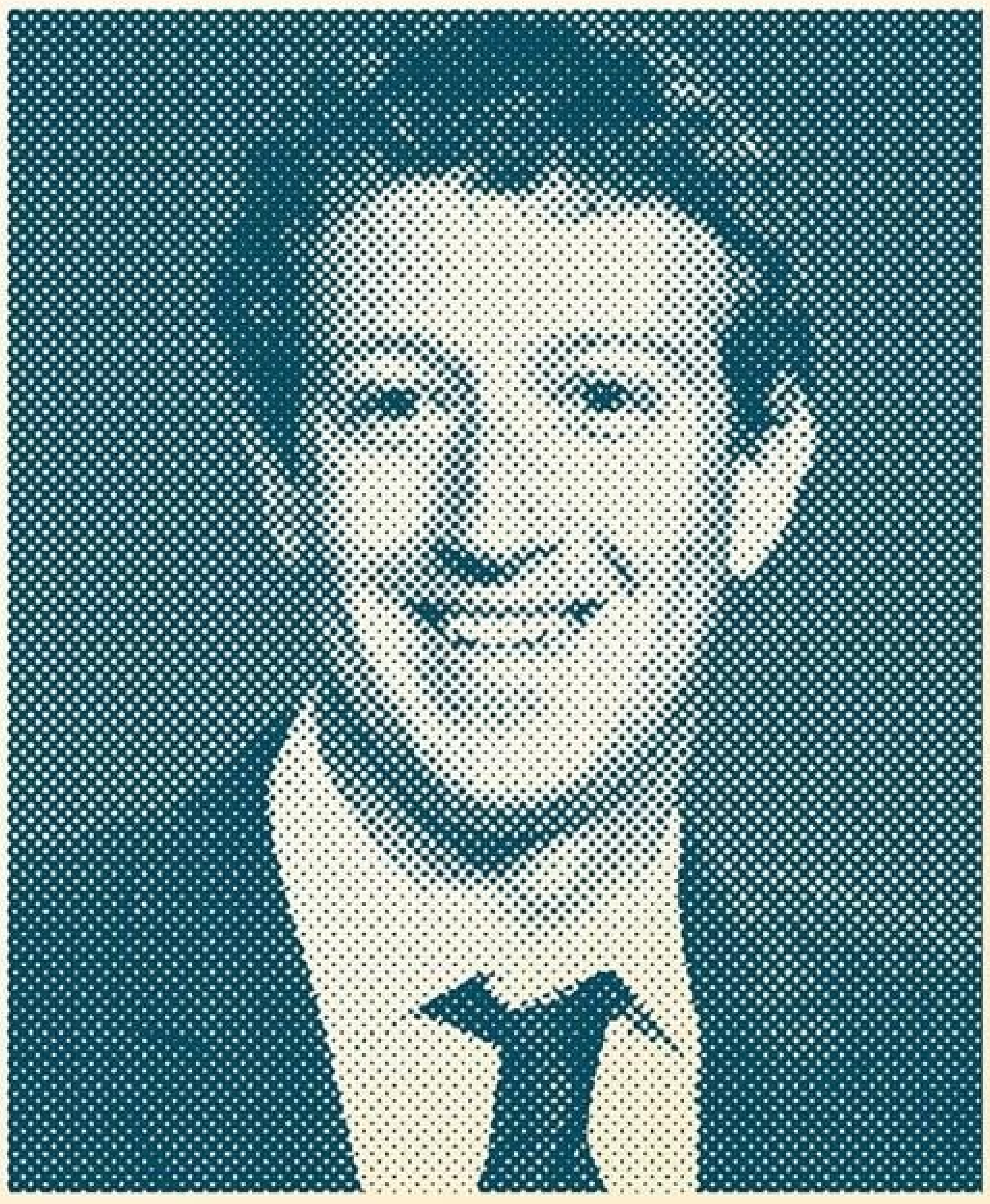
**Steve Wozniak**
Co-founder of Apple.



**Bram Cohen**
Inventor of BitTorrent.



**Aaron Swartz**
Co-founder of Reddit; inventor of RSS.



**Mark Zuckerberg**
Founder of Facebook.

# >>>TH3 HaCKTIViSTS

> THEY ARE GENIUSES, OUTLAWS, ONLINE FREEDOM FIGHTERS. HOW HACKERS HAVE BECOME THE CONTROVERSIAL ARCHITECTS OF OUR BRAVE NEW WORLD

//: By David Kushner

/* Late one night in the fall of 2005, Mark Zuckerberg was showing me around his crappy little apartment in Palo Alto, California. Facebook, the company he'd founded the year before in his Harvard dorm room, was in its infancy, and the slight 21-year-old, dressed in jeans and a Patagonia hoodie, still lived like an undergraduate. There was just a mattress on the floor, 10 pairs of Adidas sandals in the closet and an electric guitar leaning against a bare wall. "I don't even think the shower has a shower curtain," he said with a shrug.

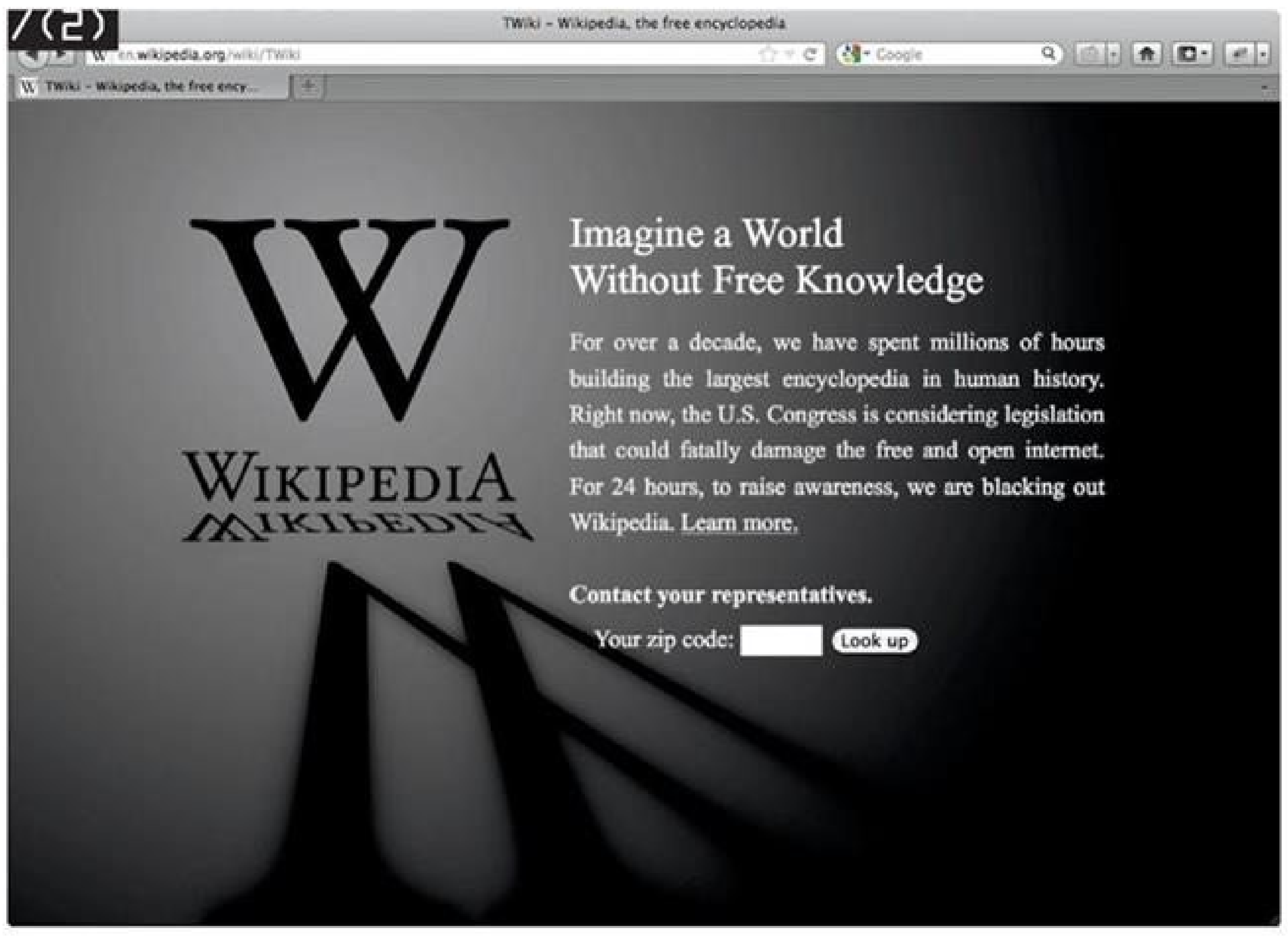
Although the moguls of Silicon Valley were already courting him, Zuckerberg seemed genuinely >>

uninterested in cashing in. He had started his career as a hacker, busting into Harvard's online student database to create a better way for people to keep track of their friends—an online face-book of his own. ("Let the hacking begin," he famously blogged that night.) As he brewed a pot of green tea in his kitchenette during my visit, he still lived by those words. "I just want to build something cool," he told me. And so he did.

_
//:
BY BREAKING SYSTEMS AND BUILDING SOMETHING NEW, HACKERS DEVELOPED THE SKILL AND PASSION FOR DRIVING INNOVATION. */
}

/(1)

/(2)



TWiki - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/TWiki

Imagine a World
Without Free Knowledge

For over a decade, we have spent millions of hours building the largest encyclopedia in human history. Right now, the U.S. Congress is considering legislation that could fatally damage the free and open internet. For 24 hours, to raise awareness, we are blacking out Wikipedia. Learn more.

Contact your representatives.

Your zip code: Look up

/(3)

}//:
>(1) AARON SWARTZ PROTESTING JUST MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH. */
>(2) WIKIPEDIA WENT DARK ON JANUARY 18, 2012 TO PROTEST THE STOP ONLINE PIRACY ACT. */
>(3) BARNABY JACK DEMONSTRATES "JACKPOTTING"—HACKING INTO AN ATM. */

For the past two decades, I've traveled the world for publications including *Rolling Stone, The New Yorker* and PLAYBOY to find and write about the most innovative people online. Most had begun as hackers. Often they were in the early stages of their careers. Some became billionaires (like Zuckerberg, two years after we met). Some became prisoners (WikiLeaks founder Julian Assange). Others remained unknown (the hacker collective Anonymous). Dozens crashed and burned.

But as I've observed firsthand, a singular obsession drives this generation of hackers, gamers, activists and geeks: building access to information and one another, even if it means breaking something old—or the law. Their work has turned the web into a kind of Wild West—a no-holds-barred fight over freedom and information that reached a fever pitch this year. Whether these "hacktivists" end up loved, hated, feared, politically exiled (as in the case of "traitor" National Security Agency hacker Edward Snowden) or even dead (Aaron Swartz and Barnaby Jack, both master hackers who died this year), there's one crucial legacy they all share.

The internet would suck without them.

>>

If you want to understand why the world needs hackers, you have to start with games. I first learned this one afternoon in the early 1980s. I was around 13 and, like many guys my age, blew my time and my lawn money on video games. In Tampa that meant biking down to ShowBiz Pizza, a strip mall restaurant that had all the latest arcade games: *Donkey Kong, Defender, Spy Hunter* and the rest. Although we all had Atari 2600s at home, we preferred to get our game on away from our parents. Arcades were our secret frats, places to wiggle our joysticks, curse and get high.

But one day we discovered that ShowBiz was a place for something else too: hacking. The arcade had just gotten a few personal computers, technology that was emerging at the time. For a couple of tokens you could sit at the machines and play some rudimentary computer games. You could also type in words and listen to the

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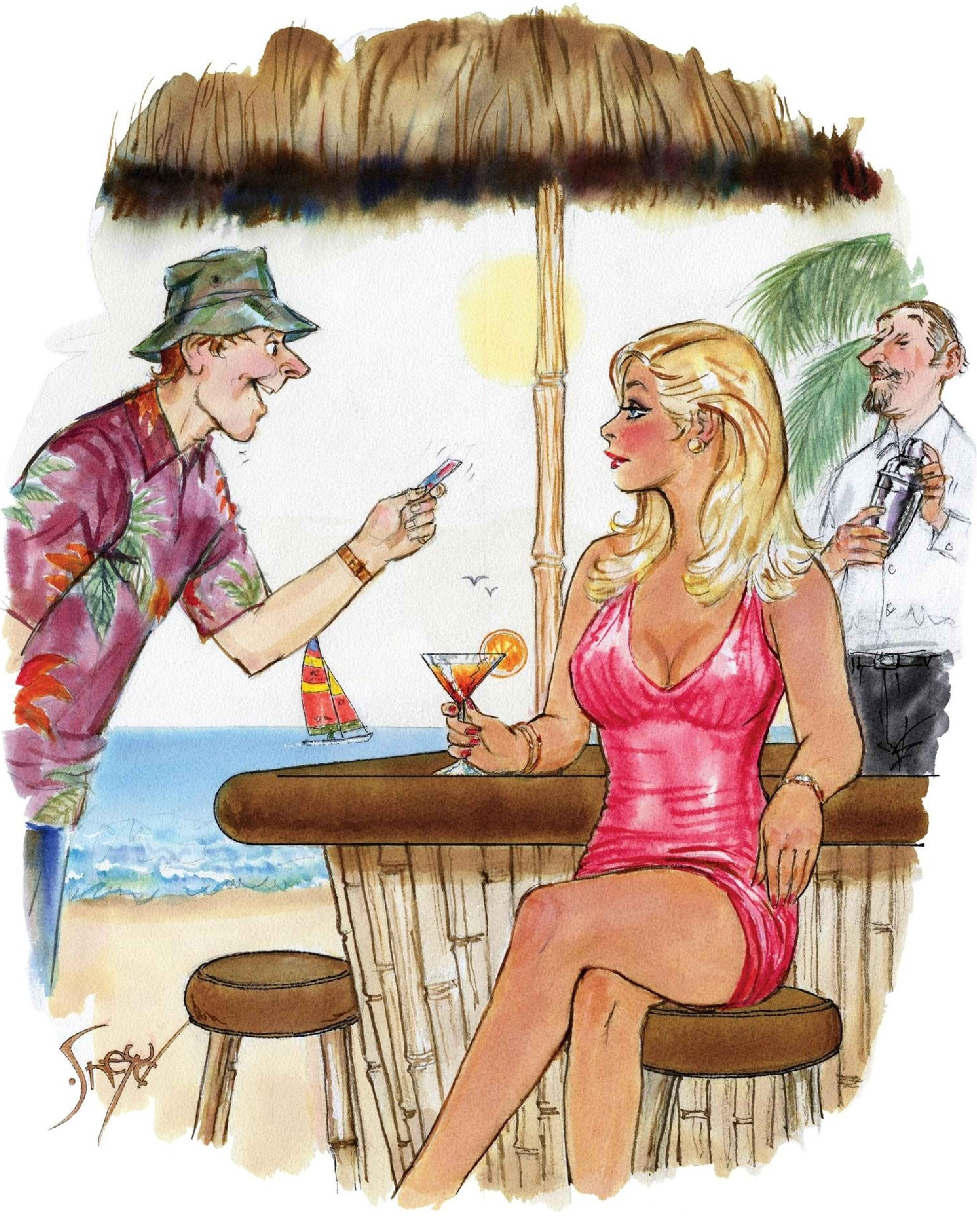


"I asked my travel agent for a list of vacation hot spots and he gave me your name."

# 20Q

BY **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
**F. SCOTT SCHAFER**

# James Deen

HE'S THE PORN STAR WHO MAKES YOUNG WOMEN SWOON AND THE REST OF US JEALOUS

## Q1

**PLAYBOY:** From the outside, being a porn actor seems like a dream job. Scare us straight. Tell us why it's not as awesome as we think it is.

**DEEN:** Sorry, it really is the most awesome job ever. I guess if you hate sex and don't want a nice laid-back career that lets you make your own rules and you need that corporate structure, it could be a drag. But I enjoy my job and I enjoy the sex part of my job, and I enjoy being able to work as much or as little as I want. It's kind of amazing.

## Q2

**PLAYBOY:** You don't have one horror story? Even a painful groin pull from having too much sex?

**DEEN:** I never understood the complaint "Porn isn't as easy as it looks. It's really physically taxing." What's so wrong with doing some physical activity? Is that a problem? Sure, the hours can be long, and like any job it can be grueling at times. But you're getting paid to have sex. That's cool any way you slice it. I imagine if Michael Phelps hated swimming he probably wouldn't be an Olympic champion. If you don't like having sex every day, all the time, porn is probably the wrong career path for you.

## Q3

**PLAYBOY:** You've done pretty much every sexual act imaginable. Is there anything you won't do?

**DEEN:** Clowns. I won't have sex with anyone dressed like a clown. They are creepy. I've done it only once, and it was terrifying. The director was explaining the scene to me—it was in an asylum or something—and he said, "She'll be in clown makeup." I freaked out. I was like, "What? No, absolutely not. I will not have sex with a clown!"

## Q4

**PLAYBOY:** Did you quit on the spot?

**DEEN:** No. We found a way to do it with her facing away from me—doggy style and reverse cowgirl, stuff like that. She'd get into position and I'd wait outside the room. The director would yell, "Okay, James, we're ready." I'd run in and do the scene but could see only the back of her head. I had my eyes closed the whole time.

## Q5

**PLAYBOY:** Do you consider yourself an actor or a sex performance artist?

**DEEN:** Definitely a performer. I'm all about the performance aspect of sex. If I was being paid to go over to someone's house and have sex, I would feel weird and uncomfortable. If someone was having a party and I was being paid to have sex behind walled glass or on a stage or whatever, and my job was to be a performance piece, to titillate and arouse the patrons, that's cool. That's what I do. So it's this weird fine line. I don't want to be a prostitute, and I've done it only once, by accident.

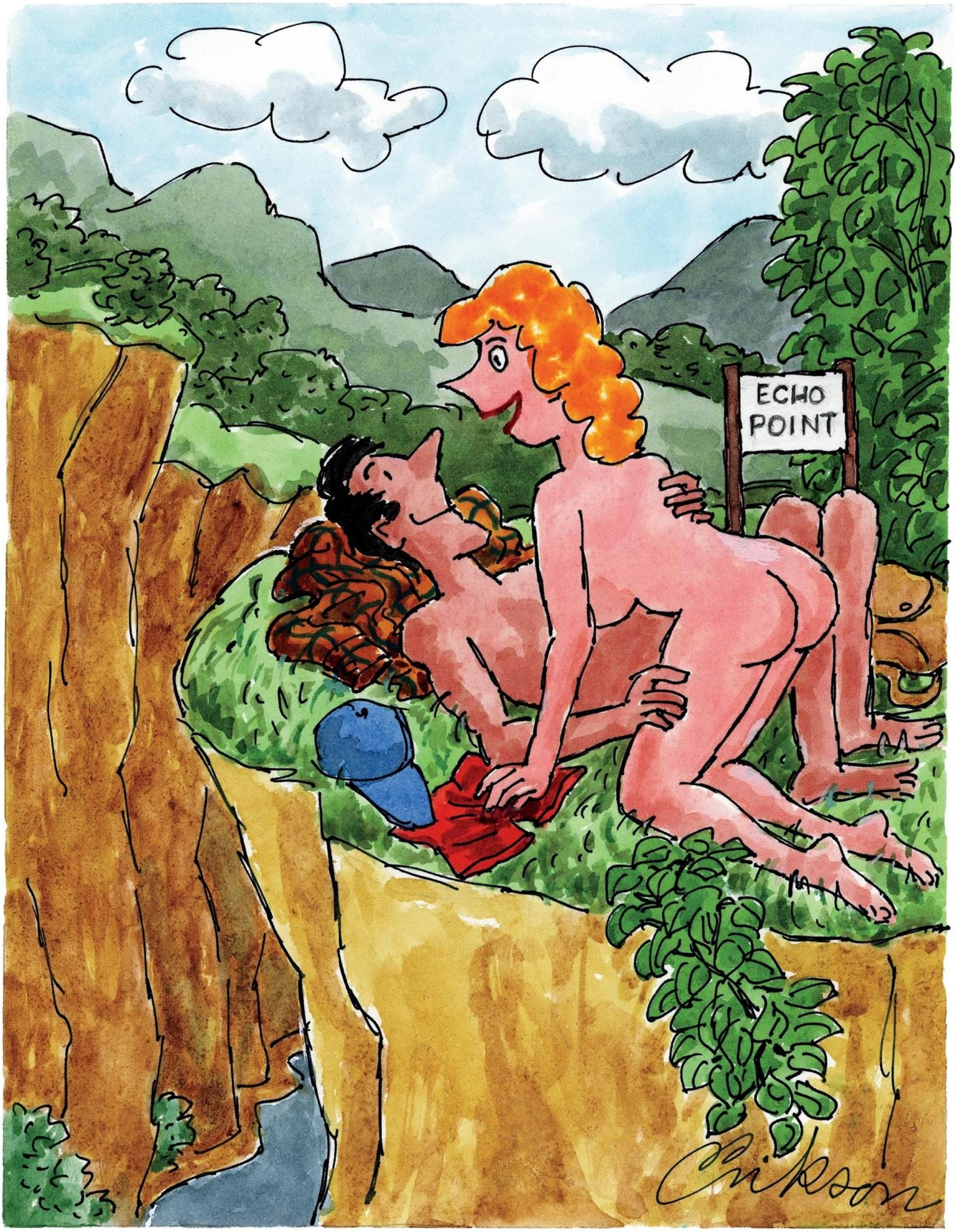
**IF YOU DON'T LIKE HAVING SEX ALL THE TIME, PORN IS THE WRONG CAREER.**

## Q6

**PLAYBOY:** How does one accidentally become a prostitute?

**DEEN:** I got a call from somebody in the adult-film industry. "Hey, I want to book you for a day to do a group scene." I got the details, and it was at nine P.M. at his house on the beach. Totally standard thing; I shoot at my house all the time and it's not a big deal. I showed up and he said, "We had some cancellations, so it's just going to be a three-way." Now the scene's with him and his wife. They're both in the industry, so again, not that weird. But then the guy asked if I party. I'm like, "What do you mean?" "Do you use blow?" I said no—God no. He's doing coke and I'm starting to feel weird. We go into the room, and there's a camera on a tripod in the corner and the lights are low. It's all very suspicious. We're having this three-way, and then in the middle of it she says to the guy, "Thank you, baby. This is the best Christmas gift ever." At that moment I was like, Oh shit, I'm doing a private. I got tricked into being a prostitute!

*(continued on page 132)*

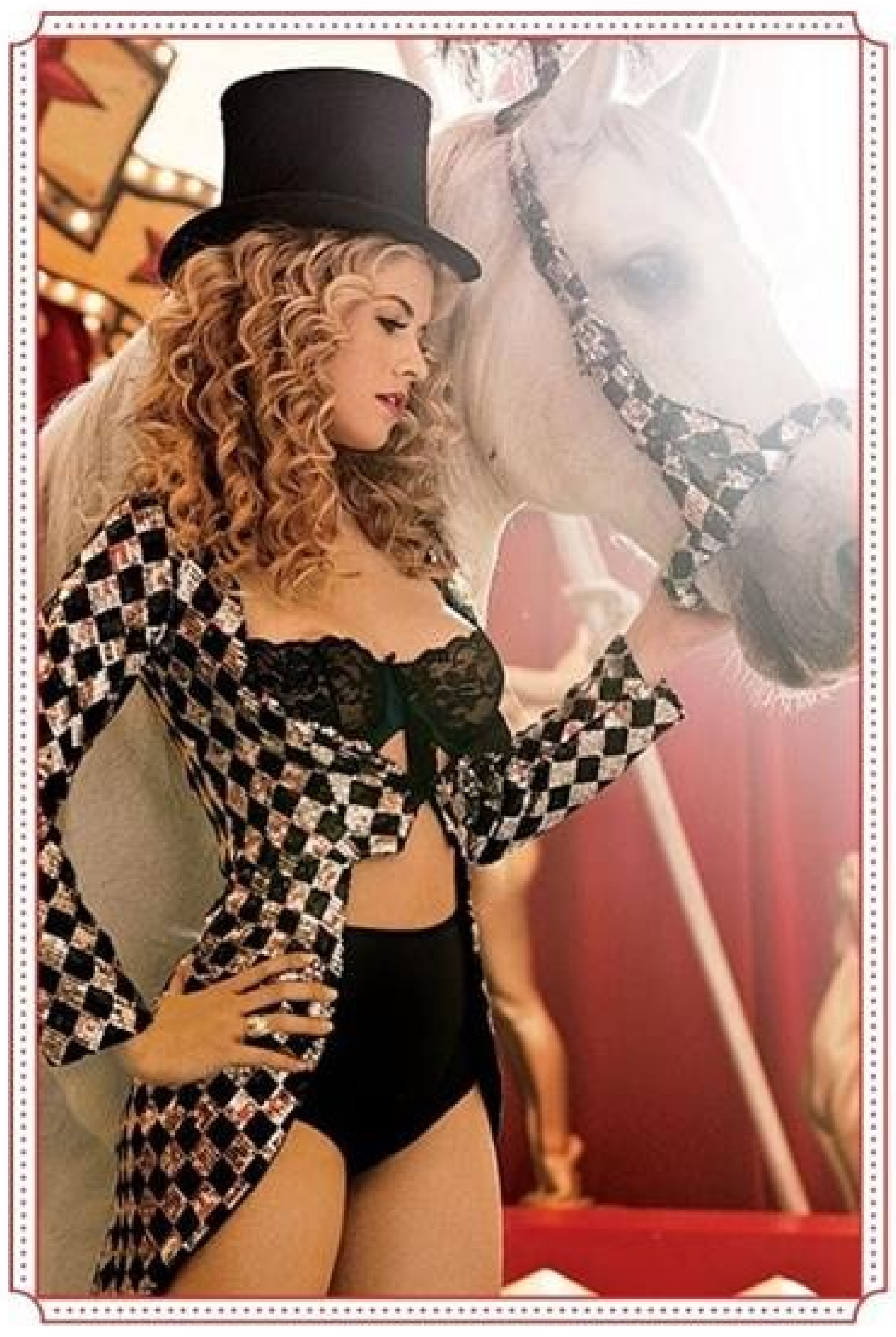

ECHO POINT
Erikson

*"I love it when you talk dirty, especially when there's an echo."*

CIRCUS

# Center Attraction

## STEP RIGHT UP! MISS OCTOBER JOINS THE BIG TOP



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN

It was time for Carly Lauren to cut loose and do something crazy. "I can be responsible," says Carly, "but I can be a wild and spontaneous creature too. I definitely have a gypsy in my soul, so if I want to run away and join the circus, I will. And I do." After juggling bartending, modeling, school (she just graduated with a business degree) and acting assignments, including gigs on *Rules of Engagement* and *Suburgatory,* the self-described "extremely ambitious" blonde was looking for that next thing while living on a remote California spread with her three horses. Then PLAYBOY discovered her on Instagram. As you can see, the greatest show on earth ensued. "I'm shy about a lot of things," she says. "But not too shy about getting naked." As you may guess, given her perfect figure, the 23-year-old is a workout fiend. "I'm at the gym every day. It just makes me happy. And when I'm alone, I'm always naked," she says. "When I'm at my fittest is when I feel my sexiest." We gathered a collection of vintage carnival tents and props so Carly could fulfill a dream of becoming the world's sexiest ringmaster. "I want to turn people on," she says. "It feels good to have people think I'm hot, so being Miss October will be fun and crazy. I'm ready for it!"

/MissCarlyLauren @MissCarlyLauren @MissCarlyLauren

SEE
ARCHIE
THE BEAR

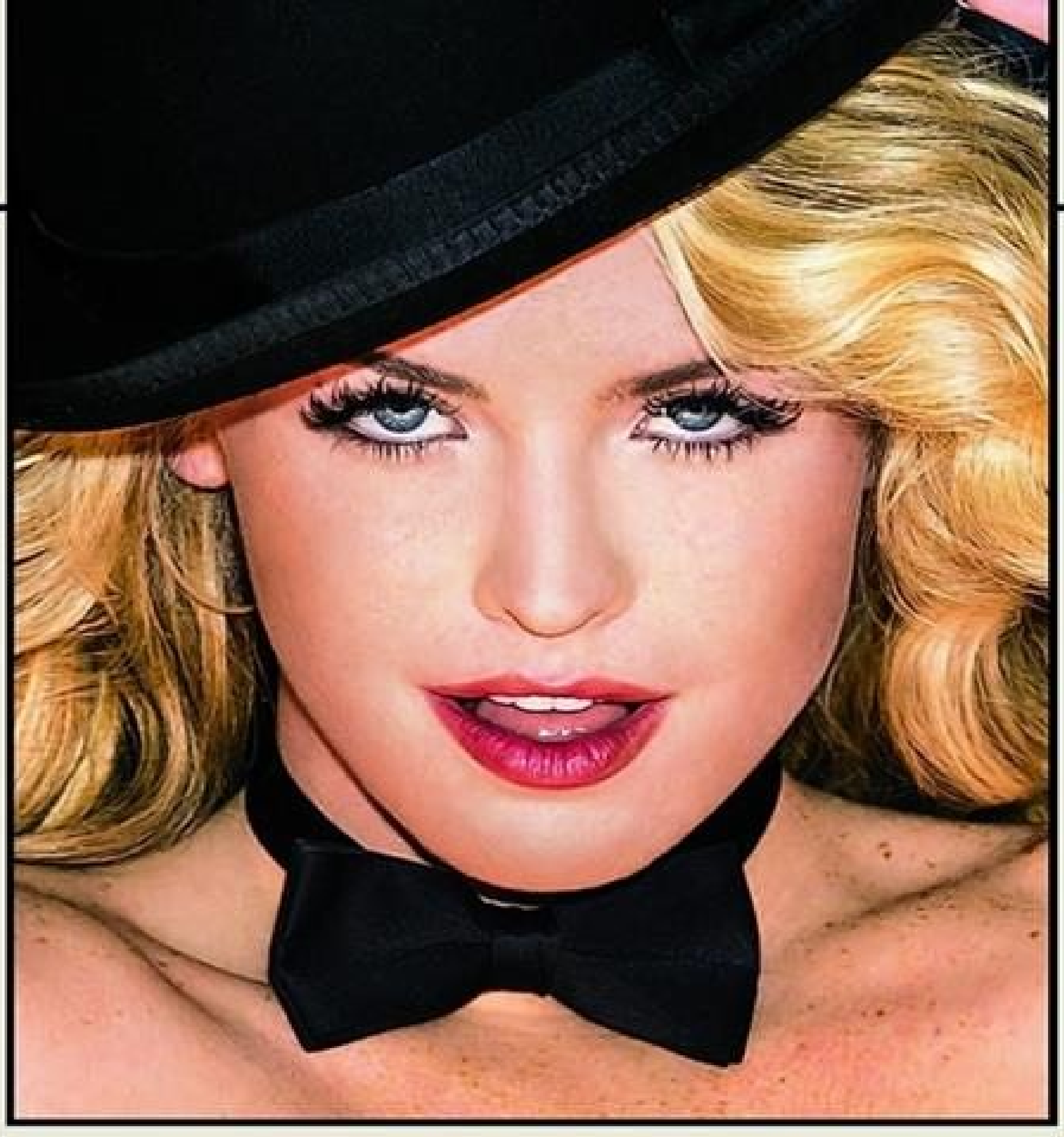
ARCHIE
BEAR

SPECIAL THANKS TO LA CIRCUS AND KIYOMI DESIGNS

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Carly Lauren



## PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

**NAME:** Carly Lauren

**BUST:** 34D **WAIST:** 25" **HIPS:** 35"

**HEIGHT:** 5'9" **WEIGHT:** 125

**BIRTH DATE:** 7/3/90 **BIRTHPLACE:** West Hills, California

**AMBITIONS:** To use my business degree and Playmate status to put my many creative ideas into action.

**TURN-ONS:** Superior physical shape is a must! I love guys who are masculine yet vulnerable—what a sexy combo!

**TURNOFFS:** Arrogance, bad manners, bad grammar (grammar nazi here!) and guys who bring me down with their insecurities—for instance, jealousy is simply NOT sexy.

**MY ROOTS:** I'm from central California, where we love our rodeos and country music. Play some Luke Bryan or Jason Aldean and you will lasso my heart!

**SCARY (BUT FUNNY) ADDICTION:** I love to laugh, and Anna Faris never fails to crack me up. I can recite entire passages from her Scary Movie series. (And it goes without saying, I know The House Bunny pretty damn well too!) ☺

A college grad, Class of 2013!

Volleyball is my game.

Nothin' like that Cali beach sun!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On Halloween a woman was standing at her door with candy and saw a man approaching her house with a crying child. The man was sweet and patient with the young boy, who looked as though he was having a bad trick-or-treating experience.

"Poor Bobby, it's going to be fine," the man said as he walked the child up to her door. "Calm down, Bobby, this is supposed to be fun. Bobby, relax, we'll visit just a few more houses and then we'll go home."

"Wow," the woman told the man, "you're an amazing father. You treat Bobby with such tenderness."

The man replied, "I'm Bobby; this asshole is named Jake."

A man went to pick up his date for a Halloween party wearing nothing but Rollerblades.

"What are you supposed to be?" she asked.

He answered, "Your pull toy."

While attempting to get a medical marijuana card from his doctor, a man asked about detrimental side effects. "Marijuana use can cause memory loss," the doctor replied, "and also memory loss."

During a course on how to save lives, an instructor was going over the Heimlich maneuver when he noticed a guy in the back of the classroom had zoned out. The instructor got in his face and asked, "What do you do when a girl is choking?"

The guy replied, "Normally I just back up a few inches."

What's the easiest way to burn 1,200 calories?

Leave your pizza in the oven too long.

You should never look down on someone—unless they are giving you a blow job.

What is the best thing about gay marriage being legalized?

*Gay Divorce Court* should be a highly entertaining TV show.

Three old ladies were sitting on a park bench one day when a man in a dark trench coat walked by. Without any hesitation, he pulled open his coat and flashed them.

The first old lady had a stroke.

The second old lady had a stroke.

The third old lady couldn't reach.

When Adam asked God for a companion, God told him, "I can create a creature like you who will take care of you completely, never give you any grief and be an enthusiastic sexual partner."

"Wow," Adam responded, "how much will that cost?"

"An arm and a leg," God replied.

Adam asked, "What can I get for just a rib?"

The brain is a most outstanding organ. It works 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, from birth until you fall in love.

This year I need to vacation a little differently," a man told his co-worker. "Two years ago I went camping, and my wife got pregnant. Last year I went on a cruise, and my wife got pregnant again."

"So what are you going to do differently this year?" the co-worker asked.

"This year," the man said, "I'm taking my wife with me."

Did you hear about the proctologist?

He's a spreader of old wives' tails.

LeRoy Neiman

Two rich Beverly Hills housewives were discussing their new beauty treatments over lunch at the country club.

"I'm thinking about getting another boob job," the first said.

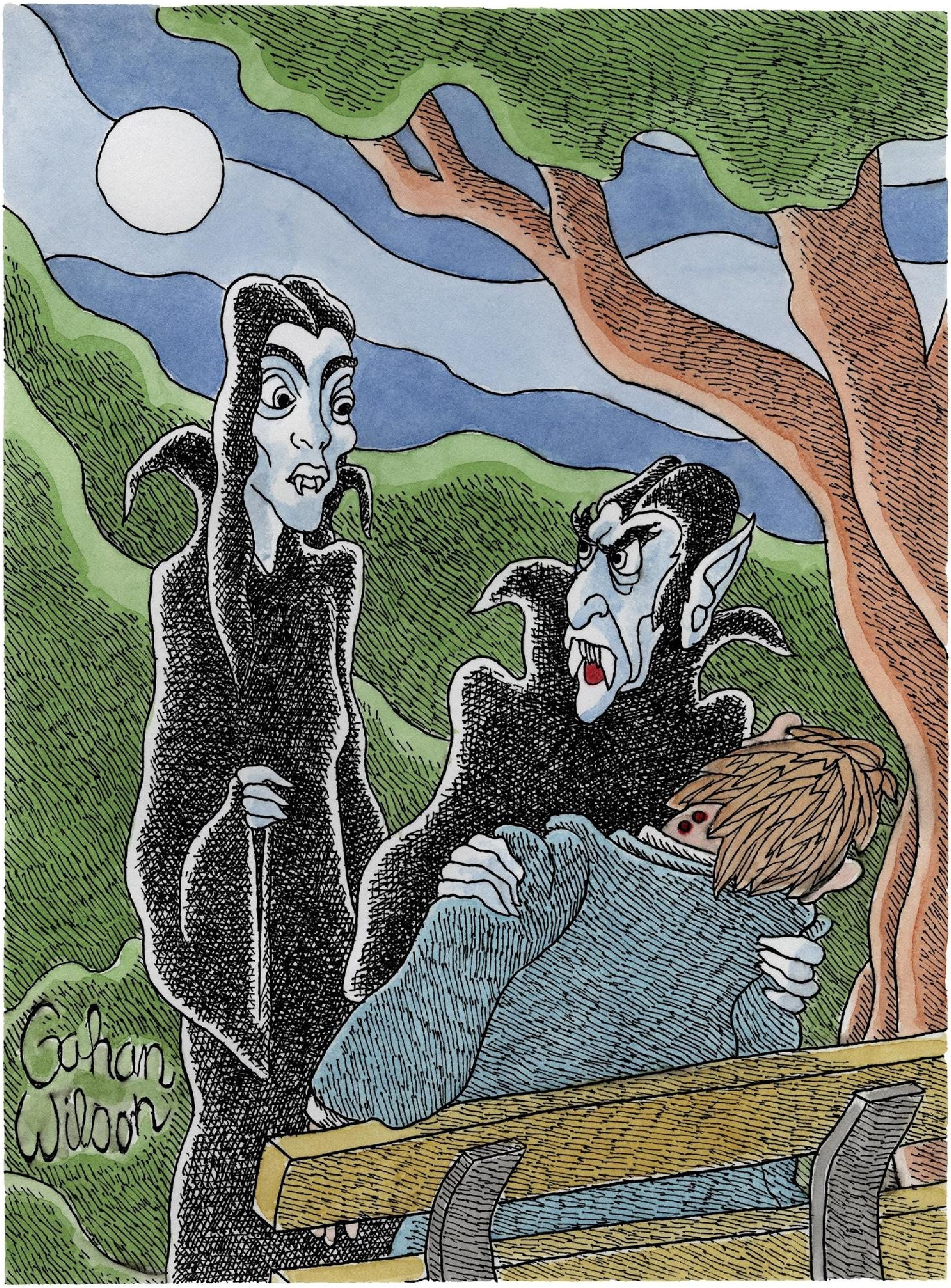
The second said, "I'm planning to get my asshole bleached."

"Whoa," the first replied, "I just can't picture your husband as a blond."

My wife can't be pregnant!" a man shouted over the phone to the family doctor. "I've been traveling overseas for the past 10 months!"

"We call that a grudge pregnancy," the doctor said. "Someone had it in for you."

*Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com.* PLAYBOY *will pay $100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.*


Gahan Wilson

*"They tasted much better before they got into the junk they eat these days!"*

# WHEN THE MEDIUM BECAME THE MESSAGE

*Marshall McLuhan became famous with his wild, unconventional views about media in the 1960s. What's amazing is how right he was about the future*

In 1961 Marshall McLuhan was unknown to everyone but his English students at the University of Toronto and a coterie of academic admirers who followed his abstruse articles in small-circulation quarterlies. Of course, that was before he penned a series of paradigm-shifting books that changed the way we think about media, technology, communication and even humanity itself. With the publication of McLuhan's *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, *Understanding Media* and *The Medium Is the Massage* (the title of which was a play on one of the most popular McLuhanisms, "The medium is the message"), the professor from Canada became, as the *San Francisco Chronicle* observed, "the hottest academic property around." Andy Warhol, John Lennon, Yoko Ono and other celebrities made pilgrimages to see him. Tom Wolfe wrote, "Suppose he is what he sounds like—the most important thinker since Newton, Darwin, Freud, Einstein and Pavlov?" Even now, 33 years after his death, McLuhan's philosophies about media and technology are still influential. His books are taught in colleges, and his thinking informs the technological and media revolutions he predicted. McLuhan envisioned the World Wide Web decades before its creation. He imagined a time when global conversations would take place in real time—before the founders of Twitter were even born. McLuhan wrote, "Societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media by which men communicate than by the content of the communication." That message is even more relevant now than when he penned it five decades ago.

At the height of McLuhan's popularity, PLAYBOY assigned interviewer **Eric Norden** to visit the author at his home in the wealthy Toronto suburb of Wychwood Park, where he lived with his wife, Corinne, and five of his six children. In March 1969 Norden reported: "Tall, gray and gangly, with a thin but mobile mouth and an otherwise eminently forgettable face, McLuhan was dressed in an ill-fitting brown tweed suit, black shoes and a clip-on necktie. As we talked on into the night before a crackling fire, McLuhan expressed his reservations about the interview—indeed, about the printed word itself—as a means of communication, suggesting that the question-and-answer format might impede the in-depth flow of his ideas. I assured him that he would have as much time—and space—as he wished to develop his thoughts. The result has considerably more lucidity and clarity than McLuhan's readers are accustomed to—perhaps because the Q&A format serves to pin him down by counteracting his habit of mercurially changing the subject in midstream of consciousness." Norden began the interview with an allusion to a TV show that was popular at the time; it was fitting, since McLuhan's favorite electronic medium was television.

**PLAYBOY:** To borrow Henry Gibson's oft-repeated one-line poem on *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*—"Marshall McLuhan, what are you doin'?"

**MCLUHAN:** I'm making explorations. I don't know where they're going to take me. My work is designed for the pragmatic purpose

*(continued on page 124)*

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

# SPARRING PARTNERS

## ENUS HAD TO LEARN THE ROPES THE HARD WAY

**FICTION BY STU DEARNLEY**
UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS

**ILLUSTRATION BY CUN SHI**
SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS

County jail's not like TV would have you think. The cells have doors instead of bars, then there's a sink, a toilet and twin bunks with four to a room. A row of cells line the second floor, overlooking the rec room—called the pod—where 48 inmates share picnic tables, plastic chairs, a microwave and a TV that's usually on *Springer* or *Dr. Phil.* It's pretty cush. My first day in, an older inmate called off the social worker so he could ride out the winter with free heat and square meals.

That was Kenneth. He's one of three white guys in A-pod, myself included. Most socialization is segregated by ethnicity. This being Washington County, about two thirds of the population is Hispanic. These are small-timers—vandals or aliens whose offense was not knowing English when a cop asked them something. From what I've seen, the white boys are the least savory of the lot. I'm the only one with a formal education. Kenneth had been living on the streets. He talks about his illiteracy as if it took him a lifetime to perfect. The

ARKANSAS
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26
H264E
H72L

For the past 27 years, students have competed for the honor of winning PLAYBOY's College Fiction Contest. This year, Stu Dearnley of the University of Arkansas wins for his story *Sparring Partners.* Students of Marshall Arisman at the School of Visual Arts in New York also compete to illustrate the fiction. Cun Shi's winning entry is shown on the preceding pages. On this page, clockwise from top left, are illustrations by runners-up Dave Casey, Daniel Zender, Jai Kamat, Kevin Whipple, Doug Salati and James Kerigan. For information on next year's contest, see page 146.

guy called Noise is a druggie who yells after lights-out. He's not much for conversation because he steers whatever you're talking about back to the Arkansas decision to be methadone-free. This doesn't leave me with a pile of options. I joined the contraband weight-lifting circuit, but boredom's far and away my biggest gripe.

My third day in, they post a sign-up sheet for the gym and I'm one of only a handful of guys to sign up. Even folks who spent the morning running laps around the pod don't sign. Turns out the gym's just a basketball court with some benches bolted into the floor along the sidelines. No weights. No speed bag. Not even a jump rope. They put two pods on a court with a ball and some officers to ensure everyone plays nice. I don't do basketball, so instead I'm calling score from the sideline, which brings me to the attention of Tucker, my old sparring partner.

"Enus!" Tucker says my name like he's won something, then turns to the benches and continues the thought, "This is Enus Lockhart, y'all! Jasper Lockhart's old man!" Tucker pulls me in for a hug, showing his friends how tight we are as everyone gathers around. "Last time I saw you, you was a middleweight." He shadowboxes with wide elbows. "So, tell me about your son and how much pussy he's getting."

I give the crowd what they want, laying it on thick, embellishing on my imagination's ideal for the sex life of a 20-year-old football star. Pussy's a hot topic, and the crowd eats it up. When they ask how many and how often, I've got answers at the ready. Then I shake a bunch of hands—the gym's new mayor.

When the pack disperses and I get to talking with Tucker, I ask him, "What are you in for?"

And he says, "You're not supposed to ask that."

"Why the hell not?"

"Just the way it is. Everyone likes keeping up the mystery. So, you still boxing?"

I say, "Not in 10 years."

"Has it been that long?" I nod. Close enough. "Shit. We're old."

"You were always old," I remind him. He's got eight years on me. Always has. "So, tell me about this place, man."

"What do you want to know? The food's awful."

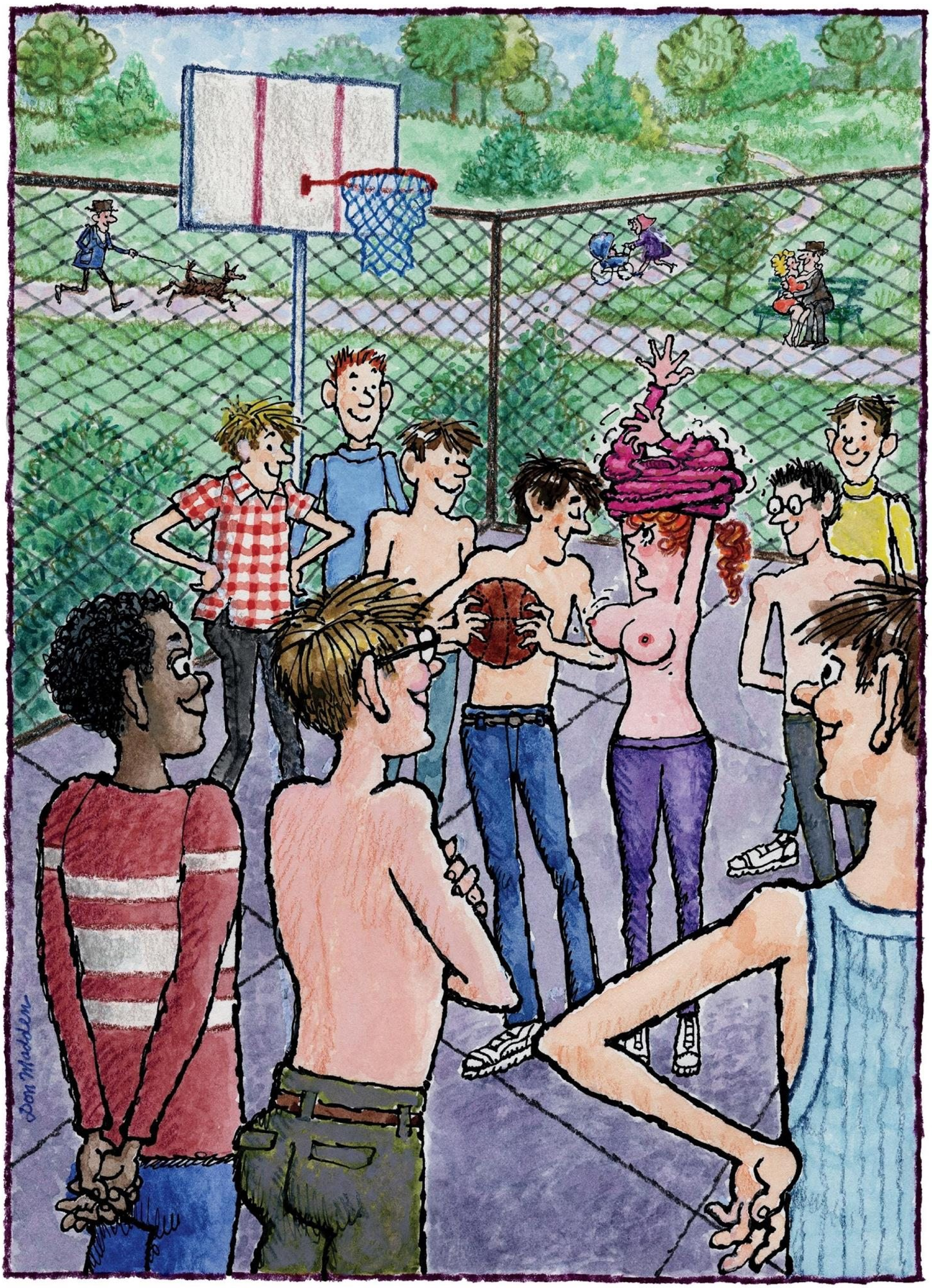
I say, "I got that far."

"Try to get a job. In the library or kitchen or outside—doesn't matter. Fills the hours, and they pay you too. Not much, but more than nothing. Most guys are in here learning how to be better criminals, so you give them a sign you're trying and they'll help make it easy on you."

"How safe is it?"

"Mostly safe. I don't know. They

*(continued on page 141)*



"How come every time we play 'shirts and skins,' I wind up on the 'skins'?"

PLAYBOY'S

# NFL Preview

### SURGING DARK HORSES, FADING DYNASTIES AND OUR PICK TO WIN SUPER BOWL XLVIII

BY RICK GOSSELIN

The Baltimore Ravens fielded the best team in the NFL in 2012. This off-season, the Ravens learned what so many Super Bowl winners already have: In the salary-cap era, it's nearly impossible to keep a championship squad together. Eight starters are gone. No wonder the NFL hasn't seen a repeat champ since the 2004 Patriots. Who to keep your eye on in 2013? Start with Chip Kelly and his Eagles. The puppeteer of one of college ball's most dynamic offenses (Oregon), Kelly will bring his fast-paced game to the NFL. The Miami Dolphins, who haven't won a postseason game in 13 years, spent more than $200 million on contracts this year. The Dolphins doled out the off-season's largest free-agent contract (to receiver Mike Wallace) and two of the top 10 deals. Can they finally unseat the Pats in the AFC East? Last year a new generation of elite QBs emerged (see right). All eyes will be on the young guns again—RGIII, Colin Kaepernick, Russell Wilson and Andrew Luck. Heading into 2013, the NFL will feature a new toughest division. In the 1990s it was the NFC East; in the 2000s, the AFC North and AFC East. Now the NFC North reigns supreme. Chicago, Green Bay and Minnesota all won 10 games or more in 2012. The division features the game's best QB (Aaron Rodgers), best RB (Adrian Peterson, who had the second-best rushing season ever last year—on a tender knee), plus emerging QBs at Detroit (Matthew Stafford) and Minnesota (Christian Ponder). All that said, our money's on an aging arm to win it all this year. We'll give you a hint: His name is not Tom Brady. ■

4
3
SUPER BOWL
XLVII

# Young Guns

## THE NEW GENERATION OF ELITE NFL QBS

**1. ANDREW LUCK**

He set numerous rookie records while taking a 2–14 Colts team to an 11–5 finish.

**2. RUSSELL WILSON**

His 26 TD passes and 489 rushing yards got the Seahawks to the playoffs. Not bad for a rookie.

**3. COLIN KAEPERNICK**

He came off the bench to lead the Niners to the Super Bowl for the first time since 1994.

**4. ROBERT GRIFFIN III**

The NFL's offensive rookie of the year returns to D.C.'s FedExField. He can run, he can pass. But are RGIII's ACL and LCL okay?

# AFC

## Picks

### EAST

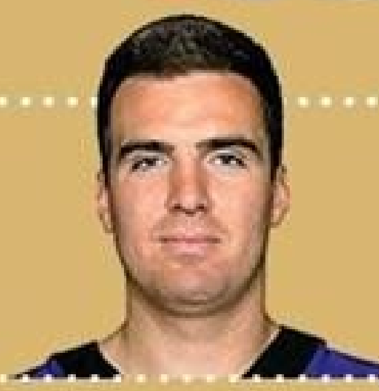
**DARK HORSE:** Miami hasn't managed a winning season since 2008. No team spent more on free agents during the off-season. The Bills and Jets both have rookie quarterbacks, so the Dolphins are a year ahead with their young QB Ryan Tannehill. Will the fish be jumping in 2013?

**MVP:** Who else? Tom Brady has won the past four AFC East titles under center.

**CHAMPION:** With no Wes Welker, no Aaron Hernandez and an ailing Rob Gronkowski, Brady has his work cut out for him. Still, you can't bet against Terrific Tom and the Pats. He's 36. The oldest quarterback to win a Super Bowl was John Elway, at 38. Can Brady grab a record-tying fourth ring before his clock runs out?

### NORTH

**DARK HORSE:** The Browns fielded one of the youngest lineups in NFL history last season, with a number of players hyped as future elites. New coach Rob Chudzinski and his new, experienced offensive and defensive coordinators will benefit from that investment.

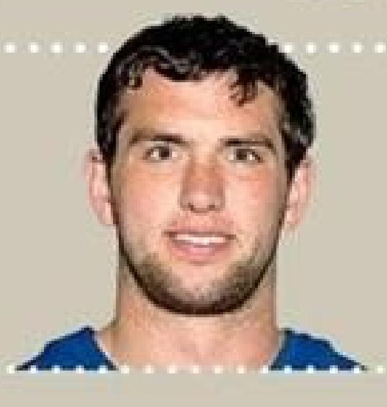


**MVP:** A Super Bowl MVP award tends to transform good players into great ones. Joe Flacco now has a new contract and greater expectations.

**CHAMPION:** The Ravens lost Ray Lewis, Ed Reed and six other starters. The Steelers lost James Harrison and Mike Wallace, and QB Ben Roethlisberger's health is suspect. We're going with the long shot: the Cincinnati Bengals, who are coming off a second straight playoff season and have a proven third-year QB in Andy Dalton.

### SOUTH

**DARK HORSE:** Tennessee. Chris Johnson can do for the Titans in 2013 what Adrian Peterson did for the Vikings in 2012—carry a so-so franchise on his back for a 2,000-yard-plus rushing season.

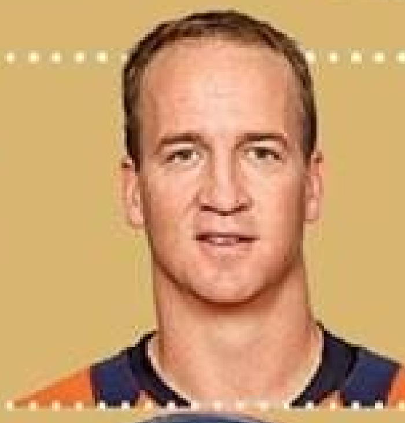


**MVP:** Andrew Luck threw for a rookie-record 4,374 passing yards in his NFL apprenticeship in 2012. Now Luck knows what he's doing.

**CHAMPION:** The Colts went to the playoffs last season with a rookie quarterback, running back, tight end and wide receiver, turning a 2–14 team from 2011 into an 11–5 club. That skill is better now and so is Indianapolis. The balance of power shifted in the South in the 2012 finale when the Colts beat the Texans in a must-win game for Houston.

### WEST

**DARK HORSE:** The Chiefs lined up six Pro Bowlers on a 2–14 team a year ago, and all those players are back in 2013. With a new coach in Andy Reid and an experienced quarterback in Alex Smith, this band of underachievers should start achieving.

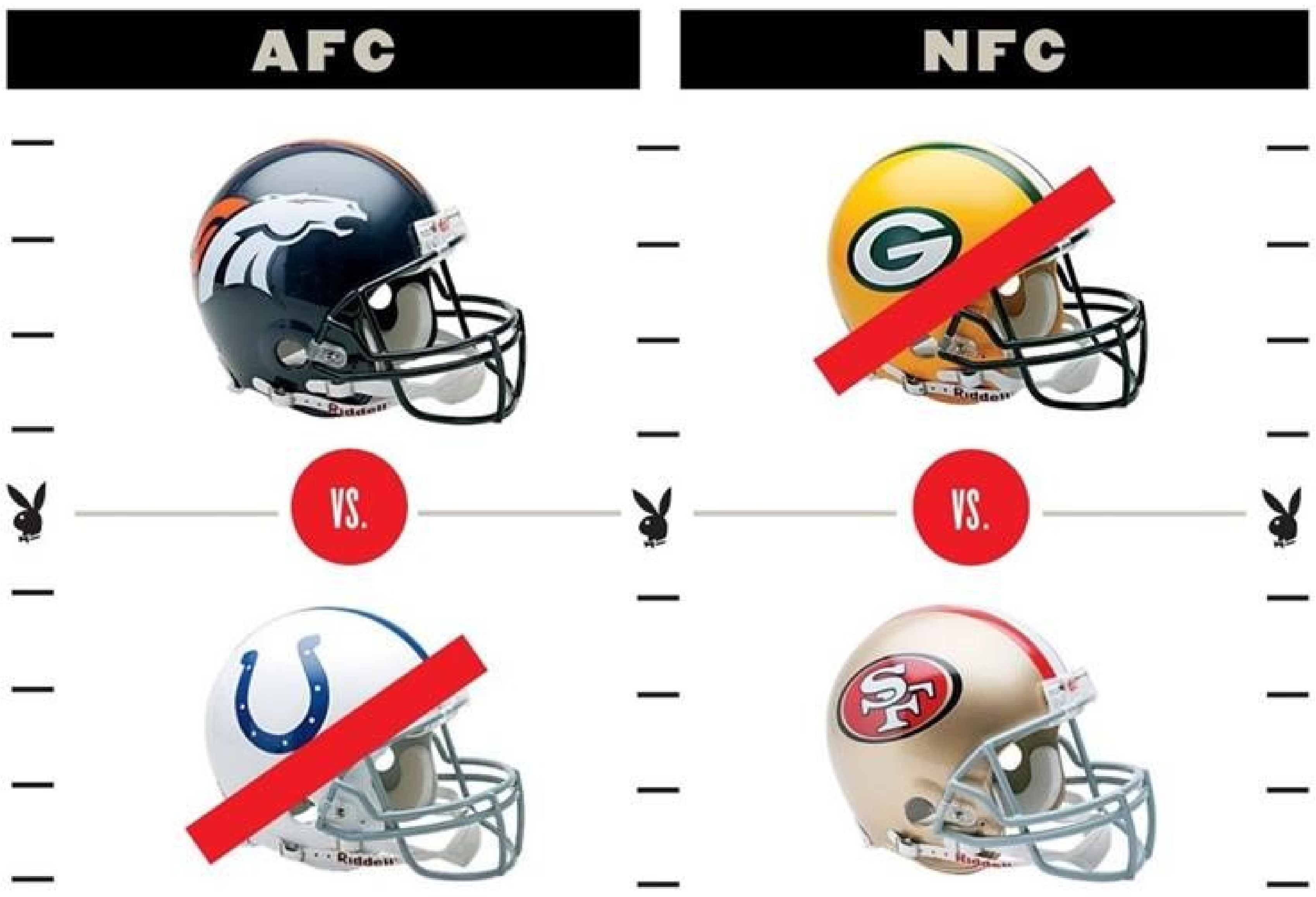


**MVP:** Peyton Manning threw 37 TD passes and won another AFC passing title a year ago. At 37 Manning will be an even better quarterback with Wes Welker in his offense.

**CHAMPION:** The AFC West is weak, especially in Oakland and San Diego. The Chiefs and Chargers have new coaches, the Raiders a new quarterback. There's too much chaos for anyone to compete with Manning and the Broncos.

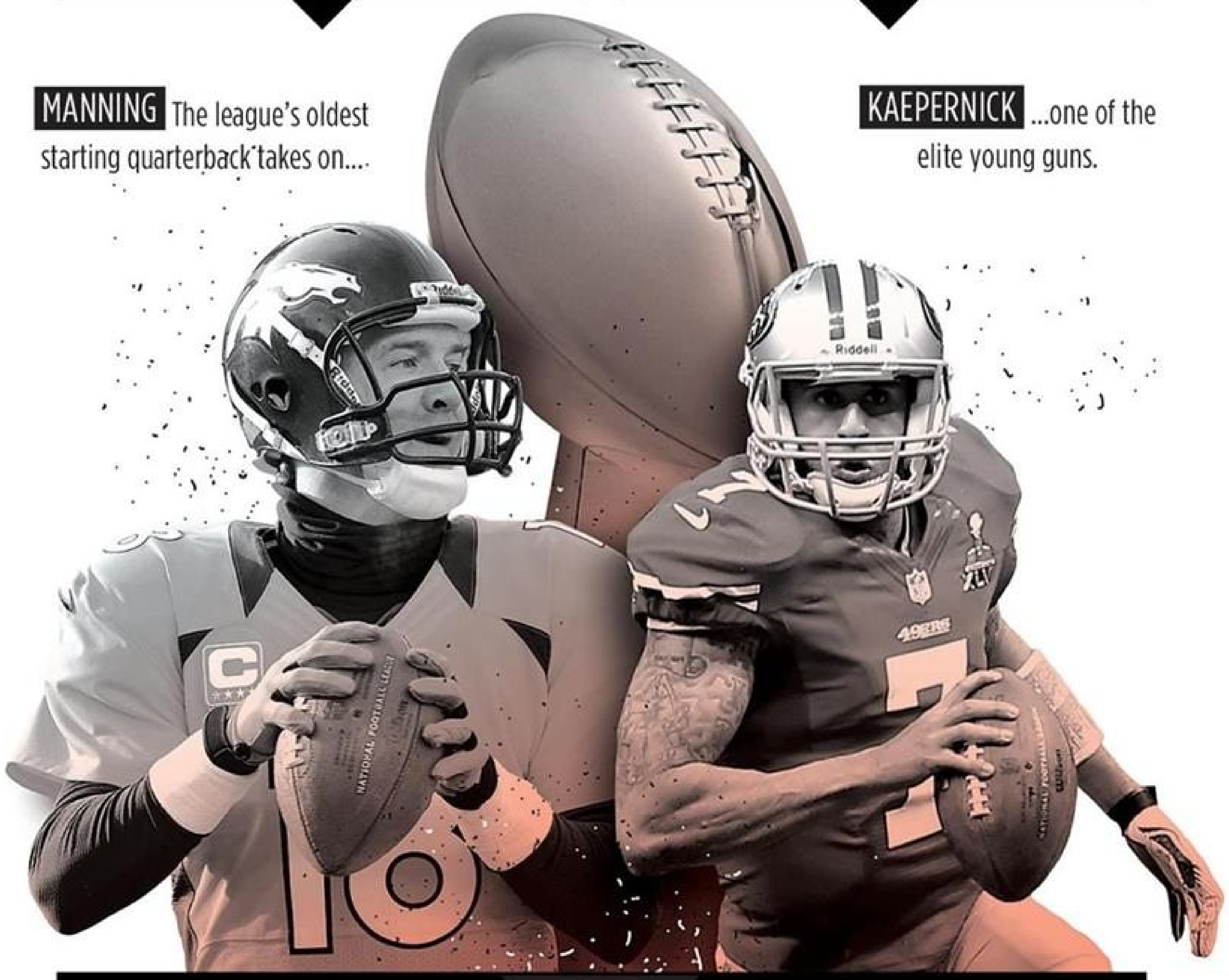
# Conference Championships

Four old-school NFL franchises, all of them with multiple Super Bowl victories—the 49ers (five), Packers (four), Broncos (two) and Colts (two).



**DENVER** OVER INDIANAPOLIS

**SAN FRANCISCO** OVER GREEN BAY



**MANNING** The league's oldest starting quarterback takes on....

**KAEPERNICK** ...one of the elite young guns.

# Super Bowl XLVIII

It's age before beauty at New Jersey's MetLife Stadium on February 2 and an icy bucket of Gatorade over coach John Fox's head. See you there!

**DENVER OVER SAN FRANCISCO**

# NFC
## Picks

### EAST

**DARK HORSE:** New coach Chip Kelly's offense is a wild card. Can he run up the scores in the NFC East as he did in the Pac 12? If it all gels, the Eagles could take flight.

**MVP:** History has proven that when coach Mike Shanahan has a great running back, he wins games. Alfred Morris rushed for 1,613 yards as a rookie last season. He can be to the Redskins what Terrell Davis was to Shanahan's Super Bowl–winning Broncos of the 1990s.

**CHAMPION:** The Redskins won the division last year despite losing 75 games by starters due to injury, including 14 by Pro Bowl pass rusher Brian Orakpo. The Skins are healthy again. Week 17 at New York could tell the tale.

### NORTH

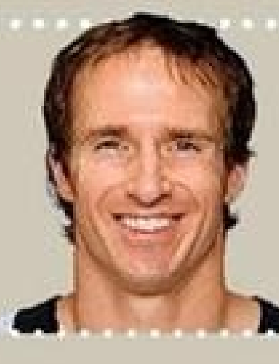
**DARK HORSE:** The 4–12 Lions lost eight games by one touchdown or less last season, including two in overtime. The addition of Reggie Bush will make Matthew Stafford a better quarterback. Free-agent safety Glover Quin and first-round pass rusher Ezekiel Ansah will put some claws in the Lions' D.

**MVP:** First Bart Starr, then Brett Favre and now Aaron Rodgers. The Packers have indeed been blessed. Rodgers has won back-to-back NFL passing titles.

**CHAMPION:** In the toughest division in pro football right now, both Minnesota and Detroit will make playoff runs. But the NFL is a quarterback's game, and there is no better QB currently than Rodgers. The Packers will win the North for the third straight year.

### SOUTH

**DARK HORSE:** With Drew Brees, Matt Ryan and Cam Newton in this division, you must defend the pass. The Buccaneers can now, with Pro Bowl newcomers Darrelle Revis at corner and Dashon Goldson at safety.



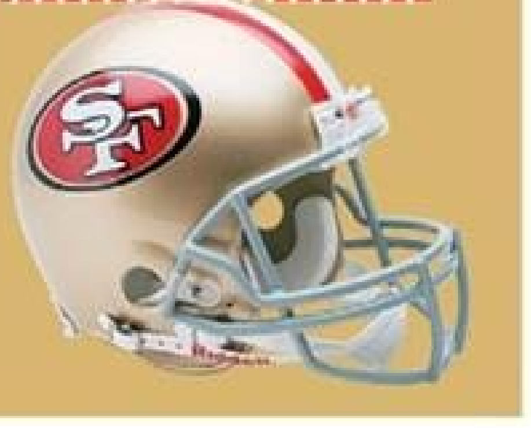
**MVP:** There have been six 5,000-yard passing seasons in NFL history, and Drew Brees has three of them. Plus a Super Bowl ring.

**CHAMPION:** The NFC South is the only division since the NFL's realignment in 2002 without a consecutive title-holder. Tampa Bay has the best shot this go-round. Doug Martin's legs (he rushed for 1,454 yards as a rookie last season) will take the heat off Josh Freeman's arm and will also allow the Bucs to control the clock against the pass-happy Falcons and Saints.

### WEST

**DARK HORSE:** The NFC champion 49ers couldn't beat the lowly Rams in two tries last season. That young St. Louis team is now maturing, especially QB Sam Bradford. Bonus: a pair of strong first-round picks in wide receiver Tavon Austin and linebacker Alec Ogletree.

**MVP:** We know 49ers quarterback Colin Kaepernick can run (he set a playoff record for a QB with 181 yards rushing against Green Bay last season). The addition of wide receiver Anquan Boldin will make him a better passer.



**CHAMPION:** The 49ers finished five yards short of a Lombardi Trophy in February. With the additions of Boldin, defensive tackle Glenn Dorsey and kicker Phil Dawson, San Francisco will clip the Seahawks' wings once again.

# Talent Scout

### BY RICH EISEN

The NFL Network's on-air guru on the top 10 under-the-radar players to watch in 2013

**1. JOHNATHAN FRANKLIN**
*Running Back, Green Bay*
The Packers took high-profile RB Eddie Lacy in the second round. But this do-it-all rookie from UCLA (he wants to be mayor of Los Angeles one day) may provide more balance in the backfield for Aaron Rodgers.

**2. BERNARD PIERCE**
*Running Back, Baltimore*
In the 2012 postseason, Ray Rice's running mate got more carries of import and ran with a downhill fury that bodes well for a bigger role in 2013.

**3. ERIC REID**
*Safety, San Francisco*
This hard-hitting LSU rookie has large shoes to fill since two-time Pro Bowler Dashon Goldson left via free agency for Tampa Bay. The pressure will be on, with folks like Larry Fitzgerald applying it.

**4. MOHAMED SANU**
*Wide Receiver, Cincinnati*
Defenses will be all over wideout Pro Bowler A.J. Green. Look for QB Andy Dalton to turn in Sanu's direction quite a bit.

**5. LAMAR MILLER**
*Running Back, Miami*
With Reggie Bush gone from the Dolphins, this lightning-quick second-year back will see much action in coach Joe Philbin's fast-paced offense.

**6. MICHAEL FLOYD**
*Wide Receiver, Arizona*
The team got a new quarterback (again) and a new coach—and an emerging receiver to complement Larry Fitzgerald.

**7. STEVEN JACKSON**
*Running Back, Atlanta*
It's hard to call someone who holds a franchise's all-time rushing record "under the radar," but many question how much the veteran has left in the tank. Taking on a more complementary role in a stacked Falcons offense may be what the doctor ordered.

**8. CLIFF AVRIL**
*Defensive End, Seattle*
With perhaps the best secondary in the game behind him, Avril's ability to chase down Colin Kaepernick may make a difference in Seattle; Avril has 29 sacks over the past three seasons.

**9. SHANE VEREEN**
*Running Back, New England*
The Pats lost their top five pass catchers. This third-year player will likely line up all over the field for the perennial AFC East favorites.

**10. MARC TRESTMAN**
*Head Coach, Chicago*
The front office plucked an offensive guru off the Bill Walsh coaching tree to lead the Bears into their brave new passing world.

Rich Eisen is host of the NFL Network's *Thursday Night Football, NFL GameDay Morning* and *The Rich Eisen Podcast.*

PLAYBOY'S
PARTY
TOP 10
SCHOOLS
2013

The Champagne of Bottle Beer
MILLER BREWING COMPANY
HIGH LIFE

# Playboy's TOP PARTY SCHOOLS 2013

***We've crunched the numbers, tallied the empties and surveyed our readers to determine the top colleges where beers consumed outnumber books read and higher learning involves THC, not a Ph.D. Plus, Playmate coeds give us lessons in partying, experimenting and picking up girls***

## 1.

## WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY

When does a party become a riot? At most schools on our list it's shortly after the time the cops show up with tear gas. The difference at West Virginia University is that it's Tuesday, not Friday, and something is probably on fire. At yearly gatherings such as FallFest and St. Patrick's Day, thousands of strapping Mountaineers take to the streets to major in booze-fueled debauchery and minor in public disturbance. Intoxicated revelers run wild, clothes come off and, sometimes, couches burn. (Case in point: Anarchy broke out after WVU beat Texas last fall; more than 40 fires were reported.) In an effort to keep campus uprisings to a minimum—an arguably futile endeavor—fraternities are now assigned specific nights to hold court. The locals call Morgantown a drinking town with a football problem. We call it a seven-year plan with the possibility of parole.

## No. 2

## UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Badgerland defines the "Work hard, play hard" maxim. Halloween celebrations last three days, but the library is always open. That philosophy must be working: Madison has spit out as many Fortune 500 CEOs as the Ivies. Tailgating is a winter religion here, but come snowmelt, blizzards are a distant memory as coeds soak up the sun on Bascom Hill and the State Street bar scene turns into a springtime bacchanalia. This is the land of beer and cheese, after all, and these scholars know what they're doing.

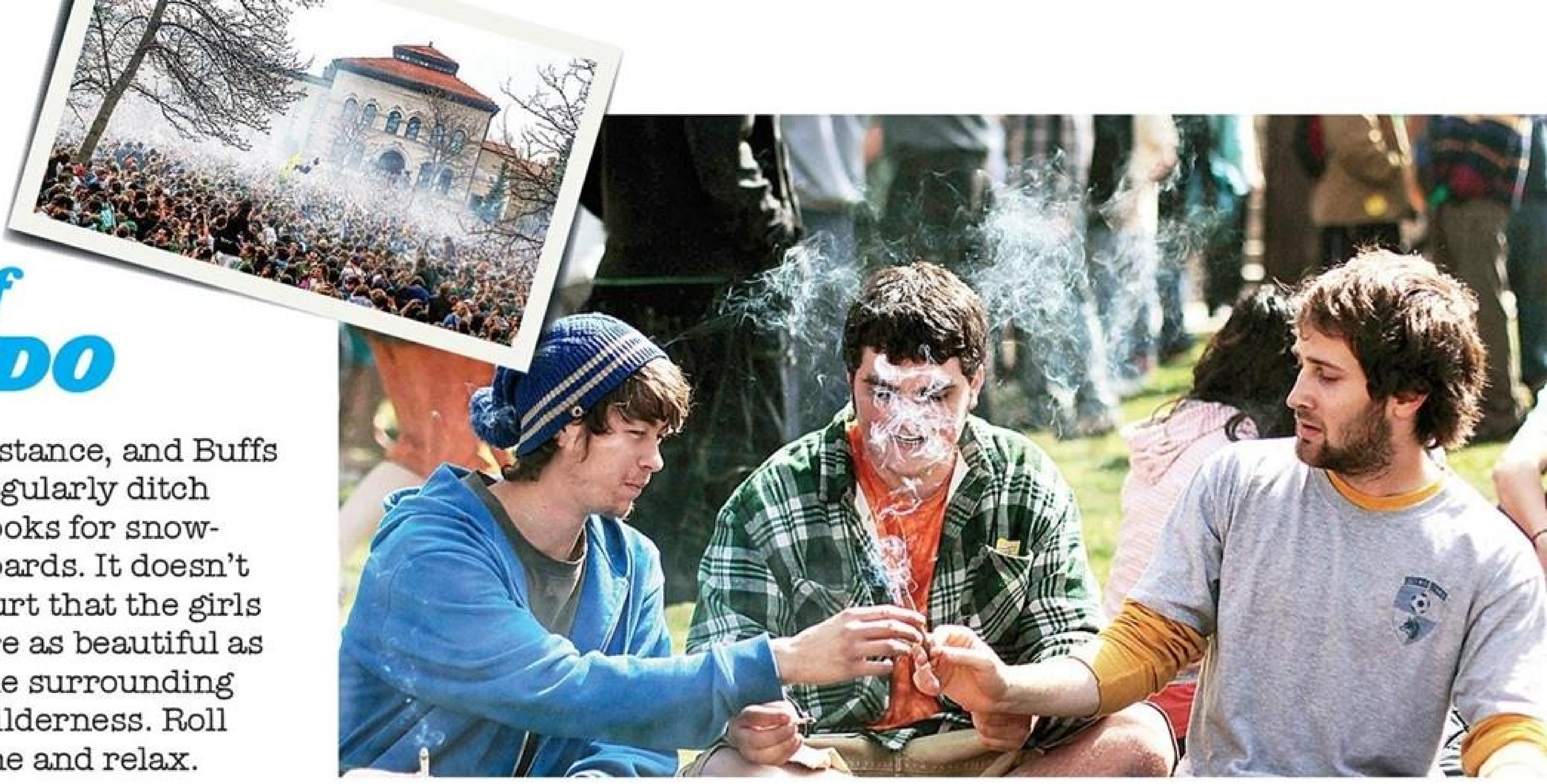
Playmate Party Tip

### OVER THE LINE

I've heard plenty of terrible pickup lines at college bars, but this one is the worst: "Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?" Retire it. Let girls approach *you*. They will, if you're confident and not causing trouble.

***—Audrey Aleen Allen***
*Miss June 2013*

# 3. University of COLORADO



➡ From the house parties on the Hill to the breweries of downtown Boulder, CU easily takes this year's bronze medal. Boulder's real claim to fame, the annual April 20 marijuana smoke-out, has been snuffed by campus authorities, but don't let that kill your buzz. The Rocky Mountains are within shooting distance, and Buffs regularly ditch books for snowboards. It doesn't hurt that the girls are as beautiful as the surrounding wilderness. Roll one and relax.

## No. 4 UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

➡ Being minutes from Hollywood has its perks. USC students attend an elite college in a dicey neighborhood, but the women look like models and L.A. luxuries abound, making this campus world-class. Thursday is the best night to let loose because Fratty Friday is an all-out, all-day affair. On weekends kids pile into party buses and head for the nation's hottest clubs or hop into a convertible for a wild evening in the Hollywood Hills. Dr. Dre, Jimmy Iovine, Steven Spielberg and George Lucas have donated millions to raise the next generation of entertainment talent, so count on having future stars and producers among your classmates. Better tighten up your elevator pitch, son.

## No. 5 FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY

➡ Ahh, the joys of college in a tropical climate. Let us count the ways: bikinis, beaches and students as hot as the weather. Tallahassee has one of the largest fraternity systems in the country, and with Alabama and Georgia within driving distance, mingling with other Southern belles is an option. What's more, Florida State isn't nearly as academically rigorous as the University of Florida. Translation: More time to day drink.

Playmate Party Tip

**HANGOVER 101**

Most professors aren't trying to be ballbusters. They want you to learn, but they want you to have a good time too. If you miss an assignment because you were partying, take responsibility and tell the truth.

*—Nikki Leigh*
*Miss May 2012*

# 6. University of TEXAS

➡ Longhorns can choose to carouse in the packed bars of historic Sixth Street or plunge into the disaster area of West Campus, where fraternities and sororities stand alongside student housing thanks to a beautifully reckless zoning decision. Plus, Austin's eccentricities keep things interesting. There's more progressive culture and wondrous barbecue than you can shake a rib at. For a springtime taste of UT at its most unhinged, visit during Roundup, the largest Greek event of the year. It's pandemonium mixed with Texas pride. Beware and be prepared—things really are bigger and better in the Lone Star State.

## SOCIAL STUDIES

We asked our Instagram followers to submit photos that prove their school's party worthiness. The winners showed an academic approach to drinking.

### SHOT CLASS

*@Egonzo7 at Chico State shared a tequila still life showing a clever cootie-control idea: Write your name on your shot glass with a Sharpie.*

### KING PONG

*The quintessential competitive-drinking sport of beer pong is captured in all its blurry glory in this shot, also from @Egonzo7.*

### STAND UP

*How to improve the traditional keg stand? @Somecallmebrezak at Southern Illinois University seems to think dressing up as your school mascot helps.*

## No. 7

## LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

➡ Baton Rouge isn't New Orleans, but consider that a plus. On a typical night here you can choose among Tigerland bars, downtown's classier offerings and a plethora of house parties. Sure, French Quarter chaos is only 90 minutes away, but Bourbon Street doesn't have Tiger football. Need more reasons? Fat Tuesday comes only once a year, but you'll enjoy many weekends of lawless tailgating at LSU.

## 8.

## UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

➡ Georgia offers robust tailgating, a crowded bar scene, first-rate live music and a campus that's 60 percent female. As the Athens locals say, if you love Southern women (and we'll throw in the food and football to boot), raise your glasses. To the rest, raise your standards.

Playmate Party Tip

### SEX ED

College is a time to experiment. Hook up with as many people as you feel like, but be honest about it. If you're going to be a man whore, don't hide things from people. Don't have a girlfriend and then cheat on her.

**—Juliette Fretté**
Miss June 2008

## No. 9

## ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

➡ On any given day of the week you'll find a rager at Arizona State that's crazy enough to make the locals look sane (and that's saying a lot). With an overabundance of McMansions and more pools per capita than anywhere else in the nation, Phoenix serves as the perfect location for wet-and-wild bashes and a steady stream of theme parties. Why study in the library when you can study jaw-dropping coeds as they work on their Cabo-caliber tans? Tan, sleep, eat, drink and (maybe) go to class—just another day in the life of a Sun Devil.

## 10.

## UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

➡ College Park offers the pleasures of an East Coast university without the pretension. And that's more refreshing than a cold Natty Boh. Campus life strikes a balance between small-school community and state-school rampage, and D.C. and Baltimore are a quick train ride away. Getting sloshed at the Washington Monument counts as patriotism, right?

# TOP SHELF

## GO LUXE WITH EXQUISITE FRAGRANCES THAT RAISE THE BAR ON SMELLING YOUR FINEST THIS FALL

### №1
**Transporter**

• Inspired by designer Paul Smith's love of travel and photography, this woody and spicy fragrance has top notes of cardamom and pink pepper. *Paul Smith Portrait for Men, $90*

### №2
**Venice, Vidi, Vici**

• This understated cologne has aromas of balsam fir and bergamot, and it comes in a bottle that recalls Venetian glasswork. *Bottega Veneta Pour Homme, $80*

### №3
**Star Turn**

• Rock and roll and creativity are the influences behind this fragrance that combines powerful citrus notes with spice and black leather. *John Varvatos Platinum Edition, $82*

### №4
**Italian Stallion**

• A luxurious and complex fragrance made from violet and cedar, as well as bergamot grown specially for Zegna in Calabria. *Ermenegildo Zegna Uomo, $80*

1
Paul Smith

6
7
TOM FORD NOIR
5
CHROME UNITED
AZZARO

2
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BOTTEGA VENETA
POUR HOMME
varvatos
UOMO
8
9
GUCCI
Made to Measure
POUR HOMME

## №5

### Neo Noir

• Subtle floral notes of rose and iris are balanced by spicy black pepper, sweet vanilla and intense leather. A cologne that's as refined and sophisticated as Tom Ford himself. *Tom Ford Noir, $90*

## №6

### Speed Demon

• Inspired by Ralph Lauren's car collection, this bold and invigorating scent mixes the aroma of saffron with notes of fresh red grapefruit and dark woods. *Ralph Lauren Polo Red, $76*

## №7

### Metalhead

• This fresh yet woodsy fragrance combines the essences of bergamot, coriander, Ceylon black tea and cedar. The cologne is formulated to smell the same from the moment of application until the end of the evening. *Azzaro Chrome United, $76*

## №8

### Spin Doctor

• Evoking live music and the energy of the crowd, this fragrance has notes of cedarwood, incense and tonka bean. *Burberry Brit Rhythm, $79*

## №9

### Be Bespoke

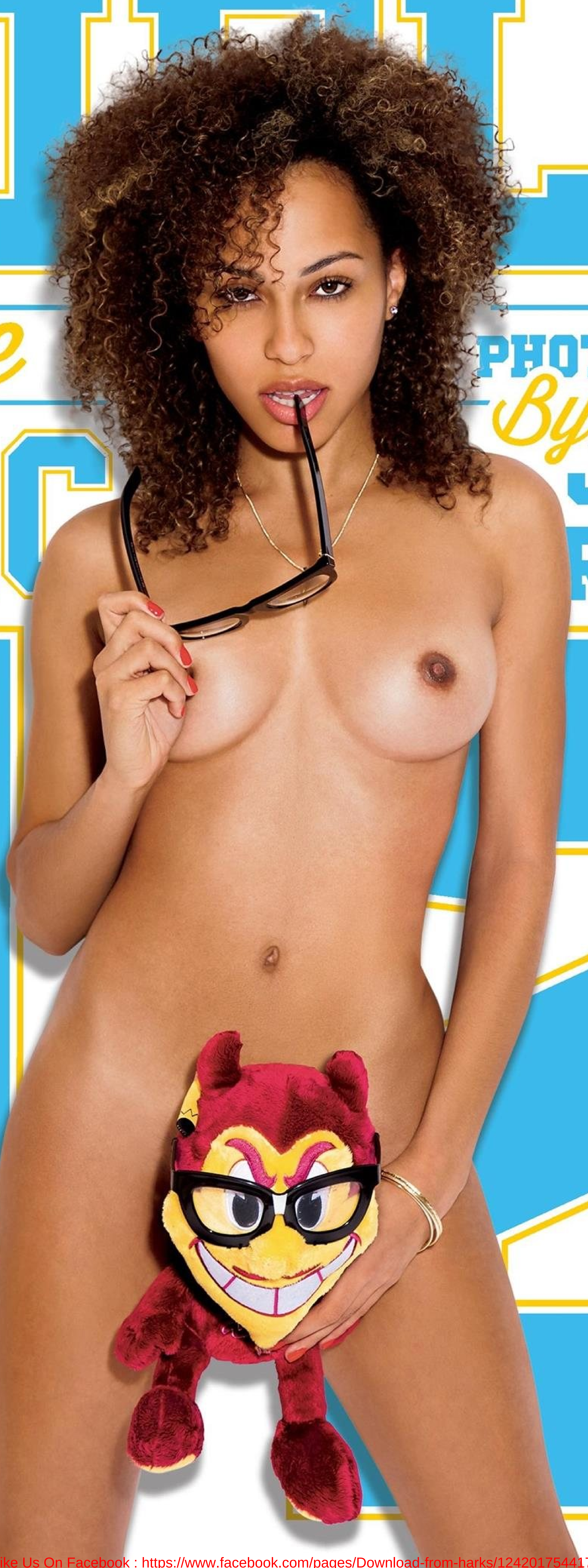
• Made with Calabrian bergamot, Tunisian orange flower, French lavender and aniseed, this scent has been tailored to be both elegant and intensely masculine. *Gucci Made to Measure, $88*

*Photography by*
SATOSHI

*Selected by*
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

# GIRLS *of the* PAC 12

PHOTOGRAPHY *By* JARED RYDER



*We swept through the Wild West in search of cool vibes and hot student bodies. Guess what we found—plenty of both. Herewith, our annual college pictorial*

Since this is our college issue, here's a little lecture for you on higher education: The Pac 12 is also known as the Conference of Champions. No NCAA sporting division can claim more national championships than this one—459, to be exact. UCLA has the most (109), followed by Stanford (104), with USC coming in third (98). The Pac 12 has a pair of schools that consistently rank among the best in the world academically: Stanford and the University of California, Berkeley. The conference also includes PLAYBOY's 2011 top party school—the University of Colorado, Boulder. All of which is to say, the Pac 12 is bursting with talent. Over the following pages we shine our spotlight on a different kind of campus talent—brilliant and beautiful coeds at play. In our book, every one of them is a champion. Ready? Class dismissed!

ARIZONA
WIL

**ARIZONA STATE**

*Shanice Jordyn*

*(Left)* Whoa, that's one beautiful Sun Devil! Besides shopping and partying, Shanice loves sports—basketball, tennis, you name it. She looks athletic to us. Her ambition is to become a dental hygienist. Can we schedule an appointment now?

**ARIZONA**

*Kristin Danielle*

*(Above)* This Wildcat works as a bartender slinging cocktails when she's not in the library hitting the books, and she plays intramural sports too. We see bright things in the beautiful business major's future.

Ucla
BRUINS
PROPERTY OF
UCLA
BRUINS

**UCLA**

*Jacqueline P.*

*(Left)* "We crushed USC in football last year!" brags Jacqueline. Have you ever seen a more beautiful Bruin? Don't be surprised if you see more of her down the road.

**UW**

*Hannah Marie*

*(Right)* "I'm always up for a challenge, an adventure or something new," says Hannah from the University of Washington. How about posing for PLAYBOY?

**USC**

*Chloe Fox*

*(Far right)* This Trojan has the travel bug. She's headed to Europe and hopes to someday open a bed-and-breakfast.

**BERKELEY**

*Alice Ohtsuki*

*(Bottom right)* Alice plans to become a lighting designer. Until then, she's content in the arms of this lucky Golden Bear.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSH RYAN

W
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SC

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## STANFORD

*Amanda D.*

This business management major is a crazy Cardinal football fan. Her prediction for Stanford this year? “We’re not stopping at the Rose Bowl. We’re going all the way!”

COLORADO
CU
BUFFALOES

### COLORADO

**Haley Taylor**

*(Above)* Haley can often be found jogging with her dog Shadow on the Boulder campus, wearing more clothes than she is here.

### ARIZONA STATE

**Marley Raymond**

*(Above right)* Don't mess with Marley. She's headed to law school after she finishes her bachelor's degree. She can be our counselor any day.

### OREGON STATE

**Kandy Jo**

*(Right)* "We know how to work hard in school," delicious Kandy says of OSU students, "and still make time to party our asses off." Keep up the good work!

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSH RYAN

## WASHINGTON STATE

### *Ashlea Miles and Kristiana Swanson*

This pair of WSU Cougars is so hot, we had to hose them down. Ashlea (left) has her eyes set on a future in genetics and forensics. Kristiana, a ski bunny who digs her sorority, has a future as a hot nurse. We feel our temperature rising.

## OREGON

### Kennedy Lane

*(Far left)* Get a load of this bubblicious University of Oregon babe! Kennedy digs sports, and she has the coolest name we've ever heard.

## UTAH

### Danni Braun

*(Middle left)* "I have endless ambitions," says Danni, a soccer fan who also loves kids, her dog and the University of Utah.

## ARIZONA

### Ginny Connor

*(Left)* We love the shades; that's one way to win our heart. Ginny wants to model professionally. This shot sure is a good start.

# MARSHALL MCLUHAN

*(continued from page 101)*

of trying to understand our technological environment and its psychic and social consequences. The better part of my work on media is actually somewhat like a safecracker's. I don't know what's inside; maybe it's nothing. I just sit down and start to work. I grope, I listen, I test, I accept and discard; I try out different sequences—until the tumblers fall and the doors spring open.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't such a methodology somewhat erratic and inconsistent—if not, as your critics would maintain, eccentric?

**MCLUHAN:** Any approach to environmental problems must be sufficiently flexible and adaptable to encompass the entire environmental matrix, which is in constant flux. Effective study of the media deals not only with the content of the media but with the media themselves and the total cultural environment within which the media function. Only by standing aside from any phenomenon and taking an overview can you discover its operative principles and lines of force. For the past 3,500 years of the Western world, the effects of media—whether it's speech, writing, printing, photography, radio or television—have been systematically overlooked by social observers. Even in today's revolutionary electronic age, scholars evidence few signs of modifying this traditional stance of ostrichlike disregard.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**MCLUHAN:** Because all media, from the phonetic alphabet to the computer, are extensions of man that cause deep and lasting changes in him and transform his environment. Such an extension is an intensification, an amplification of an organ, sense or function, and whenever it takes place, the central nervous system appears to institute a self-protective numbing of the affected area, insulating and anesthetizing it from conscious awareness of what's happening to it. It's a process rather like that which occurs to the body under shock or stress conditions, or to the mind in line with the Freudian concept of repression. This problem is doubly acute today because man must, as a simple survival strategy, become aware of what is happening to him, despite the attendant pain of such comprehension. The fact that he has not done so in this age of electronics is what has made this also the age of anxiety. We live in the first age when change occurs sufficiently rapidly to make such pattern recognition possible for society at large. Until the present era, this awareness has always been reflected first by the artist, who has had the power—and courage—of the seer to read the language of the outer world and relate it to the inner world.

**PLAYBOY:** Why should it be the artist rather than the scientist who perceives these relationships and foresees these trends?

**MCLUHAN:** Because inherent in the artist's creative inspiration is the process of subliminally sniffing out environmental change. It's always been the artist who perceives the alterations in man caused by a new medium, who recognizes that the future is the present and uses his work to prepare the ground for it. But most people, from truck drivers to the literary Brahmins, are still blissfully ignorant of what the media do to them; unaware that because of their pervasive effects on man, it is the medium itself that is the message, not the content, and unaware that the medium is also the massage—that, all puns aside, it literally works over and saturates and molds and transforms every sense ratio. The content or message of any particular medium has about as much importance as the stenciling on the casing of an atomic bomb. But the ability to perceive media-induced extensions of man, once the province of the artist, is now being expanded as the new environment of electric information makes possible a new degree of perception and critical awareness by nonartists.

**PLAYBOY:** A good deal of the perplexity surrounding your theories is related to this postulation of hot and cool media. Could you give us a brief definition of each?

**MCLUHAN:** Basically, a hot medium excludes and a cool medium includes; hot media are low in participation, or completion, by the audience and cool media are high in participation. A hot medium is one that extends a single sense with high definition. High definition means a complete filling in of data by the medium without intense audience participation. A photograph, for example, is high definition or hot; whereas a cartoon is low definition or cool, because the rough outline drawing provides very little visual data and requires the viewer to fill in or complete the image himself. The telephone, which gives the ear relatively little data, is thus cool, as is speech; both demand considerable filling in by the listener. On the other hand, radio is a hot medium because it sharply and intensely provides great amounts of high-definition auditory information that leaves little or nothing to be filled in by the audience. A lecture, by the same token, is hot, but a seminar is cool; a book is hot, but a conversation or bull session is cool. In a cool medium, the audience is an active constituent of the viewing or listening experience. A girl wearing open-mesh silk stockings or glasses is inherently cool and sensual because the eye acts as a surrogate hand in filling in the low-definition image thus engendered. Which is why boys make passes at girls who wear glasses. In any case, the overwhelming majority of our technologies and entertainments since the introduction of print technology have been hot, fragmented and exclusive, but in the age of television we see a return to cool values and the inclusive in-depth involvement and participation they engender. This is, of course, just one more reason why the medium is the message, rather than the content; it is the participatory nature of the TV experience itself that is important, rather than the content of the particular TV image that is being invisibly and indelibly inscribed on our skins.

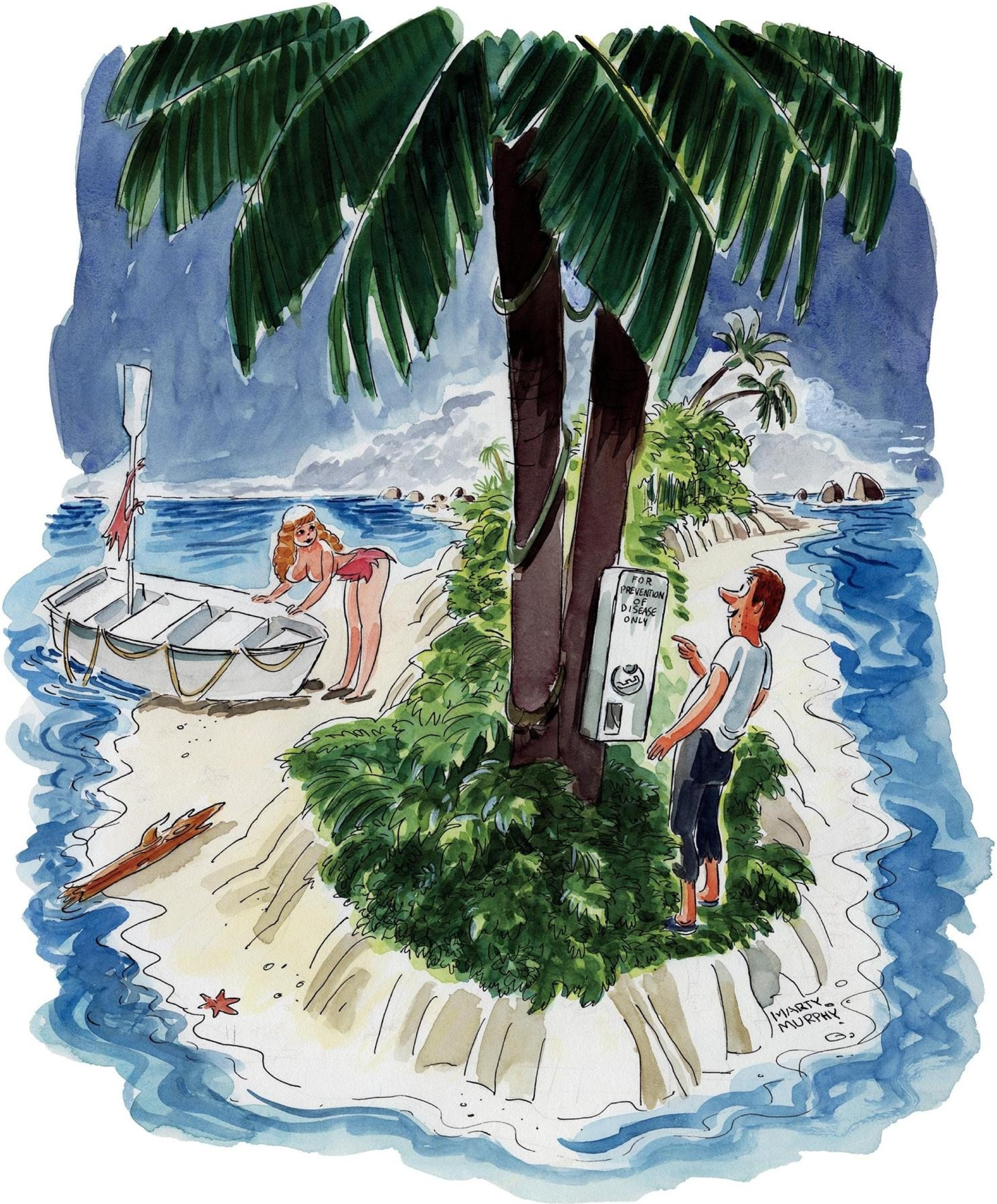
**PLAYBOY:** Even if, as you contend, the medium is the ultimate message, how can you entirely discount the importance of content? Didn't the content of Hitler's radio speeches, for example, have some effect on the Germans?

**MCLUHAN:** By stressing that the medium is the message rather than the content, I'm not suggesting that content plays no role—merely that it plays a distinctly subordinate role. Even if Hitler had delivered botany lectures, some other demagogue would have used the radio to retribalize the Germans and rekindle the dark atavistic side of the tribal nature that created European fascism in the 1920s and 1930s. By placing all the stress on content and practically none on the medium, we lose all chance of perceiving and influencing the impact of new technologies on man, and thus we are always dumbfounded by—and unprepared for—the revolutionary environmental transformations induced by new media. Buffeted by environmental changes he cannot comprehend, man echoes the last plaintive cry of his tribal ancestor, Tarzan, as he plummeted to earth: "Who greased my vine?" The German Jew victimized by the Nazis because his old tribalism clashed with their new tribalism could no more understand why his world was turned upside down than the American today can understand the reconfiguration of social and political institutions caused by the electric media in general and television in particular.

**PLAYBOY:** How is television reshaping our political institutions?

**MCLUHAN:** TV is revolutionizing every political system in the Western world. For one thing, it's creating a totally new type of national leader, a man who is much more of a tribal chieftain than a politician. Castro is a good example of the new tribal chieftain who rules his country by a mass-participational TV dialogue and feedback; he governs his country on camera, by giving the Cuban people the experience of being directly and intimately involved in the process of collective decision making. Castro's adroit blend of political education, propaganda and avuncular guidance is the pattern for tribal chieftains in other countries. The new political showman has to literally as well as figuratively put on his audience as he would a suit of clothes and become a corporate tribal image—like Mussolini, Hitler and FDR in the days of radio, and Jack Kennedy in the television era. All these men were tribal emperors on a scale theretofore unknown in the world, because they all mastered their media.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Kennedy use TV in a manner different from his predecessors—or successors?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*"By golly, here's another bit of luck, Miss Barstow!"*

**MCLUHAN:** Kennedy was the first TV president because he was the first prominent American politician to ever understand the dynamics and lines of force of the television iconoscope. As I've explained, TV is an inherently cool medium, and Kennedy had a compatible coolness and indifference to power, bred of personal wealth, which allowed him to adapt fully to TV. Any political candidate who doesn't have such cool, low-definition qualities, which allow the viewer to fill in the gaps with his own personal identification, simply electrocutes himself on television—as Richard Nixon did in his disastrous debates with Kennedy in the 1960 campaign. Nixon was essentially hot; he presented a high-definition, sharply defined image and action on the TV screen that contributed to his reputation as a phony—the "Tricky Dicky" syndrome that has dogged his footsteps for years. "Would you buy a used car from this man?" the political cartoon asked—and the answer was no, because he didn't project the cool aura of disinterest and objectivity that Kennedy emanated so effortlessly and engagingly.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Lyndon Johnson make use of television?

**MCLUHAN:** He botched it the same way Nixon did. He was too intense, too obsessed with making his audience love and revere him as father and teacher, and too classifiable. Would people feel any safer buying a used car from LBJ than from the old Nixon? The answer is, obviously, no. Johnson became a stereotype—even a parody—of himself, and earned the same reputation as a phony that plagued Nixon for so long. The people wouldn't have cared if John Kennedy lied to them on TV, but they couldn't stomach LBJ even when he told the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you relate this identity crisis to the current social unrest and violence in the United States?

**MCLUHAN:** Yes, and to the booming business psychiatrists are doing. All our alienation and atomization are reflected in the crumbling of such time-honored social values as the right of privacy and the sanctity of the individual; as they yield to the intensities of the new technology's electric circus, it seems to the average citizen that the sky is falling in. As man is tribally metamorphosed by the electric media, we all become Chicken Littles, scurrying around frantically in search of our former identities, and in the process unleash tremendous violence. As the preliterate confronts the literate in the postliterate arena, as new information patterns inundate and uproot the old, mental breakdowns of varying degrees—including the collective nervous breakdowns of whole societies unable to resolve their crises of identity—will become very common. It is not an easy period in which to live, especially for the television-conditioned young who, unlike their literate elders, cannot take refuge in the zombie trance of Narcissus narcosis that numbs the state of psychic shock induced by the impact of the new media. From Tokyo to Paris to Columbia, youth mindlessly acts out its identity quest in the theater of the streets, searching not for goals but for roles, striving for an identity that eludes them.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the surviving hippie subculture is a reflection of youth's rejection of the values of our mechanical society?

**MCLUHAN:** Of course. These kids are fed up with jobs and goals and are determined to forget their own roles and involvement in society. They want nothing to do with our fragmented and specialist consumer society. Take the field of fashion, for example, which now finds boys and girls dressing alike and wearing their hair alike, reflecting the unisexuality deriving from the shift from visual to tactile. The younger generation's whole orientation is toward a return to the native, as reflected by their costumes, their music, their long hair and their sociosexual behavior. Our teenage generation is already becoming part of a jungle clan. As youth enters this clan world and all their senses are electrically extended and intensified, there is a corresponding amplification of their sexual sensibilities. Nudity and unabashed sexuality are growing in the electric age because as TV tattoos its message directly on our skins, it renders clothing obsolescent and a barrier, and the new tactility makes it natural for kids to constantly touch one another—as reflected by the button sold in the psychedelic shops: IF IT MOVES, FONDLE IT. The electric media, by stimulating all the senses simultaneously, also give a new and richer sensual dimension to everyday sexuality that makes Henry Miller's style of randy rutting old-fashioned and obsolete. Once a society enters the all-involving tribal mode, it is inevitable that our attitudes toward sexuality change. We see, for example, the ease with which young people live guiltlessly with one another, or, as among the hippies, in communal ménages. This is completely tribal.

**PLAYBOY:** But aren't most tribal societies sexually restrictive rather than permissive?

**MCLUHAN:** Actually, they're both. Virginity is not, with a few exceptions, the tribal style in most primitive societies; young people tend to have total sexual access to one another until marriage. But after marriage, the wife becomes a jealously guarded possession and adultery a paramount sin.

Today, as the old values collapse and we see an exhilarating release of pent-up sexual frustrations, we are all inundated by a tidal wave of emphasis on sex. Far from liberating the libido, however, such onslaughts seem to have induced jaded attitudes and a kind of psychosexual weltschmerz. No sensitivity of sensual response can survive such an assault, which stimulates the mechanical view of the body as capable of experiencing specific thrills, but not total sexual-emotional involvement and transcendence. It contributes to the schism between sexual enjoyment and reproduction that is so prevalent, and it also strengthens the case for homosexuality. Projecting current trends, the love machine would appear a natural development in the near future—not just the current computerized date-finder, but a machine whereby ultimate orgasm is achieved by direct mechanical stimulation of the pleasure circuits of the brain.

**PLAYBOY:** Do we detect a note of disapproval in your analysis of the growing sexual freedom?

**MCLUHAN:** No, I neither approve nor disapprove. I merely try to understand. Sexual freedom is as natural to newly tribalized youth as drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** What's natural about drugs?

*"We haven't gotten any work done, but we've almost convinced Doris to take off her shirt."*

**MCLUHAN:** They're natural means of smoothing cultural transitions, and also a shortcut into the electric vortex. The upsurge in drug taking is intimately related to the impact of the electric media. Look at the metaphor for getting high: turning on. One turns on his consciousness through drugs just as he opens up all his senses to a total depth involvement by turning on the TV dial. Drug taking is stimulated by today's pervasive environment of instant information, with its feedback mechanism of the inner trip. The inner trip is not the sole prerogative of the LSD traveler; it's the universal experience of TV watchers.

**PLAYBOY:** A Columbia coed was recently quoted in *Newsweek* as equating you and LSD. "LSD doesn't mean anything until you consume it," she said. "Likewise McLuhan." Do you see any similarities?

**MCLUHAN:** I'm flattered to hear my work described as hallucinogenic, but I suspect that some of my academic critics find me a bad trip.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever taken LSD yourself?

**MCLUHAN:** No, I never have.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you in favor of legalizing marijuana and hallucinogenic drugs?

**MCLUHAN:** My personal point of view is irrelevant, since all such legal restrictions are futile and will inevitably wither away. You could as easily ban drugs in a retribalized society as outlaw clocks in a mechanical culture. The young will continue turning on no matter how many of them are turned off into prisons, and such legal restrictions only reflect the cultural aggression and revenge of a dying culture against its successor.

**PLAYBOY:** If personal freedom will still exist—although restricted by certain consensual taboos—in this new tribal world, what about the political system most closely associated with individual freedom: democracy? Will it, too, survive the transition to your global village?

**MCLUHAN:** No, it will not. The day of political democracy as we know it today is finished. Let me stress again that individual freedom itself will not be submerged in the new tribal society, but it will certainly assume different and more complex dimensions. The ballot box, for example, is the product of literate Western culture—a hot box in a cool world—and thus obsolescent. The tribal will is consensually expressed through the simultaneous interplay of all members of a community that is deeply interrelated and involved, and would thus consider the casting of a "private" ballot in a shrouded polling booth a ludicrous anachronism. The TV networks' computers, by "projecting" a victor in a presidential race while the polls are still open, have already rendered the traditional electoral process obsolescent.

**PLAYBOY:** How will the popular will be registered in the new tribal society if elections are passé?

**MCLUHAN:** The electric media open up totally new means of registering popular opinion. The old concept of the plebiscite, for example, may take on new relevance; TV could conduct daily plebiscites by presenting facts to 200 million people and providing a computerized feedback of the popular will. But voting, in the traditional sense, is through as we leave the age of political parties, political issues and political goals, and enter an age where the collective tribal image and the iconic image of the tribal chieftain is the overriding political reality. But that's only one of countless new realities we'll be confronted with in the tribal village. We must understand that a totally new society is coming into being, one that rejects all our old values, conditioned responses, attitudes and institutions. If you have difficulty envisioning something as trivial as the imminent end of elections, you'll be totally unprepared to cope with the prospect of the forthcoming demise of spoken language and its replacement by a global consciousness.

**PLAYBOY:** You're right.

**MCLUHAN:** Let me help you. Tribal man is tightly sealed in an integral collective awareness that transcends conventional boundaries of time and space. As such, the new society will be one mythic integration, a resonating world akin to the old tribal echo chamber where magic will live again: a world of ESP. The current interest of youth in astrology, clairvoyance and the occult is no coincidence. Electric technology, you see, does not require words any more than a digital computer requires numbers. Electricity makes possible—and not in the distant future, either—an amplification of human consciousness on a world scale, without any verbalization at all.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you talking about global telepathy?

**MCLUHAN:** Precisely. Already, computers offer the potential of instantaneous translation of any code or language into any other code or language. If a data feedback is possible through the computer, why not a feed-forward of thought whereby a world consciousness links into a world computer?

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't this projection of an electronically induced world consciousness more mystical than technological?

**MCLUHAN:** Yes—as mystical as the most advanced theories of modern nuclear physics. Mysticism is just tomorrow's science dreamed today.

**PLAYBOY:** You said that all of contemporary man's traditional values, attitudes and institutions are going to be destroyed and replaced in and by the new electric age. That's a pretty sweeping generalization. Apart from the complex psychosocial metamorphoses you've mentioned, would you explain in more detail some of the specific changes you foresee?

**MCLUHAN:** The transformations are taking place everywhere around us. As the old value systems crumble, so do all the institutional clothing and garbage they fashioned. The cities, corporate extensions of our physical organs, are withering and being translated along with all other such extensions into information systems, as television and the jet—by compressing time and space—make all the world one village and destroy the old city-country dichotomy. New York, Chicago, Los Angeles—all will disappear like the dinosaur. The automobile, too, will soon be as obsolete as the

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cities it is currently strangling, replaced by new antigravitational technology. The marketing systems and the stock market as we know them today will soon be dead as the dodo, and automation will end the traditional concept of the job, replacing it with a role, and giving men the breath of leisure. The electric media will create a world of dropouts from the old fragmented society, with its neatly compartmentalized analytic functions, and cause people to drop in to the new integrated global-village community.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite your personal distaste for the upheavals induced by the new electric technology, you seem to feel that if we understand and influence its effects on us, a less alienated and fragmented society may emerge from it. Is it thus accurate to say that you are essentially optimistic about the future?

**MCLUHAN:** There are grounds for both optimism and pessimism. The extensions of man's consciousness induced by the electric media could conceivably usher in the millennium, but it also holds the potential for realizing the Antichrist—Yeats's rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouching toward Bethlehem to be born. Cataclysmic environmental changes such as these are, in and of themselves, morally neutral; it is how we perceive them and react to them that will determine their ultimate psychic and social consequences. If we refuse to see them at all, we will become their servants. It's inevitable that the world-pool of electronic information movement will toss us all about like corks on a stormy sea, but if we keep our cool during the descent into the maelstrom, studying the process as it happens to us and what we can do about it, we can come through.

Personally, I have a great faith in the resiliency and adaptability of man, and I tend to look to our tomorrows with a surge of excitement and hope. I feel that we're standing on the threshold of a liberating and exhilarating world in which the human tribe can become truly one family and man's consciousness can be freed from the shackles of mechanical culture and enabled to roam the cosmos.

I expect to see the coming decades transform the planet into an art form; the new man, linked in a cosmic harmony that transcends time and space, will sensuously caress and mold and pattern every facet of the terrestrial artifact as if it were a work of art, and man himself will become an organic art form. There is a long road ahead, and the stars are only way stations, but we have begun the journey. To be born in this age is a precious gift, and I regret the prospect of my own death only because I will leave so many pages of man's destiny—if you will excuse the Gutenbergian image—tantalizingly unread. But perhaps, as I've tried to demonstrate in my examination of the postliterate culture, the story begins only when the book closes.

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*Excerpted from the March 1969 issue.*

# HACKTIVISTS

*(continued from page 82)*

computer read them back to you. It took about three seconds for us to type "Fuck the manager," but some kind of security program prevented the machines from saying profanities. With a little experimentation, however, we realized that "Phuck the manager" circumvented the restrictions—until the old guy chased us out the door.

That discovery taught us something important: You don't have to be a programmer to know how to hack. Hacking isn't really about coding. It's about questioning and modifying a system, whether that system is a computer or a way of life. Yes, we were young punks at ShowBiz, and it sucked to get booted from the place. But our little hack was a good thing for one fundamental reason: It questioned a system and exposed a vulnerability. We wanted more freedom, more access, and we figured out how to get it. Little did we know there was a generation of kids like us seeking freedom with new technology, and by hacking games, they were paving the way for the digital revolution to come.

I met two of the most important ones 15 years later when I was writing my book *Masters of Doom,* about the ultraviolent shooter franchises *Doom* and *Quake*. Co-founders John Carmack and John Romero, also known as the Two Johns, had grown up in arcades as we had and were considerably more skilled as hackers. They got their break by hacking their own version of *Super Mario Bros. 3* on a PC—an astonishing feat at the time—and building around it one of the most successful game companies ever, id Software.

Instead of building games that prevented hackers from messing with their code, Carmack, the lead programmer, specifically designed his games so they would be easier to hack. With a little time and will an industrious player could, say, tweak the code in *Doom* to make an entire level of the game's playing world look like the *Millennium Falcon* instead of an underground labyrinth. The internet of the mid-1990s began to teem with modified versions—or "mods"—of *Doom* and *Quake,* giving rise to a subculture of hackers who would later make some of today's biggest game franchises, from *Halo* to *Gears of War.*

The Two Johns understood an essential tenet of the nascent digital age: By breaking systems and building something new, hackers developed the skill and passion for driving innovation. As Carmack explains in *Masters of Doom,* "In the information age, the barriers just aren't there. The barriers are self-imposed. If you want to set off and go develop some grand new thing, you don't need millions of dollars of capitalization. You need enough pizza and Diet Coke to stick in your refrigerator, a cheap PC to work on and the dedication to go through with it."

•

In the early days of the internet, anyone with a modem and a computer could freely exchange information with others. Deadheads swapped music. College students traded games. Scientists shared research. Prescient geeks knew it was only a matter of time before commercial interests invaded the space, and early freedom fighters took up the cause.

An MIT hacker named Richard Stallman founded the Free Software Foundation, dedicated to keeping software free for sharing, modification and use—a cause that continues to this day. On the West Coast, a nonprofit activist group called the Electronic Frontier Foundation—with powerful supporters including Apple cofounder Steve Wozniak and Lotus creator Mitch Kapor—formed to ward off government control of digital rights. By the late 1990s the DIY geeks were forging an online underground in the form of file-sharing sites such as Napster and Gnutella. They allowed surfers to swap music, movies and other data directly with one another—much to the consternation of entertainment corporations and the federal government, which sought legal means of shutting them down.

If there's one thing people like about the internet, it's access to content. Access to music. Access to video. Access to news, sports, games. The problem is, accessing stuff sometimes pisses other people off. Especially when there's money or sensitive information at stake. But no one could keep the hackers down. And so the fight over internet freedom grew in size and scope.

I saw this one afternoon in 2005 when I arrived at a small house on a leafy street in Bellevue, Washington to interview Bram Cohen, a 30-year-old hacker who, at the time, was considered the most dangerous man online. Cohen had created BitTorrent—the free file-sharing program that lets people easily swap huge files with one another—which already boasted 45 million downloads. Today, anyone who "torrents" *Hangover III* or *BioShock Infinite* is doing it thanks, in great part, to Cohen.

The music and movie industries tried for years to go after the file-sharing sites, as they're now going after Kim Dotcom, the embattled creator of the file-sharing behemoth Megaupload. But this has always been a difficult fight because the underlying technology is not illegal; it's the *use* of the programs that can result in copyright violation. Cohen saw how the desire for free information online was never going away. When I interviewed Cohen for *Rolling Stone,* he told me, presciently, "The model of selling data on physical media is going to melt. This has been obvious for, like, 20 years. The content-distribution industry deserves to go away because it will soon be obsolete. It has no business existing."

While district attorneys continued to crack down on web start-ups that helped users share content, the smart people chose to adapt instead—to ride the proverbial wave. The smart ones observed the basic tenet of the hacker: *It's about questioning and modifying a system, whether that system is a computer or a way of life.*

Take the comedian Louis CK. Tired of

others profiting off his shtick by distributing it, he cheaply produced his own comedy special and threw it up on the web, charging $5 for it. No TV, no publishing company, no DVD special. It cost the price of a ham sandwich—why would anyone waste the time to pirate it? He understood the power of online distribution. People paid the $5, and he made more than $1 million. (He ended up giving much of that money to charity.) Tommy Mottola, the music mogul, recently told Howard Stern that the music industry's biggest mistake was going after Napster instead of getting hip to the net sooner. As a result, he said, the industry was outscored by Apple, which introduced iTunes and completely changed the game before the major music publishers had a chance to set their terms.

●

Since the early days of the web, hacktivists have grown increasingly bold. In 2006 a fledgling Australian journalist named Julian Assange began running WikiLeaks, a cloak-and-dagger clearinghouse for anonymously leaked secret and sensitive documents. The site was causing much controversy after publishing inside accounts of corruption from Kenya to Guantánamo Bay. But Assange told me it wasn't just technical prowess behind the site—it was nerve. "You can do a lot," he said, "just by having balls."

Few had more balls than a certain 26-year-old who died in 2013, a hacktivist who took the fight for online freedom to the next level.

On January 6, 2011, a young man with longish dark hair, a black coat, blue jeans and an overstuffed gray backpack sneaked into a restricted equipment closet in a basement at MIT. Inside was a tower of computers linked together with thick blue cables. Strapping a bicycle helmet in front of his face to hide from surveillance cameras, the man slipped a hard drive from his bag and connected it to a laptop that he'd plugged into the machines. He finished illegally downloading nearly an entire archive—4.8 million files total—called JSTOR, the premier online repository of scientific and academic research. A few moments later, he removed his hard drive and left.

This was no ordinary thief. He was Harvard fellow Aaron Swartz, one of the most renowned whiz kids of his generation. As a programmer he had helped code some of the most important online programs, including Reddit, the social media site, and (at the spry age of 14) Really Simple Syndication, or RSS, the standard for feeding news and other information online.

Swartz hadn't downloaded the JSTOR files for himself. He had planned to unleash them online so anyone could access the knowledge instead of just libraries and members of academic institutions. It was part of an ongoing mission he called his Guerilla Open Access Manifesto. "It's time to come into the light and, in the grand tradition of civil disobedience, declare our opposition to this private theft of public culture," he wrote. "We need to take information, wherever it is stored, make our copies and share them with the world."

There was only one problem: Swartz was busted by the cops. With concern about cyberattacks growing in the U.S., the feds wanted to make an example of him. Facing charges including wire fraud and computer fraud, Swartz was looking at a possible sentence of 35 years in prison and $1 million in fines for a crime that was essentially victimless and motivated by a passion for intellectual freedom. "It's a serious problem where you think we're in the middle of an information revolution, but computers and copyright law are being used to lock up information rather than encourage its dissemination," said Jennifer Granick, director of civil liberties for the Center for Internet and Society at Stanford.

As news of Swartz's fight with the Department of Justice traveled the internet, he became a folk hero.

While awaiting his fate in the MIT case, Swartz organized a massive online rally against the federal government's Stop Online Piracy Act, which, many have argued, overstepped its bounds by enabling the authorities to stomp on citizens' freedoms online. Among other things, SOPA would allow the Department of Justice to effectively cripple a site: barring ads, blocking search engines and stopping online payment services. As part of what became known as Internet Blackout Day, Swartz urged geek hubs including Reddit, Boing Boing and Major League Gaming to go dark on January 18, 2012 as a statement against SOPA. Wikipedia went dark too, running a banner that read, "Imagine a world without free knowledge." Google joined in the fight, amassing 7 million signatures. It was a protest on a scale the net, and Washington, had never seen.

The next day, the DOJ and FBI struck back by shutting down Megaupload. Anonymous, the hacker collective, fired

*"He knows."*

back by crashing the sites of the Recording Industry Association of America and CBS, which supported SOPA. Proponents of the bill could not ignore the hacktivist uprising anymore. SOPA was defeated. For Swartz and the other freedom fighters, it was the greatest victory in the history of online protest.

On January 9, 2013 prosecutors told Swartz's attorney they wanted him to plead guilty to 13 counts in the MIT case, for which he'd likely receive six months in prison. Swartz and his lawyers rejected the deal, assuming they'd win the trial scheduled for April. Swartz, however, would not live to see the judge. Two days later he hanged himself in his Brooklyn apartment. The man who had devoted his life to keeping the net free was dead.

Although the feds dropped the case against him, his fight continues. Anonymous hacked the U.S. Sentencing Commission website, leaving a memorial in Swartz's honor. MIT and the House Oversight Committee announced investigations into Swartz's prosecution. Online petitions grew, calling for the removal of U.S. Attorney Carmen Ortiz. In tribute to Swartz's efforts with JSTOR, scholars began to release their papers online for free.

What was Aaron Swartz's most vicious crime? As Demand Progress executive director David Segal said in a statement, "It's like trying to put someone in jail for allegedly checking too many books out of the library."

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For the legions of online freedom fighters who remain, the skirmishes are far from over. But here's the thing: The fighting will likely lessen greatly with time. The reason? The generation gap between the people who grew up online and the ones who didn't will fade. It's naive to think, with money and sensitive information at stake, these battles will ultimately disappear. But they will diminish. Many of the struggles have been brought by people—publishers, politicians, parents—who feel threatened by the democratization of power and access online. It's not surprising that some of the most important innovations of the online age—from Napster to Facebook—were invented in dorm rooms and not in corporate offices.

This is not to say freedom online comes without consequence. The line between good and evil is hard to define in the shadowy world of the internet. Take renowned hacker Barnaby Jack, who died mysteriously in July. (As of press time the cause was unknown.) Jack had become famous for publicly demonstrating "Jackpotting"—his ability to hack into ATMs and make them spit out money. He famously hacked into insulin-pump systems and was about to demonstrate how to hack into a heart pacemaker ("human hacking") at the time of his death. His work was called "white hat" hacking; he was a good guy—exposing weaknesses so they could be fixed. But what put his work in the spotlight was its whiff of the sinister, suggesting just how devious hackers could get.

An even bigger case is that of Edward Snowden, the hacker at the center of what will go down as one of the most important news stories of 2013. While working with Booz Allen Hamilton as a contractor for the National Security Agency, Snowden used his skills to gather highly classified secrets from the U.S. government. Then he leaked those secrets to journalists. Some called him a traitor. He believed he was exposing surveillance methods that were unconstitutional. The U.S. government has charged him with espionage. In August, Snowden, nationless and trying to avoid major prison time, was granted temporary asylum in Russia.

All of which is to say: Freedom on the internet is like freedom anywhere. When laws are stripped away, human nature reveals itself in all its glory and inglory. The important thing is to be able to distinguish one from the other and act accordingly.

The net has always been a young person's medium. That's why, since the emergence of the web in the mid-1990s, many internet pioneers have been demonized just as rock-and-rollers were in the 1950s. When rock and roll emerged, Elvis was shown only from the waist up on *The Ed Sullivan Show* because his gyrating hips were considered threatening. Same thing with the net. Whether it's *Doom* or Formspring or Snapchat, either you grew up with it or you didn't. The ones who feel threatened have tried to tame online freedom through lawsuits and legislation, ultimately to no real avail. They still seem to believe they can stop a guy like Swartz and "send a message" to other hacktivists down the line. But they can't.

So what to do? Stop trying to disempower the empowered. Instead, adapt—as quickly as possible. Those who embrace the power of the web and use it to reinvent industry will ultimately lift themselves, their nations and their generations to new heights.

In addition to giving people more access to information and one another, the hacktivists I've met have one other trait in common. They innovate to fill a personal need. Zuckerberg coded Facebook because Harvard didn't have a good means for students to keep track of one another. The Two Johns created *Doom* because it was the kind of game they wanted to play. Swartz freed the files on JSTOR because they were the kind of articles he wanted to read. But their personal need is a generational one as well, and that's why they find so much support among their peers.

Jerry King
Office of Admissions
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*"I'd like to enroll long enough to appear in Playboy's Girls of the Big Ten."*

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# JAMES DEEN

*(continued from page 86)*

### Q7

PLAYBOY: You've been described as a "female-friendly porn star." What's female-friendly porn?

DEEN: That is the dumbest thing I've ever heard. People who say that think it's a feminist statement, but it couldn't be more antifeminist. It's saying it's okay for girls to watch porn as long as it fits in the parameters that we find socially acceptable. Female-friendly porn is just porn. Some female directors make what's called romance porn, which is very soft and passionate. But a lot of great female directors, such as Belladonna and Joanna Angel, have made stuff that's dirty and rough and insane.

### Q8

PLAYBOY: You often get aggressive with your partners in your movies. There's spitting, choking, slapping and hair pulling. How do you get away with that and still get called the "nice Jewish kid" of porn?

DEEN: Well, I try to be a nice person, and I am technically a Jewish kid, so I feel that's accurate. You can't control how people perceive you. Some people say positive things about what I do, and some people say I'm the devil.

### Q9

PLAYBOY: James Deen obviously isn't your real name. You were born Bryan Sevilla. Did you pick the name because you're such a huge James Dean fan?

DEEN: It was a nickname I had from when I was a kid. I've always liked leather jackets, and I would smoke cigarettes in seventh grade. You couldn't smoke in school, so I'd go across the street and lean against the chain-link fence. People started calling me James Dean. When it came time to pick my porn name, that was my first choice. I was never shy about telling people my real name. But people said, "No, no, you have to protect your privacy." I've looked pretty much the same my whole life. Anybody who knows me who saw me in a porno wouldn't be fooled by a fake name. They'd be like, "Hey, look, it's Bryan!"

### Q10

PLAYBOY: Your parents both work for NASA—your dad as a mechanical engineer and your mom in data analysis. How did you not end up an astronaut?

DEEN: It never interested me, but I am on a list to go into space. My dad put me on it. He thinks I'll be one of the first civilians to go to space, in 30 years. I don't think it'll happen, because I smoke and I'm not that physically fit, but it's kind of cool. My parents have always been supportive. They learned quickly that I was going to do whatever I wanted to do. When I started making adult films, their main concerns were health and safety. I assured them that working in porn is like working at McDonald's or at a bank. It's not a giant party, it's a job.

### Q11

PLAYBOY: You were a vocal opponent of Los Angeles County's Measure B mandate requiring condoms in porn films. Do a PSA for us explaining why condoms are a good thing, except for you.

DEEN: I love condoms. I think condoms are fantastic. Outside of the adult-film industry, I've had sex without condoms with only five or six girls. Condoms are, in my opinion, the best option available to the masses. But we're professionals. Think of it in terms of movie stunt people. You should definitely wear a helmet whenever you're riding a motorcycle. It's stupid not to. But the people who do stunts in movies don't wear helmets because they're paid to do it without protection. In the same way, if you're having promiscuous sex, even with people you know and trust, you should wear a condom. But if someone is a trained professional and operating under the safest controlled environment possible, an exception should be made. A stunt person can drive his or her motorcycle without a helmet down a flight of stairs or off a bridge, and the same freedom should be given to a porn actor.

### Q12

PLAYBOY: You've claimed you knew you wanted to be a porn star since you were in kindergarten. But that's a joke, right?

DEEN: I was the kid who dry-humped a pole in preschool. I got into trouble in kindergarten for trying to kiss all the girls. Even before I knew what sex was, I was always like, "Sex, sex, sex!" Sometime around kindergarten I ditched school to go out drinking and stuff—I was a weirdo—and I was walking on the horse trail that ran behind the school. I found some porn magazine in the bushes. I flipped through it and thought, A person gets paid money to do this. This is their job. I could make this my job! I want this to be my job!

### Q13

PLAYBOY: You were 11 years old when *Boogie Nights* came out. Did you see it, and did Dirk Diggler seem like a good role model for an aspiring preteen porn star?

DEEN: Not really. I mean, I just assumed there was nothing accurate in it whatsoever. I was old enough to realize movies don't have much to do with real life. I watched it because I couldn't get my hands on porn and this was a mainstream movie with tits. You could rent *Boogie Nights* from the library, and I'd take it home and jerk off to it. There was that great sex scene between Julianne Moore and Mark Wahlberg. I watched that all the time.

### Q14

PLAYBOY: There are no college classes on being a porn star. How'd you find out if you had the right stuff?

DEEN: I was listening to *Loveline* on the radio one day when I was a teenager. I'd already decided I wanted to get into porn; I just didn't know how to do it. Jenna Jameson was a guest on the show, and all these dudes were calling in, asking for advice on becoming porn stars. They were all obnoxious, saying things like "If you think those guys in porn have big dicks, you should see mine." Finally she got really frustrated and said, "You want to be in porn? Here's what you do. Sit in a room with 20 strangers and jerk off for an hour. Keep it hard in front of everybody, and when one of the people in the room yells 'Come,' you come. If you can do that, you can do porn." And I thought, What a great idea! I can totally do that.

### Q15

PLAYBOY: You started masturbating in front of strangers?

DEEN: No, having sex. I was running around Pasadena having sex with girls all over the place. I started going to house parties and having sex in front of everyone. No one really cared or got icked out by it. I made sure of that. I've always been the type of guy who, when people said, "Take your pants off," I'd be like, "Sure, as long as everybody here is cool with that. Are you all cool with seeing my penis? Because I'm cool with showing it to you." Respecting people's boundaries is kind of a big deal to me.

### Q16

PLAYBOY: So being in porn is all about being comfortable with exhibitionism?

DEEN: Actually no, not at all. Doing porn has nothing to do with being able to have sex in front of people. A lot of people can have sex in front of people. Doing porn is about the ability to go instantly from the state of normality to the state of arousal and back again. There's no foreplay in porn. There's no buildup of sexual excitement. You're just sitting around the set, talking with your co-stars about what they had for breakfast that morning or how sad they are because their cat Fluffy got hit by a car. And then the director says "Action" and you have to jump into that state of arousal and have hot sex. Nobody's going to wait for you to get into a sexy mood. You have to be able to turn it on like a switch.

### Q17

PLAYBOY: You did a sex tape with *Teen Mom* reality star Farrah Abraham, and then you both got into a nasty feud in the tabloids. What's your side of the story?

DEEN: Here's what happened. I got a call and they asked if I wanted to do a celebrity sex tape with Farrah. They said, "We'll set it up so it looks like you guys are dating, and then TMZ will find out and it'll be all over the TV." They wanted to pretend that somehow the tape got leaked behind her back and she was completely unaware. It was a really fucked-up story, and I said, "No, I don't want to do that. Hire somebody else." But they promised me the media wouldn't be involved. I made sure they knew I was going to tell the truth if anybody asked me about it. I wasn't going to lie. They said they'd make sure the media never talked to me. So we shoot the movie, and as we're leaving her hotel room some paparazzo takes our picture. The next day I get a call from TMZ, asking if I was dating Farrah Abraham. I said no. "Well, what were you doing at that hotel?" "Shooting a porno." "Oh... okay. Bye then." And that's when the fucking drama train hit.

### Q18

PLAYBOY: She accused you of having a small penis. Would you care to critique her porn performance?

DEEN: She was great. I thought she was really cool. She got a little confused a few times about how to have sex for the camera, but it was her first porn movie, so that was understandable. The small-penis remark, well, I respect her right to have that opinion. If you think I have a small penis, that's fine. I don't care. I'm not going to be offended by what you said, and I'm definitely not going to get into a public pissing match with you.

### Q19

PLAYBOY: A lot of celebrities have made sex tapes—everyone from Pamela Anderson to Paris Hilton. Who's your dream A-list co-star?

DEEN: That's hard to say, because so much of it depends on personality. You look at somebody like Halle Berry or Charlize Theron and they're undeniably gorgeous. But I don't know them. For all I know, they're complete bitches. Personality goes a long way. Okay, I've got an answer for you. Who's my dream co-star? In ninth grade there was a girl who was really awesome and beautiful. She doesn't do porn, but I'd like to have sex with her. And I never got to. I mean, we made out and I finger banged her and all, but I never had sex with her. She's the one who got away.

### Q20

PLAYBOY: You did an orgy scene with Lindsay Lohan in the non-porn film *The Canyons*. As somebody who has done his fair share of onscreen orgies, how did it compare?

DEEN: Well, it wasn't a real orgy. There was no actual sex taking place, nothing like in porn. We were all naked, but it was basically pantomime. There are two scenes involving sex in the movie, and they're about pushing the plot forward, showing the power dynamics between these characters. I don't want to talk about Lindsay because people put negative spins on it. For a while everything I said about working with her was taken out of context and twisted into something negative and awful. During the Lindsay drama I got a firsthand lesson in how tabloids spin a story. They got shots of us coming out of a bar together, holding hands and getting into her car. TMZ was like, "What's going on? Are they an item?" We were playing a couple in a movie! We were hanging out before the movie and getting to know each other. When we left the bar together, she was drunk, so I drove her home because I was sober and she has a bad history with that. End of story.

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# INSIDE EL RODEO

*(continued from page 72)*

man in charge was an American: CIA field agent Timothy Hallet Tracy, an ingenious master of deception who oversaw everything from laundering cash to masterminding acts of terror, all while maintaining a cover identity as a filmmaker at work on a documentary. The reports also mentioned that he'd been arrested twice before, in October and February, for suspicious activities.

"He is trained and he knows how to infiltrate and how to handle sources and security information," said Rodríguez Torres. "Those big powers who do this type of spying, they often use the facade of a filmmaker, documentary-maker, photographer or journalist. Because with that facade they can go anywhere, penetrate any place."

President Maduro wasted no time in casting himself as the noble proletarian hero when he addressed the press. "The gringo who financed the violent groups has been captured," said Maduro. "I gave the order that he be detained immediately and passed over to the attorney general's office. Nobody can be destabilizing this country, whatever they believe, because they're on the side of the bourgeoisie."

The flurry of news reports about Tim included a handful of quotes from his friends and family, all of whom proclaimed his innocence. Aengus James, a producer-director who had worked with Tim, told the Associated Press, "They don't have CIA in custody. They don't have a journalist in custody. They have a kid with a camera."

On April 27 Tim was formally charged with criminal conspiracy, making false statements and using a false document. He was denied bail. According to Venezuelan law, the government would be granted 45 days to prepare its case before a hearing on June 11, when the judge would rule whether to move forward with a criminal trial. No one with any knowledge of Venezuelan criminal law expected Tim to have a chance of winning a court battle, so the upcoming hearing would almost certainly determine his fate. He was facing 30 years, the maximum sentence in Venezuela.

I began to feel an immediate rush of two intense and conflicting emotions: deep concern for a man I hardly knew but who had made an impression on me, and the charged excitement of inspiration. This was a story that spoke to me powerfully but in a way I didn't yet understand. There was also an old-fashioned mystery that needed solving: How had Tim become the Osama bin Laden of Venezuela? Was Tim Tracy a spy?

●

Tim grew up in the suburbs of Detroit. The Tracy family made its fortune in auto parts following World War II, and Emmet, Tim's father, prided himself on the fact that he babysat Mitt Romney while Mitt's father, George, was on the campaign trail. When Tim arrived in Connecticut for his freshman year at Hotchkiss, an upper-crust boarding school, he was hyped as one of the best eighth-grade hockey players in the country, just as his older brother Tripp had once been. But this was a hormonal coed boarding school, and the pressure of playing in front of all those chatty little girls got inside his head. He'd get in a game and freeze, crippled by the fear that if he fucked up none of the girls would talk to him. He never came close to reaching his potential. Tripp ended up playing goalie in the NHL, while Tim wasn't even the best player on his high school team.

He never played at Georgetown, but after graduating in 2001 he joined a semipro beer-league team in Sun Valley, Idaho. In the team's final game of his first season, Tim skated onto the ice *Slap Shot*–style wearing nothing but his skates, pads, helmet and a jockstrap, with THANKS FANS scrawled across his ass. The crowd went nuts. At the bar that night, he was a star. Everyone told him he was crazy, and he loved it. He went home with a girl named Barbie, the star of the figure-skating team—more evidence that the world tended to cooperate when he played a character and that he was better at reading other people than he was at reading himself. He figured he'd roll with it. Later that year Tim moved to L.A. to try to make it as an actor. If he could make a living by hiding, maybe he'd never have to really look at himself in the mirror.

After six years of hustling, he turned 30 and had nothing to show for his efforts save a couple of blink-and-you'll-miss-him TV gigs. No matter how hard he worked, there was always this voice inside him saying, "This isn't who you are. Try something else." One night he was at a bar called the Green Door when out of nowhere an extremely hot girl sat down next to him.

"So," she asked, "what do you do for work?"

He said it without even thinking: "I'm an active member of Delta Force."

"Really? What's that?"

"We go behind enemy lines and do terrorist shit," he replied, straight-faced. "We're very discreet. I don't want to talk about it. I'm on leave and have to ship out tomorrow for Falluja."

The reaction on her face was unlike anything he'd ever seen before—a combination of concern, awe, respect and desire. "Oh my God," she said. "Thank you so much for your service to our country." He knew what he was doing was deeply wrong, but it felt good to be in the Delta Force, even if for a moment.

She invited him back to her place. It was fantastic. When he woke up the next morning, he knew he should come clean, but he didn't want to burst the bubble for either of them. *She thinks I'm shipping off to Falluja,* he said to himself. *Let's just keep it that way.*

Two weeks later, he was back at the Green Door when she walked in. Eye contact, a moment of horror that eviscerated his character, and she was gone. It hit him hard. What he had done went deeper than dirtbaggery. It was inescapable proof that he had lost his way.

He quit acting and decided to learn the craft of filmmaking, to make a film that mattered. His fortunes began to change almost immediately. His friend and mentor Aengus James, also a former actor, gave him work as a producer on a documentary called *American Harmony,* as well as on *Madhouse,* a TV series about car racing for the History Channel. Tim quickly discovered that he had the natural skill set for production: effortless multitasking, obsessiveness and a preternatural ability to connect with just about anyone. What Tim needed was his own story to tell.

That opportunity first materialized in the dangerous curves of a sexy Latin girl on a dance floor. He was at the wedding of a Venezuelan college buddy when he found himself transfixed by a girl named Alejandra. The way she would put the back of her hand on the guy she was dancing with was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

When a Madonna song came on, Tim made his move. His Spanish was terrible, as was Alejandra's English, but the chemistry was off the charts. They agreed to meet in Miami, where Alejandra began to tell Tim about Venezuela.

"I was on the street protesting every day," she said. "My president is a dictator, and half of my friends were teargassed and beaten and sent to prison."

She went on to explain that she was a member of the student opposition in Caracas that had been fighting the oppressive regime of President Hugo Chávez, who had enlisted murderers and thugs to enforce his will. She had a flair for the dramatic, and he bought all of it. He was moved by the imagery of these kids fighting for freedom, and he also had a girl to impress. Sensing an opportunity to play the hero, Tim made a fateful promise to Alejandra: He would make a film about the injustice in Venezuela and tell the world. He booked a ticket to leave in three months' time and began tutoring himself on Venezuelan politics.

Chávez was no run-of-the-mill caudillo (Latin American military dictator); he was a supernova. Born in poverty to schoolteacher parents, he got his start in the Venezuelan military and began to fashion himself as the socialist reincarnation of Simón Bolívar, who had liberated Venezuela from Spanish rule in the early 19th century. Following a disastrous coup attempt in 1992, Chávez was imprisoned yet somehow managed to secure his release two years later, eventually seizing power in 1999 in what he called the Bolivarian Revolution. Aligning himself closely with his friend Fidel Castro, he emerged as a deceptively savvy anti-U.S. firebrand whose questionable mental stability and rumored cocaine dependency never got in the way of a camera. Every Sunday, he'd hold court on his nationally televised talk show *Aló Presidente,* which ran around six hours or whenever he decided to end it.

Tim was hooked. He soon found out through a friend that Alejandra was sleeping with another guy in Venezuela. It stung, but he could handle it. He was losing track of the girl. Now he had fallen in love with the country.

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In 2010 Tim spent two weeks in Venezuela, filming rallies organized by students who didn't quite live up to Alejandra's billing.

One lesson his friend Aengus had taught him early on was that a documentary filmmaker's best friend was a bullshit detector, and most of these well-off kids weren't passing the smell test. They were great at organizing rallies, but all it took was a glimpse of the chaotic shantytowns that dotted the outskirts of Caracas to see there was more to this story.

At a protest outside the Ecuadorian embassy, Tim met a local legend named Humberto Lopez who called himself Che and resembled the real Che Guevara to an astonishing degree. Che offered to take Tim for a walk through 23 de Enero, the most notorious barrio in Caracas and Chávez's spiritual base. The moment Tim walked into the hillside shantytown built on the ruins of a public housing project, he felt the jolt of inspiration. This was a place where Chávez was considered a god—a point driven home by a massive Last Supper mural with Hugo sitting alongside Jesus—but whose inhabitants were living in squalor. How was that possible?

Tim realized that in order to make the film he wanted, he would have to go into the heart of darkness, into the barrios. That the disenfranchised could be so in awe of a leader as to make him a deity—*there was the story.* Tim knew he'd need a dramatic event to frame his narrative. It took two years to materialize. In September 2012, nine months after I'd met him, he was back in L.A. when he got a call from his friend Ricardo Korda in Caracas. The presidential election was a month away, and Chávez's opponent, Henrique Capriles Radonski, was gathering steam. Chávez was politically vulnerable and suffering from a dangerous cancer, and everyone knew it. The Caracas streets buzzed with demonstrations and the occasional violent exchange between Chavistas and the opposition. Civil war was on the table.

"If you want to make this film, you need to come down here right now," said Korda, who eventually became a co-producer on the project. "You're never going to have another chance to do something like this. Everything is on the verge of falling apart."

Tim grabbed his equipment and took the first flight out of L.A.

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In a city where using a cell phone on the street even in a good neighborhood is considered reckless because of rampant street crime, Tim spent most of the next seven months filming in the most dangerous barrios of Caracas, places like 23 de Enero and Catia. He did so with a $20,000 camera on his shoulder, and he never had to defend himself.

"Take the South Bronx of the 1970s, transport it to the age of crack in the 1980s, overpopulate it and throw in Fidel Castro during the revolution, and that's 23 de Enero," says Jon Lee Anderson, who in his 35-year career as a foreign correspondent has filed stories from the most harrowing war zones on the planet. Anderson has written extensively about Venezuela, including a portrait of present-day Caracas for *The New Yorker* that appeared in January, exploring the same barrios that Tim was filming at the time. "In a place like Caracas, the abnormal is normal," says Anderson. "There were times when I was in the proximity of people who would have had no compunction to shooting me. You adopt a certain body language, you try to be inoffensive, you do this, you do that, but you also have to push it. I pushed it. Tim pushed it. It's just what you have to do."

To understand Venezuela, Tim needed to learn the ways of the poorer Chavistas—how they operated, the blurred lines between political activism and criminality. The fact that he didn't speak much Spanish allowed him to learn the language in the most organic way possible, from his sources.

Tim soon discovered his affection for Venezuela was reciprocal. While gaining the trust of hard men whose leader was constantly proselytizing about the gringo devils of the USA, he found that Venezuelan girls couldn't get enough of him. He ended up choosing a guy named Jhonny as the focus of his film. Jhonny was a member of El Frente, one of 23 de Enero's most powerful *colectivos,* the pro-Chávez radicalized street gangs who handled law enforcement in the police-free barrios. Jhonny was also one of Caracas's infamous *motorizados,* the independent motorcycle taxi drivers who weave through the city's gridlock at breakneck speeds. A girl Tim knew once told him a story about being on the back of one of these bikes when her *motorizado* calmly pulled out a pistol and tapped it on the window of the car next to him. The terrified driver gave up his wallet and phone, and the *motorizado* sped off. At the next stoplight, the terrified girl offered up her own possessions and begged for him not to kill her. The *motorizado* was offended. "We have principles in Venezuela," he said. "We never rob the customers."

Through Jhonny, Tim hoped to gain a greater understanding of how 8 million people could have voted for a guy who, over 14 years, had squandered billions and left the country with one of the highest homicide rates in the world.

Tim's identity was now inextricably tied up in the movie. He was spending his modest trust fund on it, and he decided to stay in the country after his first and second arrests. In both instances, he got pinched for filming images that were off-limits—first a sniper on a roof at a Chávez rally in October 2012, then the presidential palace in February 2013. In both cases he was released after three days, following some interrogation and a lot of sitting around. The police, it seemed, were far less threatening than the dwellers of the barrios where Tim was spending his days and nights.

Early in 2013, as Tim continued to shoot footage, events in Venezuela took a turn for the worse. On March 5 the charismatic president Hugo Chávez succumbed to cancer, leaving Nicolás Maduro—a former bus driver who had risen through the ranks to become Chávez's vice president and handpicked successor—to run things. Maduro had none of his mentor's extraordinary charisma. Despite having more oil reserves than Saudi Arabia, Venezuela was

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in shambles. Maduro was losing control. In order to buy himself more time, he'd need to manufacture a distraction.

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*April 24, 2013*

Tim awoke after having spent the night with two senoritas, which explains why he missed a morning flight out of Caracas. He had two birthdays to attend in the U.S.: his dad's 80th in Michigan and his close friend Sasha Bushnell's 30th, which he'd be hosting in Laurel Canyon. To assure maximum awesomeness, he had gotten a friend to reinforce his chandelier to safely hold the swinging weight of "one full-grown male and one petite female."

He booked himself on the next flight out. As soon as he got through immigration at Simón Bolívar International Airport, he was suddenly surrounded by a group of armed commandos, who had been waiting for him. He was handcuffed and led downstairs to a detention center. At this point he was more annoyed than frightened—he'd been through this before—but something felt off. There were a lot more guns in the room, and his every movement was monitored. Now they were fucking with his travel. He thought he could talk his way out of it.

"I've got a three P.M. flight that I don't think you want me to miss," Tim explained with exaggerated self-importance.

"No big deal," the supervising commando responded with a smile. "If you miss the flight we'll just put you on a private plane and send you back."

That's when Tim knew something was really wrong. There was no way they were going to put him on a private plane.

He was right. That night Tim was transferred to Helicoide, a massive, pyramid-shaped structure in central Caracas that served as the headquarters for SEBIN. Upon arrival he was whisked into an interrogation room, where Elvis Ramírez—the director of Helicoide—went at him hard with accusations that he was CIA. Tim denied everything, but Ramírez could not have cared less. The next day, Maduro and Interior Minister Rodríguez Torres went on a public-relations offensive, accusing Tim on live TV of heading the April Connection.

Two days after his arrest, Tim was transported in a convoy of 20 vehicles packed with special-forces soldiers to another prison near the airport for a change-of-venue hearing. While he waited, prisoners in the adjacent cells began a horrifying chant: "Kill the gringo! Kill the gringo!" The color drained from Tim's face, and he began to shake. When he was in the barrios filming the Chavistas, he would often hear his subjects parrot the absurd lies Chávez had fed them about the Sodom and Gomorrah that was the United States. Tim had a nickname for that brand of misinformation: "weaponizing the Kool-Aid." The Kool-Aid had most certainly been weaponized.

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One can only imagine the shock when the phone rang in the home of Tim Tracy's parents back in Grosse Pointe Farms. Following the initial wave of news reports, family and friends closed ranks on the advice of Tim's Venezuelan attorney, Daniel Rosales, who was handling "back-channel" negotiations and supervising his criminal defense. Contact with the press was prohibited for fear of provoking Maduro, who had been doubling down on his anti-Americanism.

Soon after Tim's incarceration, President Obama went on record to say that the charges against Tim were "ridiculous." Maduro responded by calling Obama "the grand chief of devils." Obama's comment hadn't done Tim any favors, but Maduro's crazy reply alerted the international community that Tim's arrest was nothing but a cynical ploy by a desperate president who would resort to anything to shore up support. In other words, Tim was clearly innocent. He was no spy. Maduro had no evidence whatsoever, but he didn't care.

Maduro's regime was losing power by the day. By arresting Tim, he was taking a page out of his mentor's playbook: When in trouble, unite the base against a common enemy—capitalist oppressors. Divert attention away from domestic turmoil by resurrecting the ogre of the U.S. and establishing a direct connection between the U.S. and the opposition. Maduro was portraying his administration as capable defenders of national security at a time when civil war was looking like a distinct possibility.

Various "Free Tim Tracy" movements got under way—from rumors of American celebrities including Oliver Stone and Sean Penn personally texting Maduro to a committed effort by retired congressman Bill Delahunt, who during his 14 years on Capitol Hill was known as the only U.S. politician on good terms with Chávez. Delahunt got on board with Tim's cause thanks to the efforts of Tim's brother Tripp, who had

*"I'm so glad you bit me!"*

an old Harvard buddy whose family knew the former diplomat.

Meanwhile, the situation in Venezuela continued to unravel. The week after Tim's arrest, a wild fistfight broke out in parliament between supporters of Maduro and the opposition, leaving men in suits bloodied and bruised. Three weeks later, the president was humiliated when a recording of a conversation between a Cuban intelligence officer and Mario Silva, the Rush Limbaugh of the Chavistas movement, was leaked to the press. Silva's main point was summed up in the following sentence: "We are in a world of shit, my friend." So was Tim.

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Tim spent 36 days in Helicoide, an experience that, given the circumstances, was actually not that bad. His fellow inmates were a cast of characters worthy of a *Dirty Dozen* remake. There was David from El Salvador, who lent Tim his iPod in exchange for Ping-Pong lessons; Steve, a.k.a. Boris, a fun-loving Russian arms and ecstasy dealer; Assan, a chess champion and financier from Lebanon whose only crime was losing his passport; and Walid Makled García, a.k.a. El Arabe, who until his capture in 2011 was one of the world's most powerful drug lords.

Tim fit in immediately and within days was holding his own in the nightly Ping-Pong tournament. He spent hours writing obsessively in his diary and taking advantage of the gym. He had faith that when judgment time came on June 11, he'd be exonerated and could go back to making his movie. *If you lose hope in a situation like this, you slip into darkness,* he thought to himself.

His communication with the outside world was limited to phone calls to his parents, his Venezuelan attorney and his best friend, Stone Douglass, a film producer who had somehow convinced the Venezuelan authorities that he and Tim were cousins. The stress of trying to secure Tim's release from a government that appeared to have no regard for reality, diplomacy or justice made for tense moments back in the States. Tim's friends, acquaintances and more than a few total strangers were trying to solicit celebrities, organize protests, launch social media campaigns and initiate other forms of public outcry. The fact that so many were trying to help was telling. It wasn't just out of loyalty or in the interest of justice; it was because Tim had put it all on the line to tell a story that needed to be told and in so doing had transformed himself from a run-of-the-mill L.A. freelancer half a year earlier to the man he had always wanted to be. Tim wasn't just loved by his friends—now he was something of a hero.

The darkest moments came after speaking to his parents, who were in a state of extreme anguish. *I never doubted or regretted one decision I made,* Tim thought to himself. *I did the right thing, but was I selfish? Did I consider anybody but me?*

On Tuesday, May 28, word spread that some prisoners were going to be evacuated without any explanation. Some said it was because of overcrowding, others said it was for renovations. At five the next morning, Tim and seven inmates from his "band of brothers" were awakened and told they had a few minutes to pack a shopping bag to take with them. Whatever possessions remained in the cell would be thrown out.

They were being moved to El Rodeo Dos, which SEBIN officials assured them was Venezuela's model prison, complete with athletic facilities and staffed by corrections officers specially trained to understand the needs of foreign inmates. None of what Tim heard passed the smell test. To begin with, if it really was necessary to evacuate Helicoide, why were so many of his fellow inmates remaining behind?

This wasn't looking good. As Tim was being led out, Steve, the Russian, pulled him aside. "I got one word of advice for you," said Steve. "Don't trust anybody."

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*May 29, 2013*

The moment El Rodeo came into view from his seat on the transport van, Tim knew his fears were justified. The prison entrance was riddled with bullet holes from a prisoner uprising two years earlier that had resulted in 25 deaths. The whole thing reminded him of *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*.

"Venezuela's prisons are just about the worst on Earth, and I say that measuring every word carefully," says Anderson. "El Rodeo has an absolutely terrible reputation. For an American to get sent there and not get hurt or killed would be highly unlikely."

The warden, a 40-ish slob whose godmother was head of the national prison system, was waiting for Tim and the other SEBIN transplants in the processing area. He wasted no time in marking his territory. After confiscating all the prisoners' personal items but their toothbrushes, he took out a pair of electric clippers and shaved the head of each new arrival. He lit up when it was Tim's turn. Here was the famous gringo he'd heard so much about. The warden leaned in close.

"You tried to kill our revolution, and now you're going to die in here," he said. All the guards laughed.

Tim spent his entire stint at El Rodeo in solitary confinement, during which time he was subjected to taunts and various forms of humiliation by a guard named Alvaro, one of the highest-ranking corrections officers in the building. Tim took to calling him Kevin Bacon, whose prison-guard character in the film *Sleepers* had a similar sadistic streak. Alvaro verbally berated Tim while he defecated, wouldn't let him bathe and confiscated his bedding and towel. On day three, as Tim was being transferred from one solitary cell to another for no apparent reason, he saw his friend Assan from Helicoide being led in the opposite direction. As the guards stopped to chat, Assan leaned and whispered to Tim.

"I heard they're going to kill you tonight," he said. "Be careful."

Tim barely made it to his new cell without collapsing. He was overcome by a panic attack that left him shaking in his bed. He told the guard he needed to speak to Alvaro. When Alvaro arrived, Tim begged to see a priest so he could be issued last rites before they murdered him.

"Sorry, gringo," Alvaro said, smiling, "we don't do that in here."

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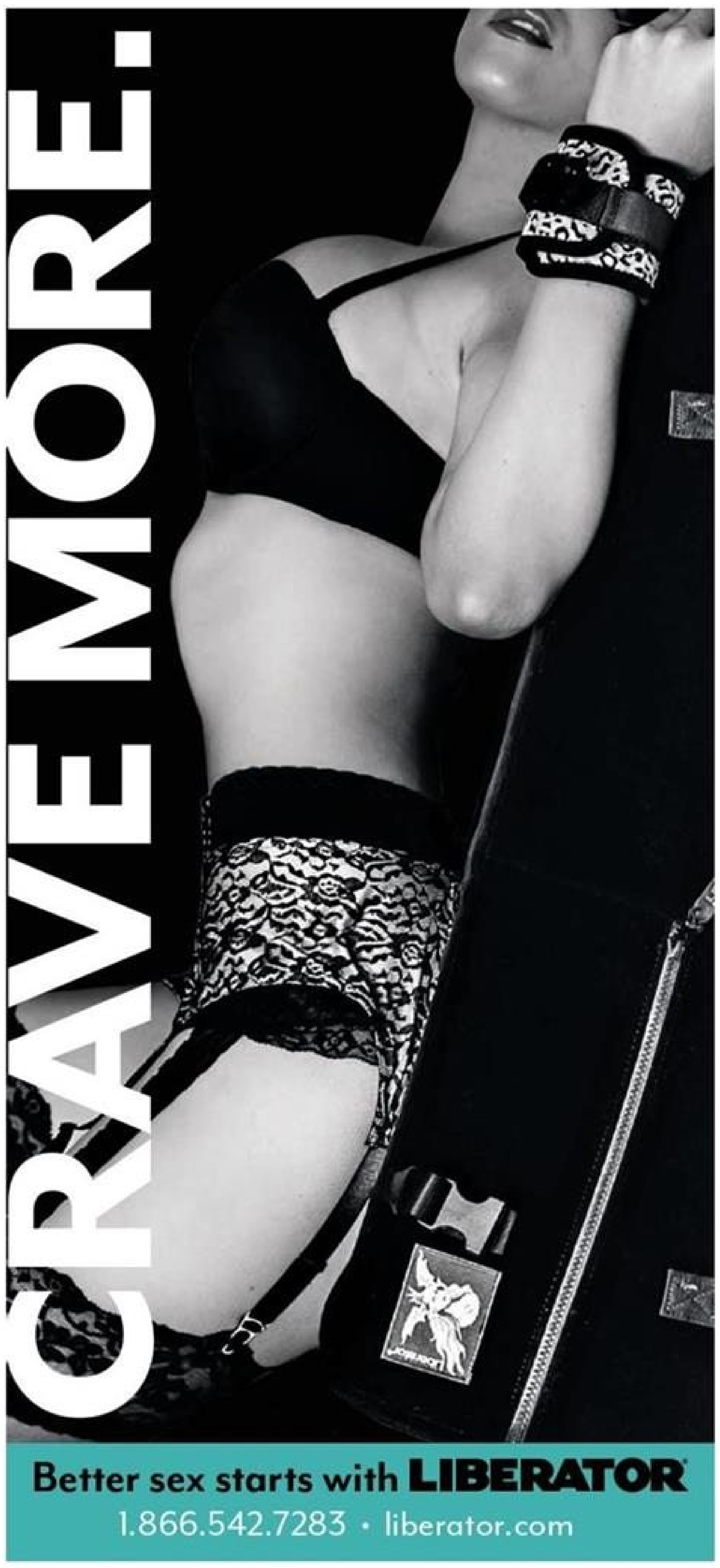

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Tim spent the night in terror. When morning came and he was still alive, the fear was replaced with rage. Alvaro came by to talk smack about Tim being in the CIA. On this morning Tim wasn't taking any of it. A few minutes later, he was thrown into a vermin-infested, shit-stained basement pit and left alone to drive himself mad.

On the night of his 42nd day of incarceration—his sixth night inside El Rodeo—he found himself awake and trembling, another night of insomnia, listening to the sounds of the prison, smelling its despair, scratching at the bloody mosquito bites on his feet. There was a horrifying realization—this was his existence, and it was highly possible he would never see the light of day again as a free man and would die in this Venezuelan hellhole.

The next morning, the two beautiful nurses appeared at Tim's cell. He had no choice but to follow them. He did not know if he was following them to his death, to another cell or to his freedom. He was led to a room where a doctor gave him a medical checkup. He realized he was being released when he was given exit papers to sign and not one minute before. He was given his clothes back, the clothes he was wearing when he arrived at El Rodeo. Like his arrest, his release came quickly, without warning. Tim Tracy was set free.

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*June 5, 2013*

With no evidentiary hearing, Tim was expelled from Venezuela and put on a flight to Miami. The only explanation consisted of a single tweet from Interior Minister Rodríguez Torres: "The American Timothy Hallet Tracy, who was caught spying in our country, has been expelled from the national territory."

Tim was supposed to land in Miami and then board a connecting flight to Los Angeles, but his family intercepted him in Florida and took him to their vacation home in Palm Beach. It appeared that Tim's homecoming wasn't exactly smooth, that he wasn't in the best shape mentally. By all accounts he had been a marvel of positive energy during his first month behind bars. Something must have happened inside El Rodeo.

The diplomatic savvy of retired congressman Bill Delahunt was what ultimately won Tim his freedom. In a classic quid pro quo, Delahunt managed to secure a meeting between Venezuelan foreign minister Elías José Jaua and U.S. secretary of state John Kerry in exchange for Tim's release. A few hours after Tim landed in Miami, Kerry and Jaua were sitting down together.

Ten days later, Tim got on a plane to Los Angeles. Despite having a loyal support network in L.A., he decided to stay under the radar. Reporters had camped outside his Laurel Canyon home for days, and to avoid being spotted, Tim spent his first week in town hiding out at his friend Stone Douglass's house in Santa Monica's Rustic Canyon.

Tim's older brother Tripp was the only member of the Tracy family to speak to the press about Tim's release. Although his affection for his little brother was plainly evident as he choked back tears on camera, he began the interview with a telling description: "For anybody who's seen the movie *Spies Like Us* with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd," Tripp said, "that's about as close to a spy as Tim Tracy is." While his intent was anything but malicious, the statement struck me as jarring, comparing the bumbling comic duo unsuited for survival in a foreign country to Tim and his ordeal in Venezuela.

I had flown to L.A. the day Tim was released and had been hanging around for two weeks when I finally got the call I'd been waiting for. It was from the crisis-management publicity expert Tim had hired after he got out, who said Tim was in town and except for me he had decided not to grant any interviews for the foreseeable future. I'd get as much time as I needed. The following morning I drove to Santa Monica.

Had I not watched a five-second video clip of Tim walking through the Caracas airport the morning he was released, I probably wouldn't have recognized him. I knew Tim as a doughy, shaggy-haired preppy, but the guy who greeted me at the door was ripped and rocking a buzz cut. If he had suffered severe trauma in El Rodeo, as I'd been led to believe, he was hiding it pretty well.

As we sat in a garden, Tim started to talk and didn't stop for the next two days. In many ways he was the same guy I remembered meeting but more confident and impassioned by a sense of social justice. He told me that though he'd had a couple of epic meltdowns following his release—one on the plane when he'd misplaced his passport and nearly got kicked off and one back in Palm Beach with his parents—he was now feeling like himself and focused on finishing his film, which he estimated could take a year to edit. (He hopes to have it ready for Sundance in 2015.) I accompanied him to a posttraumatic stress disorder evaluation with a psychiatrist. We both laughed as Tim read aloud and answered some of the questions on the admitting form: "Do you ever feel like people are conspiring against you? *Yes*. Do you ever feel the government has you under surveillance? Um, *yes*."

Tim and I spent the lion's share of the next day on the rooftop deck of the Petit Ermitage hotel in West Hollywood, a few feet from a trio of stunning Eastern European models. The contrast between these surroundings and El Rodeo was not lost on Tim, who'd been recounting his story to me without a break for hours. As the sun set, I asked Tim about his reaction to Tripp's interview and the *Spies Like Us* reference. "It definitely hurt," Tim admitted. "It was kind of a bittersweet thing, because [my family] didn't look at what I'd done and say, 'You know what? Timmy's arrived. We're proud of Timmy.' I didn't hear that. But I'm all the better for it, because I realize now that those were fantasies. I'm my own hero for what I did, but I'm also a guy who put my parents and my family through hell."

A few hours later, I left Tim alone with the Eastern European models to use the bathroom. When I returned, he was holding court in front of a captive audience, spinning a yarn that was way more original than the one he'd used on Delta Force night. And this one he told without shame, because it happened to be true. After our waiter announced last call, Tim looked at us and smiled with the same fiery glint in his eyes I remembered from the first time I met him. "Okay," he said, "who wants to break into my house, swing on my chandelier and have a dance party?"

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# SAMUEL JACKSON

*(continued from page 66)*

Angeles and I never saw them on-screen, never saw them doing anything. Some I never saw until I got to L.A. myself and saw them at a party or something.

**PLAYBOY:** In the 1970s and 1980s, when you and your wife were touring the country or working in theater in New York, you encountered your father, who had been gone from your life since you were an infant.

**JACKSON:** Once, when we were performing in Topeka, Kansas, my wife, my three-month-old daughter and I went to see my other grandmother, and it just so happened my father was living in her house again. I was in my 30s, and there was this woman and this older lady, and then this teenage girl comes downstairs with a little baby in her arms as young as my daughter. He's like, "Hey, I want you to meet your sister." I think he's talking about the girl, but he's talking about the fucking baby. I'm like, "You're a grown-ass, old-ass man doing this shit?" Then the older lady's like, "So when's the last time you saw your dad?" And it was like, "I haven't seen this motherfucker since I was three months old." We go outside and he gets angry, going, "Why'd you have to tell her that?" I said, "Do you want me to tell her we hang out, that you've been taking care of me all these years? You're not my father; you're just a guy who happened to be my mom's sperm donor. I'm here to see your mother, not you."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever see him again?

**JACKSON:** He passed not long after that. He was an alcoholic with cirrhosis and all that other shit. They had called me from the hospital: "Mr. Jackson, your father's really ill now. If we have to take drastic measures, do you want us to keep him alive?" I said, "Are you calling to ask if I want you to put him on life support, or are you calling to see if I'm going to be responsible for his medical bill?" They're like, "Well…." I said, "He's got a sister in Kansas City—you should call her." *Click.* [*laughs*] It's done.

**PLAYBOY:** By the 1980s, to your substances of choice, booze and pot, you had added heroin and cocaine. The roles you originated at Yale Repertory Theatre in August Wilson's *The Piano Lesson* and *Two Trains Running* were cast with other actors when those landmark plays transferred to Broadway in 1987 and 1990, respectively. How did your addictions mess with your career and personal life?

**JACKSON:** I was always doing a play. I paid my bills. I didn't steal shit to sell out of my brownstone. I didn't steal my daughter's toys. I didn't steal my wife's money out of her purse. I could go to the ATM and get money for cocaine. I just kept spending money and finding people to get high with.

**PLAYBOY:** When was enough finally enough?

**JACKSON:** In 1990 my wife said, "Look, you're going to rehab," and the very next day I was in rehab. I didn't go kicking and screaming. I was tired, burned-out and at that low point of like, What the fuck is going on with me?

**PLAYBOY:** Did seeing some of your co-stars and acting peers become more successful affect your drug use?

**JACKSON:** They ask you in rehab to take an assessment of how you got to the point you're at, and I said, "I guess I could have gone to that audition without my eyes red, without smelling like the beer I had or the weed I'd smoked." I never blamed anybody else for not being successful or not getting to the places I saw everybody else I worked with, like Wesley Snipes, get to. I had no problem doing roles like Black Guy in *Sea of Love* or Hold-Up Man in *Coming to America* or going to Boston once a year to get killed on *Spenser: For Hire* or *A Man Called Hawk*. LaTanya asked, "Why are you doing these piddly-ass jobs?" I told her, "Well, this or that guy I worked with is probably going to be something somewhere down the line." I always left an impression in an audition. I was memorable. In rehab I saw that I owed it to myself to see things another way and try it the other way. I opened my mind to what was being said.

**PLAYBOY:** So rehab took?

**JACKSON:** Like the petals were closed and, all of a sudden, the sun hit the flower and opened it up. People looked at it and it smelled great, it looked great to them. I'm like, Oh Jesus, this is not bad at all. I wondered whether I was going to be as much fun as I used to be, wondered whether people were going to think I was as good an actor. But the clarity and professional satisfaction that came with sobriety—couldn't beat it.

**PLAYBOY:** In 1991 critics raved about your performance as a crackhead in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever,* which won you a Cannes Film Festival award. In what stage of your recovery did you make the movie?

**JACKSON:** I got out of rehab, and about a week or something later, I was shooting the movie. I had a modicum of fame because I'd done other Spike Lee movies, so when I'd go buy coke or something, the guys sitting around would go, "Hey, man, *Do the Right Thing*! Yeah, sit down!" and I sat right down and got high with them. All of a sudden with *Jungle Fever* I'm traveling in a different circle, which brought the next challenge because that circle has some darkness too—drink, drugs, only now they're offering them to you free. Now you have the chance to *really* get fucked-up. You know how it is. Make a wrong turn at a party and there's a bunch of people sitting around a table with more cocaine in front of them than you saw the entire time when you were using. I said to myself, Do you want to be fucked-up and think you're having a good time, or do you want to be satisfied artistically and spiritually in another way? I chose the other way.

**PLAYBOY:** You were lucky. What are the odds of an actor, even a talented one, getting clean after rehab, coming out and immediately landing a movie role as——?

**JACKSON:** As a crackhead junkie, right. I grew up in the Methodist church, and I pray every day. I believe there's a higher power, a supreme being. God puts you in the places you need to be. So I helped myself, and God helped me to get to that next place.

**PLAYBOY:** How tough is it for you today to maintain sobriety?

**JACKSON:** What's it been now, 22 years or something? There's all kinds of shit in my house that I've never tasted in my life, like Cristal—stuff I couldn't afford back when I was drinking. All I'd have to do is walk in the closet, open a beer, and no one would know, but *I* know that I probably wouldn't stop at one beer. So I drink nonalcoholic beer. I'm not looking for the kick.

**PLAYBOY:** You were in five movies last year. You've made six so far this year. Is work the replacement addiction?

**JACKSON:** Golf is. It's the perfect game for only children because the ball sits there, you have a club in your hand, and if you hit it great or hit it bad, you get all the credit or blame. Nobody around you is playing defense. When I play golf with other people, I'm not out there to beat them. I'm out there to beat the course. There's no point paying attention to what other golfers are doing, so I just play as well as I can. That's the only-kid mentality. Golf's perfect for us.

**PLAYBOY:** Just this past April, your golf swing during a celebrity tournament in Scotland made world headlines.

**JACKSON:** Yeah, I almost killed two ladies when I shanked the ball on the 18th hole. I hit one of them. It was a bad day. I knew I wasn't going to make the cut, and I was wet, tired, cold and miserable on one of those Scottish, raining-sideways, 48-degree days. I just wasn't paying attention. But I could have been shooting a 63 and that still would have been the one shot they put on the Jumbotron, which they did. My cell phone blew up. People all over the world were fucking with me about that shot.

**PLAYBOY:** You've helped make Kangol hats iconic, and you design a line for the company. Are you comfortable with the reality that when actors get as major as you are, companies send them lots of swag—things they could have really used when they were broke?

**JACKSON:** I still need the swag. The majority of the shit I get, I use. I don't overdo it. I don't gouge people. I get free golf clubs sometimes from Titleist or TaylorMade. But I use the golf balls, the clubs, the shoes. I have a sneaker fetish. I admit it.

**PLAYBOY:** How bad a fetish?

**JACKSON:** I have hundreds of pairs of sneakers at home. I put the color and style on the boxes so I know what's in there. It looks like a Foot Locker in my closet. It makes my wife crazy. She's got a ton of shit, but she still thinks I have too much. That's her opinion.

**PLAYBOY:** In a 2012 *New York Times* profile of you, your wife was asked the secret of your 40-year relationship. She answered, "Amnesia." Did that make for interesting discussions at home?

**JACKSON:** She regrets saying that. We've been together for 40 fucking years. I know what she means when she says something. You have to forget certain shit happened to stay together. You have to act like it didn't happen. Everybody's got excuses for not being together. It's way easier to walk away from somebody than it is to stay with them and deal with the shit.

**PLAYBOY:** Fame is a powerful aphrodisiac. How do you and your wife deal with women coming on to you on movie sets or as you travel around?

**JACKSON:** I'm not that superfine hot guy who makes those lists of "handsomest men in the world" or "most eligible men." When I was a young actor in the theater, I could put out that certain vibe that says, "Hey, I'm available—who wants this?" There's also a way to turn that off. I don't have it switched on because I don't want to be bothered with the shit that comes with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you're not shy about asking to be in movies, will you talk to [writer-director] J.J. Abrams and George Lucas about bringing back your character Mace Windu in *Star Wars: Episode VII*?

**JACKSON:** They should figure out a way to bring my ass back from wherever I went when I fell out that window, because you know a Jedi can fall from incredible heights and not die. I'd just come back with a fake hand like Darth Vader and my purple lightsaber.

**PLAYBOY:** How are your other upcoming movies shaping up—the *RoboCop* remake, the next *Captain America* flick?

**JACKSON:** In *RoboCop* I play a Rush Limbaugh–type newscaster dude who's in favor of automated policing. I don't know how it is because we did reshoots. But the director, José Padilha, is a great guy who made two brilliant films in Brazil about cops going into the favela, so it's right up his alley. I'm in a lot of *Captain America: The Winter Soldier.* It's a good script. Chris Evans and Scarlett Johansson are back, and Anthony Mackie plays a new character they're adding. I worked with Robert Redford on it too, and that was great. As soon as I met him, we started talking about golf.

**PLAYBOY:** Redford has been directing movies since 1980, but it doesn't seem as though that's a goal for you.

**JACKSON:** I don't have that directing thing. I don't want to be out there setting up shots all day. I like to act. I read the script and sign the contract. I like hanging out in my trailer watching *Judge Judy* and eating sandwiches.

**PLAYBOY:** You've yet to do one of those all-star old-guy movies. You know, old guys go to outer space, old guys go to Vegas——

**JACKSON:** Old guys rob a bank. I don't play my age, but there's also only a certain amount of running, jumping and fighting I want to do now. The one old-guy story I want to do is a great book by Walter Mosley, *The Last Days of Ptolemy Grey,* about a 91-year-old guy with Alzheimer's who is told by a doctor that he can give him all his cognitive functions back, but he'll die in a week. He does it because he has some shit he wants to get together.

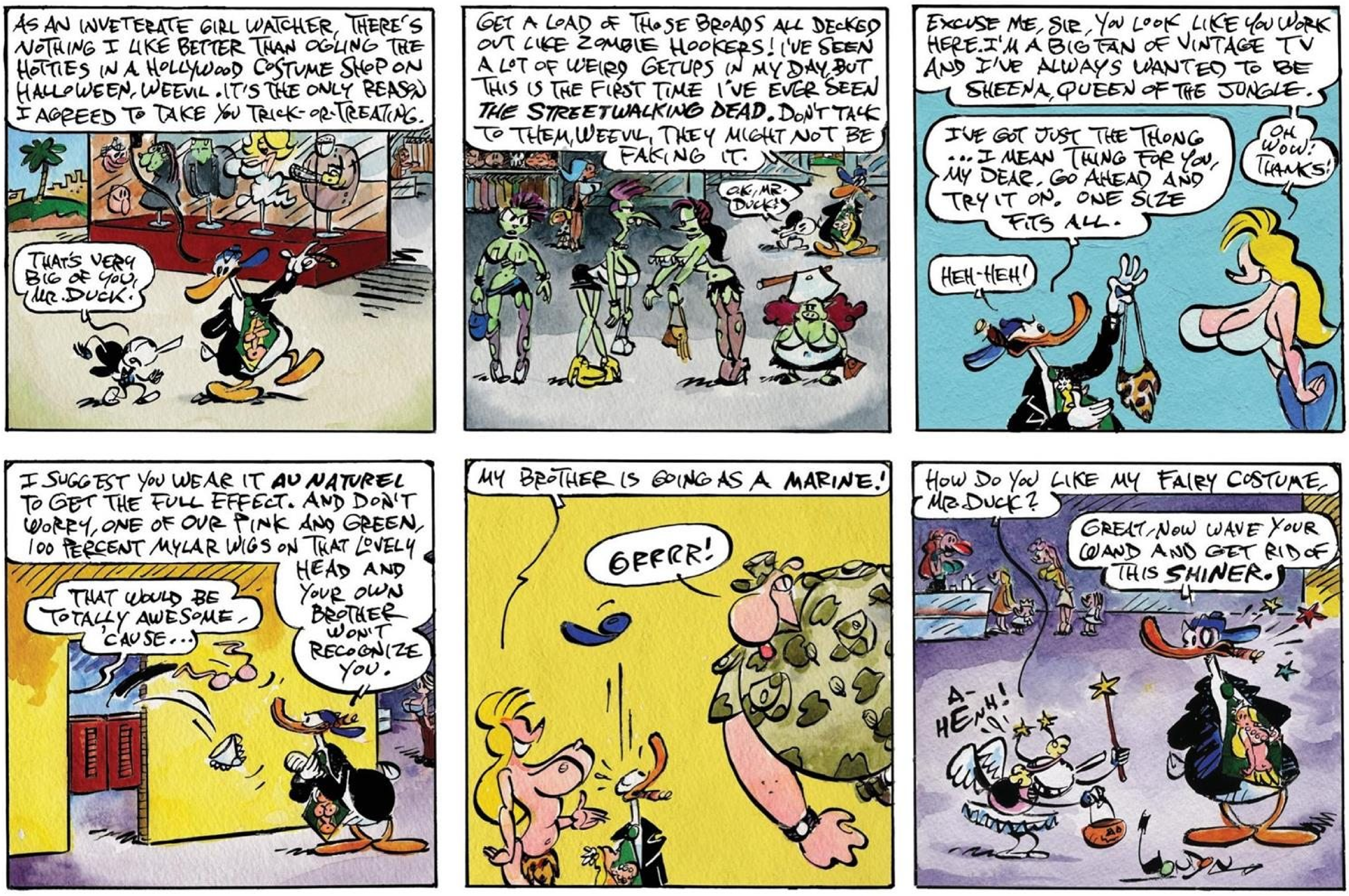
**PLAYBOY:** You mention Alzheimer's—you've tweeted about it.

**JACKSON:** I mostly just write inane shit on Twitter, criticizing sporting events more than anything else. But my grandfather had Alzheimer's, my maternal and paternal grandmothers had it, my mom died from it last year, her sister's got it. Because it's around me like that, I'm kind of waiting on that day I walk in a room and don't know why I'm there. I'm going to do all I can to help people because of that, with a golf fund-raiser in London, and I'm also doing a benefit for male cancer. People wear pink ribbons all the time, as if women are the only people who get cancer. Men get it too, so we're going to try to raise awareness. I'm doing what I can.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you hope people will say about you when you're not around to care?

**JACKSON:** That I was a hard worker and I generally gave people their money's worth. That's all you want from a movie star. I mean, I'm not trying to change the world. I'm just trying to entertain people.

# Dirty Duck® by Bobby London


AS AN INVETERATE GIRL WATCHER, THERE'S NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN OGLING THE HOTTIES IN A HOLLYWOOD COSTUME SHOP ON HALLOWEEN, WEEVIL. IT'S THE ONLY REASON I AGREED TO TAKE YOU TRICK-OR-TREATING.
THAT'S VERY BIG OF YOU, MR. DUCK.
GET A LOAD OF THOSE BROADS ALL DECKED OUT LIKE ZOMBIE HOOKERS! I'VE SEEN A LOT OF WEIRD GETUPS IN MY DAY, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN THE STREETWALKING DEAD. DON'T TALK TO THEM, WEEVIL, THEY MIGHT NOT BE FAKING IT.
OK, MR. DUCK!
EXCUSE ME, SIR, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WORK HERE. I'M A BIG FAN OF VINTAGE TV AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE.
I'VE GOT JUST THE THONG ...I MEAN THING FOR YOU, MY DEAR. GO AHEAD AND TRY IT ON. ONE SIZE FITS ALL.
OH WOW! THANKS!
HEH-HEH!
I SUGGEST YOU WEAR IT AU NATUREL TO GET THE FULL EFFECT. AND DON'T WORRY, ONE OF OUR PINK AND GREEN, 100 PERCENT MYLAR WIGS ON THAT LOVELY HEAD AND YOUR OWN BROTHER WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU.
THAT WOULD BE TOTALLY AWESOME, 'CAUSE...
MY BROTHER IS GOING AS A MARINE!
GRRRR!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY FAIRY COSTUME, MR. DUCK?
GREAT. NOW WAVE YOUR WAND AND GET RID OF THIS SHINER.
A-HENH!
LONDON

## SPARRING PARTNERS

*(continued from page 104)*

keep gang members together—like, guys with the same tattoos can hang, but guys with different tattoos can't." The basketball game ends, and Tucker waves off joining the next one.

"Doesn't sound safe to me. Last night they locked us down early. There was a siren and a whirly light and we weren't allowed out till the morning. The rumor is someone got stabbed."

"Yeah. Dude in F-block. I hear he's dead now. But that's jail for you. Violent offenders are in smaller pods with higher security, but there's only so much they can do. A-pod's not so bad. My pod's one of the nasty ones." He points to the court. "For most of them, jail's just a wait station. Any sentence over a year goes to prison, so they're just here pending trial. Look out for those guys. Some of them are looking to make a name for themselves."

"That's what I'm asking for—I don't want my number called and was wondering if I should put a whupping on someone. Make a statement. I didn't come here for the sex."

He throws me this disbelieving look and says, all serious, "There's gangs, Enus. Real gangs. Guys who'd die before they let their people down. This one son of a bitch got arrested just so he could kill this white boy in D-pod. They say he broke a car window and waited for the cops. These guys come in facing two-year sentences—20 months with good behavior—and now they're looking at 15 to life. Too stupid for 15 years to mean anything to them, but that's why they can make the rules."

I nod, taking it in, and we watch the ball move up and down the court a few times. Then I say, "Kids on the outside are getting stupider too."

"You talking about Jasper? We watch him every chance."

"Yeah. He just turned 20. He knows he's got a future in the NFL, and he thinks he knows everything else. Give a dumbass a look at some money and you'll see just how dumb he can be."

"Y'all ever make up?"

"Yeah. We patched things up," I lie.

There's a scuffle under the far basket. They're all pushing and shouting, ignoring the ball, up in one another's faces. The officers let everyone work it out without getting involved. In admissions they warn you against calling them guards. "This isn't a mall," you're told, and the guy saying it is so scary even the guy with DT piped down for his spiel.

"Glad to hear it. We get the Hogs games in the rec room. They'll even let you sign up for special permission if it's a night game. Especially with you here."

"Sounds all right. Too bad there's no beer."

"We take turns making hooch about once a week."

"Hooch, huh?"

"We brew it in the toilet where the guards don't check. Make sure you get in that rotation and make a big batch when it's your turn."

"Sounds tasty."

"It's foul, but it's stronger than tea leaves. Ain't nothing else going on." He checks both directions as if freshly disappointed by his surroundings. "Just lasagna on Saturdays and hooch on the good days."

"Shit. I already had the lasagna. Toilet booze might be the only thing that'd get rid of the taste."

•

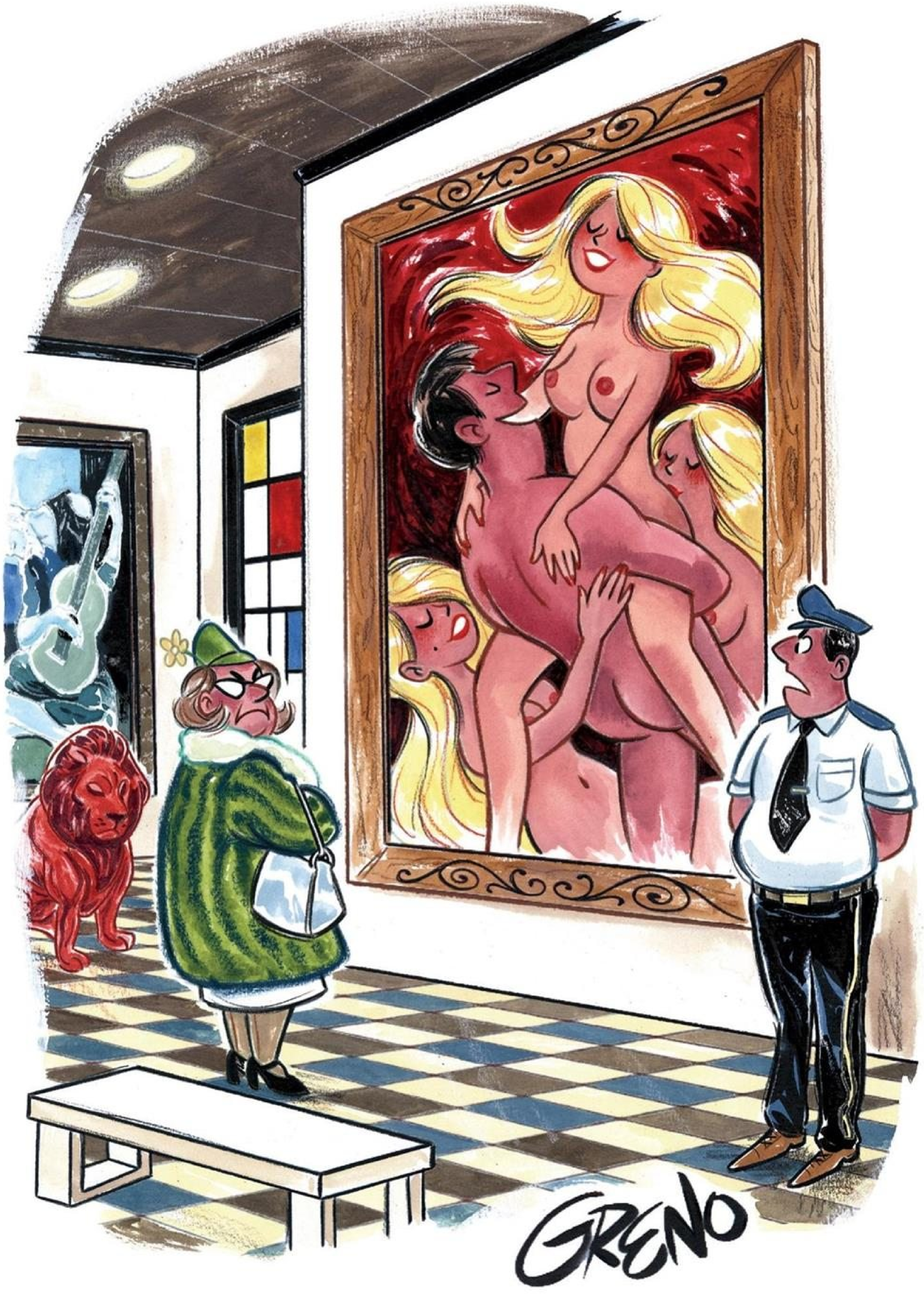
There are a number of hours the state lets you spend outside, and I'm spending mine chattering cold, pacing the wall that blocks the wind, shaking too much to get any reading done. I'd wondered why so few people signed up. There isn't even a ball to throw, just grass-flecked dirt to the fence, then a lush field of brown on the side the officers aren't patrolling.

A lot of what Tucker'd said is in the yard staring back. My pod is with a new one Tucker isn't part of, and folks are broken into small groups with everyone next to the people that look most like them. I'm the only guy without an entourage, and I'm perfect-10 miserable, half reading *Lonesome Dove* when this top-bulked Latino in a head rag gets to howling. I don't think much of it—people sometimes howl here—but then he's whapping his chest and moving toward me.

"You think you're something special?" he's yelling. He looks dangerous. Not just big, but crazy. There's no predicting crazy or stupid, and this guy looks to have piles of both. "I see you looking over here. Think you're too good for the rest of us?"

"I'm looking at my book," I tell him, holding up the proof.

"I know you're not calling me a liar. You



*"Well, don't look at me!"*

were looking at me, boy. So I want to know what you're looking at me for." Up close, he has a wandering eye and an overbite, like his parents wouldn't spring for the nontoxic Play-Doh. It makes sense enough he'd be self-conscious, but I want no part of his something-to-prove.

I back away with my hands up. "Sorry, man. I wasn't trying to look at you at all. It won't happen again."

"You're damn fucking right about that." He's weaving as if to music, looking to his boys in the head rags, all of whose skin is the same shade of tan. Then he lunges high. Mistaking my reluctance for fear. Not recognizing the hands above my head are sprung like traps. Not knowing I hold state titles as Enus "the Meanest" Lockhart. I pop a jab into his temple and follow with a shovel-hook liver shot. He drops so fast you'd think he was diving, then doesn't cover up on the ground. He just lies there whimpering, sucking in lungfuls of dusty air.

A crew of six fills the space he just dropped from, and adrenaline makes the yard clear and crisp. I'm hit twice in the mouth from outside my periphery, then I block the third fist but not the fourth. When I fall it's into a kick rising for my ribs, and I'm covering my head as boots and Spanish bombard me from every angle.

For all their numbers, no one delivers the knockout blow before officers storm in and drag me out of the yard, down a corridor and slam the door to a small, dark cell that's far taller than wide. They hoist the slop-slot to say, "Count your blessings. Someone's looking out for you." Then their footsteps fade off down the hall.

There's not room to stretch out, but it's still five-star when the alternative is a beating. Sleep's not happening anyway. My face and side ache, and my brain's not in a great spot either. I've got my arms curled under me for a pillow when I hear a murmur and can't tell where from. I hold my breath until I pick up it's coming from the wall opposite the door, then I ask it, "Hello?"

"The name's Randy," he says, then repeats. Randy and I get to talking. The conversation is marked by long pauses because falling behind's a lot easier than catching up. He volunteers that he's in for assault, and it's not long before we've run out of conversation, so I ask if he follows football.

He replies as enthusiastically as the concrete buffer lets him. "Jasper Lockhart! Shit, I wish I could shake your hand. How's your boy doing?"

"Dumber than a shit stack."

"What's the problem?"

I think there's more to the question and wait on it, but nothing else comes, so I go, "He's got no common sense. You can't beat common sense into a kid." I leave out that the last time I tried to was the first time I met the Honorable Judge Pritchet. "College is paying his way, but he didn't know better than to get himself fucked by a credit-card company. He pissed away $10,000 in six months. Even worse, that dumb shit had them send the bill to me. Trying to keep it from his mother."

I'm wondering how much of my rant made it through when he says, "You need anything while you're inside, you find me, okay? The name's Randy. You got that?"

"All I need's a key."

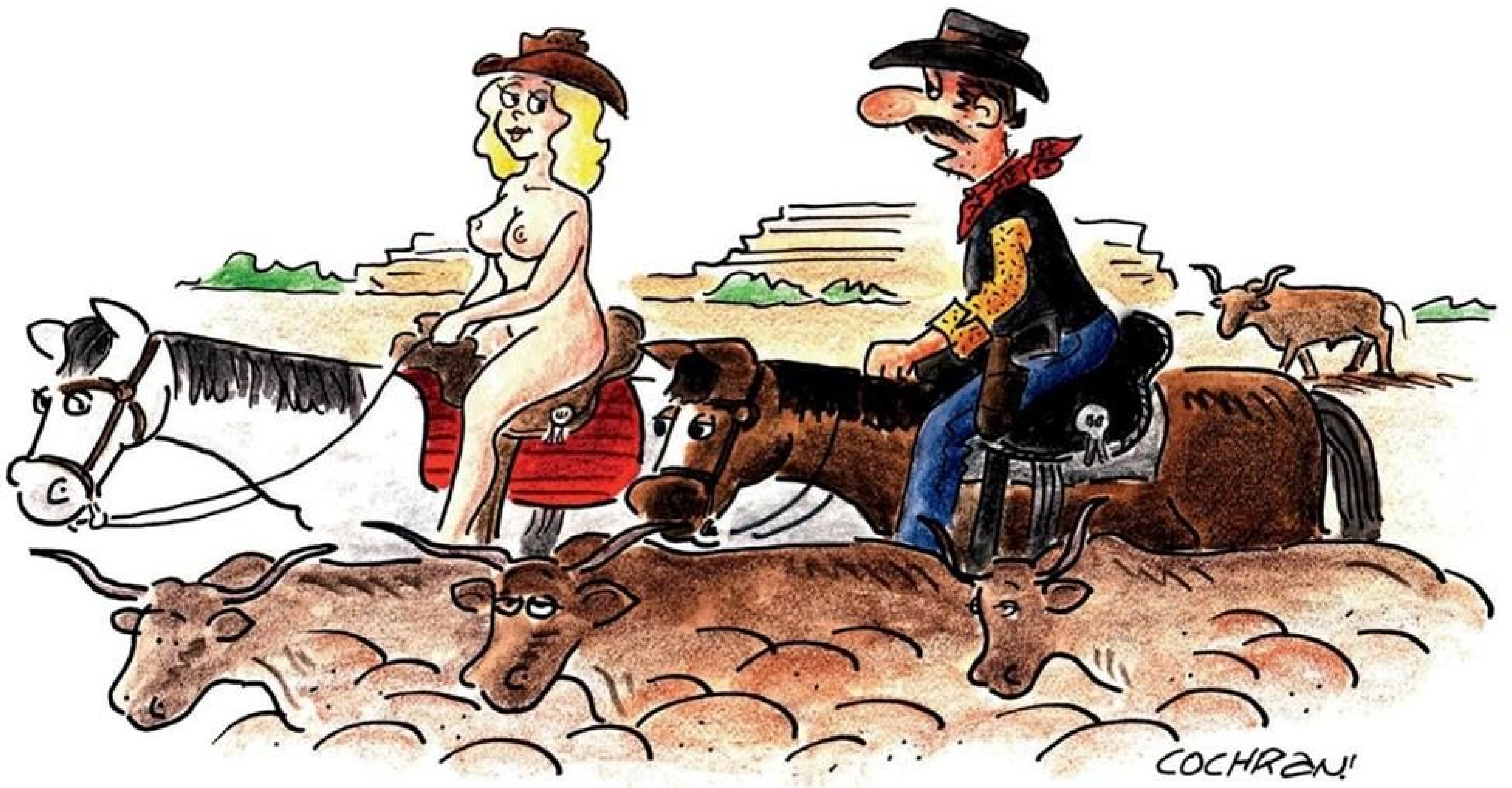
"I ain't got that."

"All right. Well, if I think of something. Thanks, Randy."

"No problem, Enus. You and me are buddies now. We gonna take care of each other." He says it like the decision's been made, but it's hard enough hearing through the wall that I could be getting it wrong.

We sit in silence for a spell, and by the time I think to ask, "What's the story on the head-rag gang?" no one's answering, which leaves me an untold number of hours to think on all the things I would go back and do differently.

They return me to general population after three meals' time, transferring me to Tucker's pod, C, where there are fewer inmates and more face tattoos. Looking around, it's no wonder a jury of their peers voted these guys off their streets. Each of them would've been a walk-through for the prosecutor.



*"We've been out in this heat too long, Bob. I'm starting to hallucinate."*

My new cell mates are normal enough. One of them spends all day in bed, and the other two have harmless eccentricities that are easily ignored. No one screams in his sleep, at least. But C-pod seems to notice me in a way that's discomforting. Folks twice my size eye me up, then step away like I take up more room. I don't know much about jails, but this isn't how I'd imagined them to work. Even Tucker's keeping his distance. He walks away from two conversations in as many days, so on the third I'm all up-front about it. I walk over and say, "My boy's playing tomorrow," but he only nods in response.

There are horizontal windows like a fringe around the rec room you can only peek through from the stairs. One guy is halfway up the steps using sign language to communicate between the pods. I used to appreciate this resourcefulness—like it was a bit of humanity the officers couldn't take away—but now it's got me paranoid, and since I'm jonesing for conversation, I ask, "How do you figure those guys work out a code when no one's here more than a year? Seems like the guards would be the only ones with time to figure it out."

"Not these guards. They're a bunch of fucking ducks." I ask what a duck is, and he tells me to "ask someone else."

I go, "What's eating at you?"

"I'm not the problem here, Enus."

So I say, "What's that mean?" just wanting to know what he knows.

"Look, I can't get tied up in your shit."

I keep pushing, "What shit? I don't have any shit."

"Who do you think you're fooling? You're in less than a week and you've already got enemies." His voice has the tone I used to use when I was tired of giving Jasper advice he wasn't hearing. "You've got to calm your shit, man. I've seen a lot meaner than Enus the Meanest go down nasty. Being a fighter might be more dangerous than being a pussy in here."

"Fan-fucking-tastic," I say, and I'm thinking up something more when an officer comes through and asks if I'm Lockhart. He says I have a visitor and holds up cuffs I'm meant to be wearing. Once I'm shackled, he leads me out the door by the officers' station and down a hallway to an elevator, which we take to the first floor. We pass the main officers' quarters, then through two doors to a row of desks, where he uncuffs me and points to a booth where my ex is on the other side of some plexiglass.

Candice and I have been split for nearly five years. We never divorced, on account of her needing insurance, and have been trading that for child support, which works better for both of us. Sitting on the other side of the glass, she looks better than my best memory of her, with red hair, a blue blouse and the anxiety of someone overdressed for the service of a religion they don't subscribe to.

I pick up the phone, leading with, "I don't suppose you're here for a conjugal visit."

If she's tickled, she hides it well. "Good guess. I brought you some cigarettes, but the officers took them."

“Yeah. Guys smoke tea bags in here.”

“Tea bags?”

“They roll up the leaves and light them in the microwave knowing full well they’re getting sent to the hole.”

“Christ.”

I say, “The hole’s not so bad,” then wish I hadn’t and move on with, “Thanks for trying. Really, it means a lot that you came.” We used to fight a lot—argue a lot, I should say—even before the fallout with Jasper.

She asks, “What happened to your face?”

“Nothing worth talking about.”

“You need some money or anything?”

I say, “Not yet I don’t.” Fool that I am.

“How’s it looking for you getting out of here?”

“Seven months. Five and a half with good behavior. My old record’s gone—totally expunged. This is its own thing. It was all up to the judge. Pritchet again. He definitely remembered me. There was no jury, just him, so it might’ve come down to what he had for breakfast.”

We sit like that a minute, and then she gets to it with, “I got some news you’re not going to like.”

“Is there any other kind?” She used to doll up for no reason—dolling up even before visiting the salon, where she’d pay them to spend two hours dolling her up. But I swear this is the best she’s ever looked, and it’s been a long time since I thought she looked decent, including most of the time we were together. The pregnancy glow is a myth.

“Jasper’s having problems with school.”

“You call that news?”

“They’re threatening his scholarship if he can’t get his grades up.” She’s using her heads-will-roll face—wide eyes with a wrinkly brow. Must have forgotten I’m immune to it. “The school’s dean made it sound like he was doing me a favor warning me. And that’s the dean, not a coach.”

“They don’t flunk their superstars, Candice. What would I do about it anyway?”

“I’m just telling you what they told me.”

“Shit. I’m sorry. For snapping at you. Not for his grades—they’ll get a cheerleader to write his papers or whatever. Did he get my letter?”

“I don’t know, Enus. I’m sure he did if you put a stamp on it. He doesn’t hate you the way he used to,” she says, but it sounds like she’s projecting more than speaking for him. I was kind of rough on the boy. Nowhere near as rough as my old man was on me, but kids have rights these days they didn’t have when I was young. I was only toughening him up. Then Candice got custody and started rewriting our past and letting Jasper do as he pleased—damn near giving up on parenting to make herself even more his favorite. Telling him I don’t send checks when my not sending checks was her idea from the beginning. Or taking the phone off the hook so he’d think I missed his birthday. Ruthless, psychological shit there’s no way of undoing. “He said he ran into a friend of yours on campus. Some weird-acting guy, as if that narrows it down. Not that he’d recognize any of your friends.”

“I guess I’ve been out of the loop for a while.”

“He said he’ll visit one of these days, but I’d be as surprised as you if he did. He’s a busy kid. You should see the way they follow him around. It’s like he’s Jesus.” I can see it like I’m a step behind him: Jasper Lockhart, walking through the quad with folks bowing in deference. Journalists taking pictures of my nose on his face for a feature in the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*. Girls with flawless skin stuffing phone numbers into his Jockeys.

Candice asks, “Did you catch his last game?”

“You bet. Three touchdowns. Tell him I saw it. Tell him I’ve been thinking about him. Tell him they treat me good in here because my son’s a celebrity. Tell him I said to get low before impact and hit the defender instead of getting hit by him.”

“Are you kidding, Enus? If you want him to do anything, you’re better off telling him the opposite.”

I swallow a couple of times, taking my lumps, wondering what Jasper thinks of my situation, or if he even bothers thinking on it. I used to take Jasper to boxing lessons. He didn’t like going, but sometimes a kid has to do shit he hates. When he turned 13, his school made football an option. The coach had him practicing during all the hours boxing took up, and while I wanted him to pick the sport I’d picked, we got along better with more time apart. Then he started practicing off-hours—one-on-one with coach Newsome. I thought the coach was overstepping his bounds, which is exactly what Candice accused me of when I went in for what I’d thought would be a friendly discussion. After that there was no questioning who was at fault.

An officer breaks my trance by rapping the glass above me, saying, “Two minutes.”

I look back to Candice. “So you came in here ’cause you want me to tell Jasper to run high into tackles and try his best to fail out of school?”

“No. I came in ’cause I need you to sign some papers. No big surprises, just legal stuff that lets me go my way and you go yours.” She’s eyeing the plexiglass frame as she says this, pressing the papers against the window. “I was going to hand them over, but they won’t let me, so I’ll mail it——”

“Ask to leave it with my social worker.”

“You can mail them to my lawyer in this.”

“Why didn’t you just——”

“Because I know you,” she says. “Please don’t make me come back here.”

I nod, trying to hold on to my fantasy. “Hey, tomorrow’s the big game. Tell Jasper I’ll be watching. Tell him I said…” but then I can’t think of anything, and Candice wouldn’t tell him if I could. The officer comes back, and I know what it means. “Just make up something nice.”

Back in C-pod it’s less pleasant than ever. Pepper spray coming through the vents tells us admissions have been busy. Then a new crop of inmates marches in wearing it like cologne. One of them, a black kid just 18, was all over the news after shaking his girlfriend’s baby to death. The grapevine says the girl’s uncle lives in H-pod and no one’s talking about anything but, nor are they listening when I make out like Jasper

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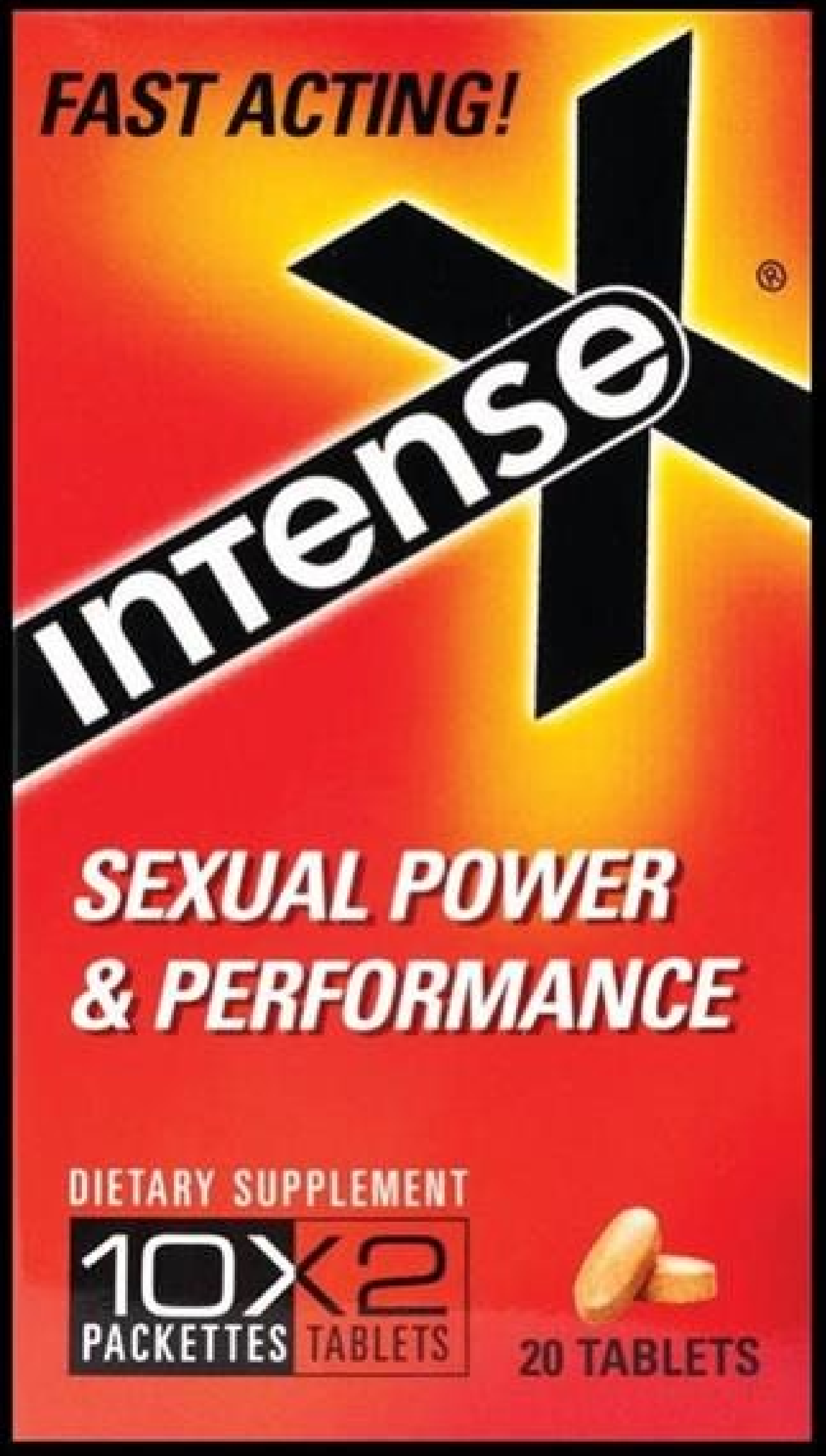

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It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

visited just to dedicate tomorrow's game to his old man and the boys of the Washington County Detention Center.

•

Mealtime's another bit the movies get wrong. There's no cafeteria line where they spoon slop in turn. Instead, the food's rolled in on shelved carts with each tray preportioned. Today it's unsauced macaroni and meatballs with corn, white cake and an orange. The calls go up for trades: cake for meatballs, meatballs for cake and this week's brewmaster asking who doesn't want their fruit. As I move toward the table with Tucker and the boys, they shuffle and stretch their elbows, leaving me hovering with nowhere to sit. I ask, "What's this about?" and no one looks up.

Finally Tucker says, "Just till things cool down, Enus. No one wants any trouble. We wish you luck, man. We really do." A couple of the boys nod in agreement, and I can read from their downcast eyes that staying undead is what I'm being wished luck for. "Hopefully you can get it sorted."

I hold my ground a minute just to share the discomfort, then park my ass at an empty table and start prodding my food, mulling over my divorced self when a tray lands across from me with triple cake and double meatballs. I look to see who's behind it, and it's this splotchy-looking bald guy I've not seen before. His face looks to have melted and resolidified with the features all wonky, and there's no telling what color his skin's supposed to be. If my appetite wasn't already gone, this face would have taken it.

He asks, "What's up?" with an unaffected voice, and it's strange hearing a baritone come out normal through a face that's anything but.

I look around, thinking he's here to distract me from a shank, but there's nothing doing. I tell my tray, "Not a whole hell of a lot," then start forcing food in so my departure won't seem motivated by fear.

"That's all you can hope for in here." He checks both directions and says, "I got you something," then hands me a pack of Swedish Fish under the table even though they're not contraband. "Consider it a welcome to C-pod present." Each inmate can put only $100 in his account each month. Most folks put the money toward gut-fillers: ramen at $1.15 or oatmeal at 60 cents. Candy is $3.50, and you can't help but do a double take when you see someone eating a Butterfinger. It's a statement. It means he's either cleaning up in cards or getting favors from higher up.

My bunk mate said a duck is an officer helping someone on the inside. They'll pick a loner guard and make him feel like one of the boys. Easing him in with minor requests—extra paper or whatever—then returning the favor by staging high-profile fights and breaking them up so the officer doesn't have to. They'll go back and forth like that, upping the stakes each time until the officer crosses some line he can't uncross. From then on blackmail keeps the duck in line. He can't even quit his post because abetting inmates is a felony and an officer knows what's waiting for him when it's his turn wearing orange. I'd spent the last couple of days trying to figure who might be a duck. There's this one fat virginy-looking bastard I thought might hand over a loaded gun for a hug.

This guy goes, "Your boy's got a game today, don't he? You must be pumped." Then, "It's Randy. Remember? From solitary."

"Sorta figured. How'd you know it was me?"

"It's my job to know stuff. You hear about the white boy in A-pod?"

"No."

"Tried to kill himself by jumping off the top level." Yesterday we saw officers rushing all frantic, but the rumor mill satisfied itself with tying it to the baby-shaker.

"Over the rail? Jesus. It's like 10 feet even if he jumped from the top of it. What'd he do, swan dive?"

"Nah, man. Went feet first. Broke his ankle. Some of them see medical like a vacation. They get nurse visits and better food. Not to mention OxyContins—I can get you some if you want." He's scarfing, working his fork in fast circles.

I wave Randy off, "None for me, thanks."

"So, you fixin' to watch the game or what?"

I check my back again, spinning both ways in my chair. "Hell yeah. Texas. Three o'clock. Jasper's dedicating his first touchdown to me."

"Nice."

"You bet," I say. "My flesh and blood." It's hard looking at that pineapple face of his, but I do what I can. "Between my thick skin and his mother's stupidity, he was destined for the gridiron." Some of the other tables are eyeing us, or me, or him. They're not hiding their stares. Randy doesn't look to be who I want backing me up when shit starts going down. I ask, "You got any kids?"

"Just one. A boy."

"With his mother?"

"Yeah. He won't remember me. His mom and me are through anyway. That ship's sailed." It's rough hearing my story coming out of Randy's mouth, and though I don't mention it, this makes Randy more human for me. Some folks use people on the outside as their motivation to keep fighting the fight, so more than he's lost any woman, he's lost false hope about not losing her later. But I stop short of telling him what all we have in common. "Probably better off growing up with pictures of me anyway," Randy says, and with my mind swimming, it takes a second to call back the thread of our conversation. "Before pictures, know what I'm saying?" I nod. "It's not like I'm getting out of here."

"What's that mean?"

"I'll get life. Life for sure."

"Who'd you assault? The pope?"

He chuckles. "I was in the hole for assaulting a guard. I'm in C-pod for meth. Got busted when my lab caught fire. Came straight here from the hospital. That was four years ago."

"Shouldn't you be in State?"

"One day I'll get there. Superior Court pending grand jury with no bail. County's purgatory, but I'm in deep enough shit. There's no rush."

"Shit."

He pops a meatball in whole, washes it down with some juice and then shovels some more before talking through the mouthful. "The fire took down some trailers with it. Innocent people got it worse than me, if you can believe it." His face is hard to gauge, but I sense the story is a chore more because he's sick of telling it than owing to the emotional burden.

I'm staring back at my tray. I say, "I can believe," not saying, "Who better than me to understand what all can change when you're not ready for it?"

"I don't belong outside anyway. In here I know the routine. Hell, I make the routine. I'm the guy who gets stuff. Whatever they can sneak over those walls, I've already got." He stabs another meatball and holds it up like he'd had it smuggled in special. There's no good reason for him to be chumming up—men who make the routine aren't usually short on friends. He asks, "You live with the choices you make, right?"

"Hopefully. I don't know what other choice you've got."

"True that. But there's always options. Just sometimes we don't like any of them." He smiles at his own insight and says, "See you soon," before pushing his empty tray across to me and walking out. There's a strict policy against leaving a dirty table, and while I know the officers' repercussions are worse than the public's opinion, I also know the whole room's watching as I stack our trays and clear Randy's mess.

●

It's nearing three o'clock and the Hogs take the field at five after, but there are only a handful of folks in the rec room. I'd expected damn near everyone—Arkansas-Texas is an unspoken, out-of-conference rivalry. Shit's all wrong, which likely means I'm in for a big day. I swing by Tucker's cell, and he's reading in bed. He goes, "Oh yeah, I forgot," then turns the page and says, "Be down in a sec."

The remote control is on the wall near the officers' station, and I peek through to confirm they're business-as-usual before flipping channels till I find the team in red warming up. We're four total in the room when the game kicks off, and the more I check for traffic, the less easy I feel about there being none.

The Hogs start slow with two three-and-outs. On their third drive Jasper gets stuffed twice on the line of scrimmage. Still, he's their star. The cameras are on him more often than not, and the announcers can't say his name enough. They break down all the different ways he does right, talking about his future as if it's their future too and making out like they're lucky to have a job that lets them bring my boy to the world.

Tucker comes down, then one of his buddies, and I start easing into the game over calls of "Woo Pig." At a time-out they cut in highlights I've never seen from Jasper's high school days. One of them has Jasper throw the jab we practiced in the form of a stiff-arm. It's a real beaut. His legs are pumping full speed when he moves the ball to his outside and stutter steps, getting his feet right to explode through the defender. Most everyone would see Jasper only in the end zone and the linebacker flattened midfield, but even with grainy footage and shaky mid-bleacher camera work, I see a year of two-a-day weekends spent at the heavy bag.

When someone finally asks, "How're we doing?" I know it's Randy without looking. The disembodied voice has become his signature. He's by the officers' station, peeling the wrapper off a yellow Starburst. Tucker's buddy makes a silent exit, taking the stairs three at a time. Tucker's a step behind him, and neither's looking back.

My voice cracks when I ask, "Where're y'all going?"

"Going to finish my book," I'm told. "Maybe come back for the second half." The other guys follow their lead as Randy pulls a chair next to mine.

"That's my boy," I say, pointing at the screen, and when I glance over he's giving me another look I can't read because of how his face is. He holds his gaze for uncomfortably long, then offers the Starbursts with a red on top. I take it, keeping my eyes on the game, asking myself ugly questions. Questions that come packaged with their answers anytime you're forced to ask them, like how much does Randy know about the head-rag gang? What's he want in exchange for protection? At what point does the trade become worthwhile, and what all will Tucker's crew think about my new boyfriend?

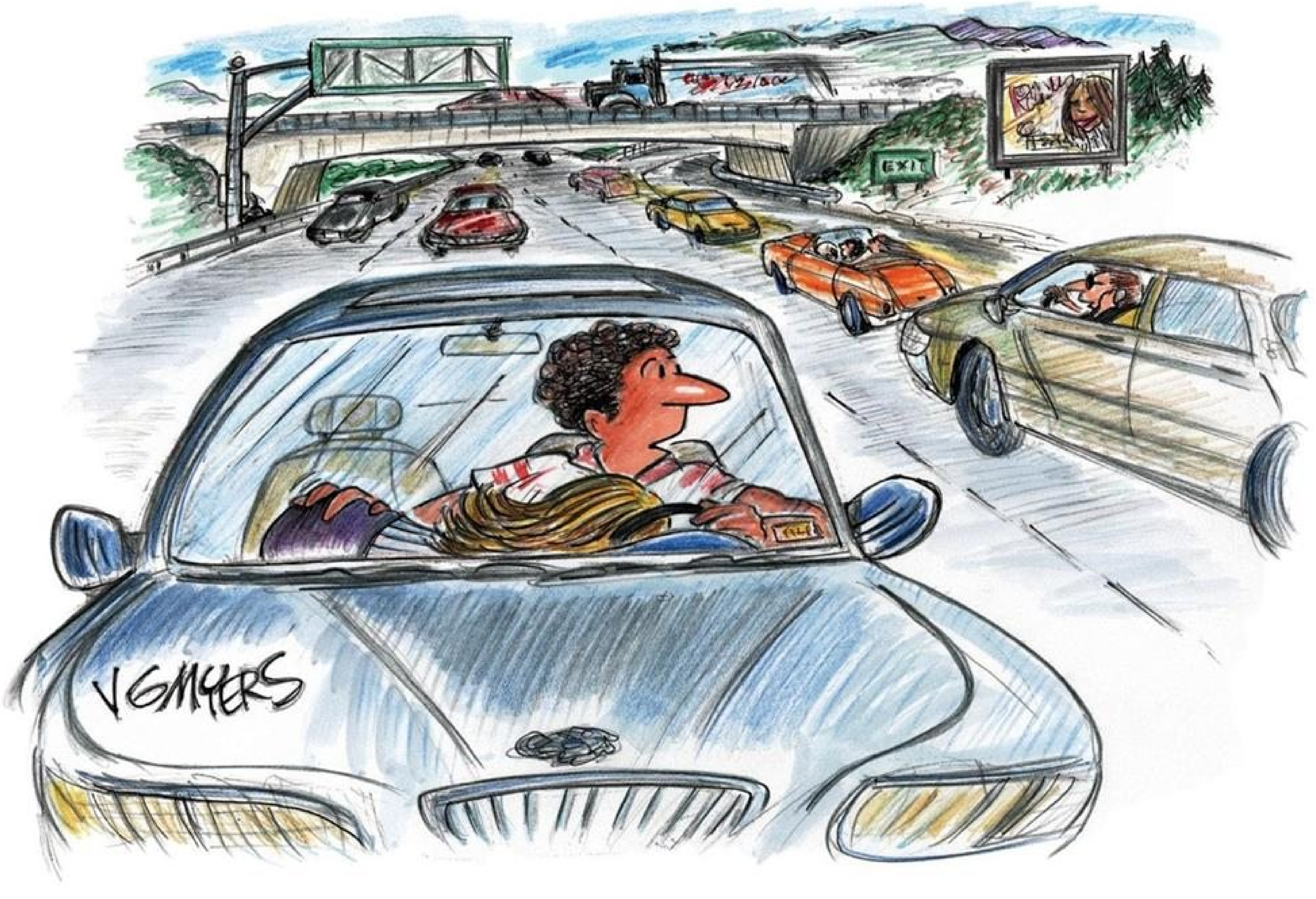
When this Texas thug pushes Jasper out of bounds and horse-collars him three steps off the green, I use it as a chance to shake loose some of the energy. I spring to my feet, wholly riled, which must be how Jasper feels because he pops up and slaps the defender's helmet crooked. They're on the Texas sideline, and suddenly everyone wants a piece. I'm in the stance, bobbing and weaving as yellow flags fly everywhere and Jasper ducks through the crowd, returning to the huddle to let the refs sort it out. It's a hell of a thing.

I look over to Randy, who's giving the best smile he can muster. "I was hoping you could arrange to talk to him," he says, leaning in.

"I talk to him. What? You want an autograph?"

"No. I was hoping your son would talk to a buddy of mine. On the outside."

"I don't know, Randy. How am I going to put that together? I can't control who he talks to. Couldn't control him when he lived



*"You know, Darlene, it's really scary how many people are out there on their cell phones!"*

with me, and that was before he was a star."

"My friend will find him. That's not the problem. Just that last time they spoke, Jasper wasn't real receptive. I need you to make sure your son hears my friend out. Tell your son you need for him to listen better. That your quality of life depends on it." Randy moves to the officers' window and nods through so I see no one's on its other side.

I give my attention to the screen, suddenly conscious of my breathing. Jasper's on the bench, shrugging off everyone with something to tell him—the way he does. A slow-motion replay shows him fumble the ball, then the linemen falling over themselves before they cut back to Texas with first-and-10 in real time. Texas throws a screen for three yards, and when the camera flips to Jasper steaming mad, I see him as my pride and joy in ways I've only lied about before. Suddenly I'd rather punch my way into the hole than sit on display with the son who won't visit, so I turn around to stand up for the two of us.

Only the head-rag gang's filling in behind Randy. Five in total, plus Randy—impossible odds even if the officers were around to break it up. One of them's a monster, and their skinniest has a rag taut between his fists, stretching it like a rope. Randy says, "You'll talk to your son for me, won't you?"

It's a real pickle, but as bad as it looks, it'll be worse when Jasper doesn't deliver and money's lost. A piece of me says I should get on with it, but that piece is pretty damn easy to ignore. "I'll talk to him," I say. I'm smiling now. Can't even help it. I've never been more scared. My skin's cool like there's a fan on me, and I can feel my body hair. I tell him, "But if you're looking for a sure thing, your best bet's betting on him."

"You don't get it. I make the odds around here." There's a big long stare-down, then Randy says something in Spanish and the crowd files off, except their big man, who lingers so I know his punches are the ones I need worry about. Randy's turned to the door when I call out, "There's something you ought to know about Jasper." He's intrigued. Or surprised—one of them.

I motion him over. "What's that?" he asks, and I motion less subtly, adding a head wave so he knows we're keeping secrets. His big gun lingers a few steps behind as Randy puts an ear out to me. He says again, "What is it?" and he's still mouthing the words when I land a shot I wish Tucker could have seen—the perfect combination of bounding back to create space while leaning in to get my weight behind the throw. Randy's head beams off the window, and he crumples like a dropped comforter.

Shit gets real in a hurry from there. I run for the stairs, grabbing a chair on my way through, taking steps three at a time, whooping Speedy Gonzales. Nerves everywhere. C-pod runs out to fill their doorways, and I'm at the top of the steps jousting with the chair until one of them pulls it from me and sends it to the lower level.

They're single file coming up, and the first guy leads with his chin, walking into a haymaker. A siren goes off, accompanied by its light show, and the cell doors slam everyone in their cell, leaving one on four with the score two–nothing. Fear's been replaced with instincts—that zone of heightened awareness when the lights are too bright and the crowd's screaming in and the ring looks huge and your mouth guard seems molded for different teeth, but all your attention's on the guy looking to put you on the canvas. In this case, that's their big gun, who is up the steps and smiling broad.

Big gun's life's been building toward this moment. His first swings are wild. Ferocious but reckless. He's looking to end me with one shot, only he winds up before each throw—a rookie tell—which makes for easy ducks and parries. The problem being, my stepping away makes the hall that much shorter, bringing me closer to the wall, which means closer to having my back up against it.

We're dancing that dance when whistles blow from all over and the guards charge the steps. Pepper spray is employed liberally and there's loads of cursing now, mostly over the spray—even from Spanish, *pain* is an easy translation. The guards are occupied on the far end, so it's just the two of us in the ring, plus the skinny kid challenging out of his weight class. I get the calm that comes with the 10-second hammer, when all I need is to stick, move, slip, roll and let the bell save me. Then I see the skinny kid's holding a blade, or at least something filed to work like one. He's off to the side, waiting on the wall so he can move in and fix the fight. The guards won't get to him before he gets to me, and I'm as surprised as anyone when I've got both hands on the railing with my legs swinging up and over. The top floor flashes in a blur, and after a jarring landing I'm on the rec room's table—unfazed—staring up with the same bewilderment that's staring down at me.

Big gun doesn't like this a bit. He's navigating the rail when the officers seize him from behind. The man is all fury. He drops one of them with a cross and is throwing elbows when another puts the spray canister in his face and uses it to drive him clear back against a cell door.

The guards are so busy tidying the upper deck that I'm off their radar. Seconds ago I was looking to join Noise with OxyContins and the med-lab menu, now I'm by the main door, searching Randy for Starbursts. I pop a pink, then an orange, then look up at the melee from across the room. At the railing's a line of zip-tied Latinos staring out through snotty eyes. Behind them are a dozen doors with four dozen faces cramming the windows. Then there are the guards, the strobing red lights of lockdown and the Hogs on a drive in front of that, where only I can see. It's quite the panorama—*Guernica* in C-pod.

The score's where it had been, with Arkansas up by three. I pop a yellow, a red, another pink and square up with the television, front row center. There's more whistleblowing when the guards spot me. One of them holds his ground on the second floor, pointing a baton with all seriousness, as if casting a spell. I skip through the Starbursts and peel the last pink as guards rush the stairs, but my mouth's already fuller than I can chew. I hold my wrists out to keep it easy, but they're not interested in going the easy route. Instead they make a show of flipping me, jerking my arm back and leveraging my face into the ground, drooling orange-pink as Jasper breaks a run up the middle—20 yards for a walk-in score.

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*Stu Dearnley is a third-year MFA student at the University of Arkansas.*

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# SHANNA SHEDS IT ALL FOR PETA

PETA knows that sex sells, even when it's being used to promote an idea. For years the animal-rights organization has enlisted scantily clad men and women—including a few significant Playmates such as Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson and PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole—to enlighten us about the treatment of animals. Although we don't plan to give up steak tartare anytime soon, we can get behind PETA's new campaign against the glorification of fur in beauty pageants. Four former Miss USAs—Alyssa Campanella (2011), our own Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler (1995), Shandi Finnessey (2004) and Susie Castillo (2003)—stripped off everything, including their sashes, to make a point. "When it comes to the antifur campaign," said Shanna, "it's really close to my heart. I've been awarded fur coats before, and I'm hoping to stop it in our pageant community."

# PLA TE NEWS

## TAILOR MADE

• Miss June 2003 Tailor James is a physical wonder. When she looks into a mirror, this Canadian native feels sexy—and for good reason. Now she wants to afford all women the opportunity to have the same confidence. Enter Hollywood Curves, Tailor's line of body-enhancing accessories, from Boobie Boosters to Invisible Booty Shorts. Consider it Tailor's secret.

## Social Shutterfly

@MissAlyssaArce "Favorite pair of shorts" is the caption on this photo of Miss July 2013. Alyssa is still searching for the perfect top.

## Girl Talk

PMOY 2001 **Brande Roderick** signed autographs for fans at the Hollywood Show at the LAX Westin. Brande and her husband, former football player Glenn Cadrez, also run FantaZ Football, an online fantasy football league.

The Playmate Dancers, including Miss July 2000 **Neferteri Shepherd** and PMOY 2013 **Raquel Pomplun,** performed two nights a week this summer at the Revel Casino in Atlantic City.

Miss May 1998 **Deanna Brooks** looked smoldering but elegant in an animal print at a birthday party for Playboy Radio's Jessica Hall held at Sweet! in Los Angeles.

## Jenny's Point of View

PMOY 1994 Jenny McCarthy's vow for her role on *The View:* "I will do everything I can to provoke conversation, make you laugh and maybe even spill the beans on what goes on backstage—like if I happen to barge into Bradley Cooper's dressing room in a towel."

## PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Fifteen years ago this month, Ohioan LAURA COVER revealed her all-American looks as our Centerfold. Miss October 1998 is a former high school gymnast and soccer player who found true love and married baseball player Aaron Boone.

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**MEDIUM** LOT NO. 61235

**LARGE** LOT NO. 93640/60447

**X-LARGE** LOT NO. 93641/60448

88724986

LIMIT 6 - Good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 1/24/14. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

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SUPER COUPON!

## 29 PIECE TITANIUM NITRIDE COATED DRILL BIT SET

drillmaster

LOT NO. 5889

SAVE 60%

$9.99 REG. PRICE $24.99

46052055

LIMIT 7 - Good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 1/24/14. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

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SUPER COUPON!

## 9" x 6 FT. 2 PIECE STEEL LOADING RAMPS

Haul Master

Item 44649 shown

LOT NO. 44649/69591/69646

SAVE 50%

1000 LB. CAPACITY

$39.99 REG. PRICE $79.99

48203152

LIMIT 3 - Good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 1/24/14. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

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SUPER COUPON!

## 3-IN-1 JUMP STARTER AND POWER SUPPLY

CEN-TECH

LOT NO. 38391/60657

900 PEAK AMPS

CEN-TECH
3 in 1
PORTABLE POWER PACK
Item 60657 shown

SAVE 36%

$37.99

REG. PRICE $59.99

21117213

LIMIT 4 - Good at our stores, HarborFreight.com or by calling 800-423-2567. Cannot be used with other discount or coupon or prior purchases after 30 days from original purchase with original receipt. Offer good while supplies last. Non-transferable. Original coupon must be presented. Valid through 1/24/14. Limit one coupon per customer per day.

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**Order at HarborFreight.com or 800-423-2567**
**We FedEx Most Orders in 24 Hours for $6.99**

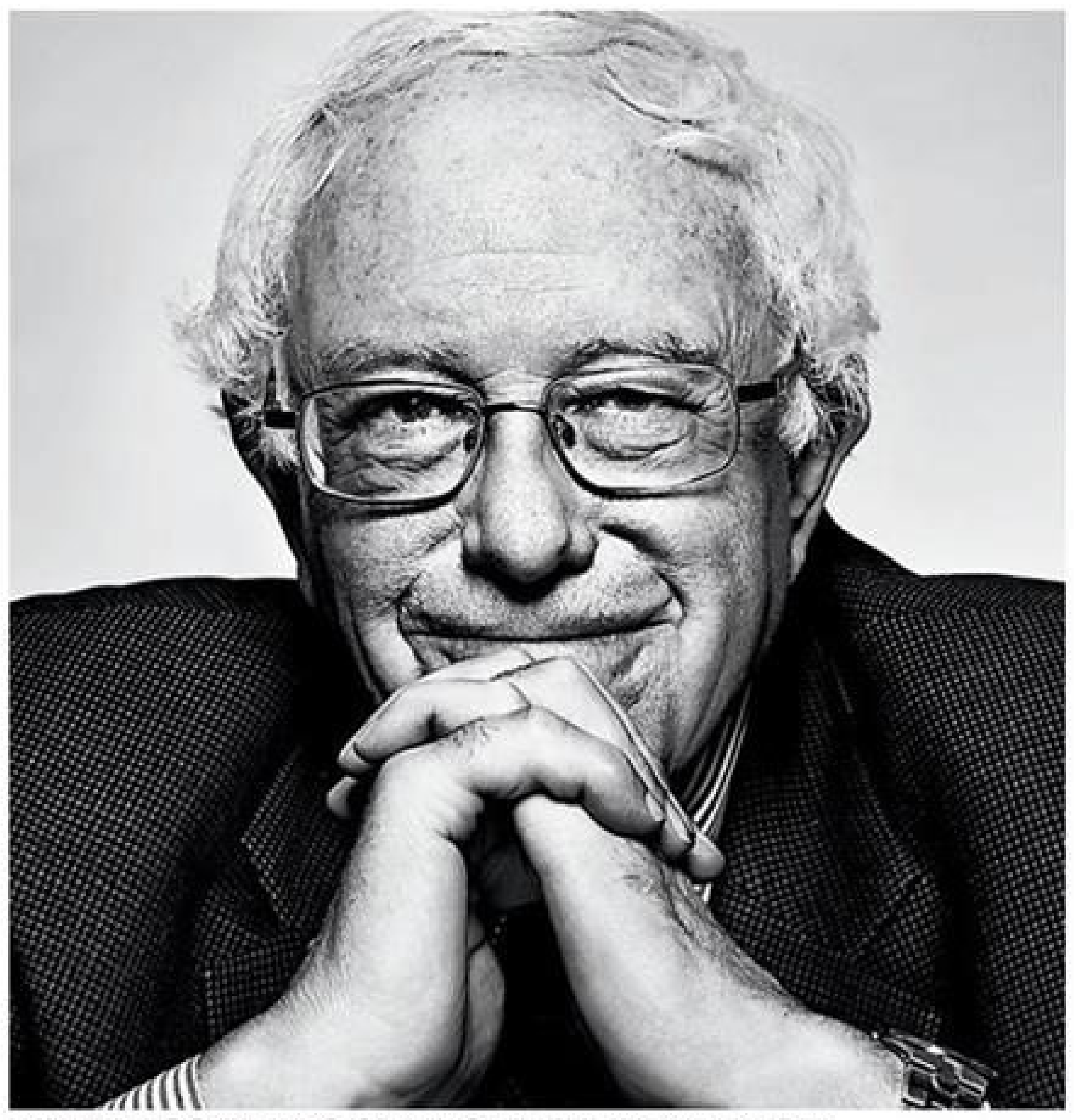
**GRAND OPENINGS**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Phoenix, AZ | Murrieta, CA | Linden, NJ | Las Vegas, NV |
| El Centro, CA | Brockton, MA | Santa Fe, NM | Brooklyn, NY |

# NEXT MONTH

ON SAFARI WITH IMAN.

IDRIS ELBA TACKLES MANDELA.


BERNIE SANDERS SPLITS THE DIFFERENCE.

THE UNIQUE VISION OF WES LANG.

**ARTS AND MINDS**—BEFORE **TOM BRADEN** WAS THE INSPIRATION FOR THE FATHER ON TV'S *EIGHT IS ENOUGH* AND BEFORE CO-HOSTING CNN'S *CROSSFIRE,* HE WORKED FOR THE CIA. WE'RE NOT KIDDING. WHEN THE AGENCY FEARED THE SOVIETS WERE LURING EUROPEAN INTELLECTUALS INTO THE COMMUNIST SPHERE, BRADEN HATCHED A PLAN TO FIGHT BACK USING THE BEST OF AMERICAN MODERN ART. **JOHN MERONEY** TELLS THE AMAZING STORY OF THE COLD WAR'S WEIRDEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL SPY PROJECT.

**IMAN**—HER NAME MEANS "FAITH" IN ARABIC. YOURS WILL BE RENEWED BY OUR LOOK BACK AT A CLASSIC PICTORIAL OF THE THEN 30-YEAR-OLD SOMALI SUPERMODEL, EQUALLY WELL-KNOWN TODAY AS A HUMANITARIAN, COSMETICS INNOVATOR AND WIFE OF DAVID BOWIE. THE PHOTOS ARE BY **PETER BEARD,** WHO DISCOVERED HER.

**MAKING MOLLY**—HITS OF "PURE" ECSTASY KNOWN AS MOLLY HAVE OVERTAKEN THE PARTY SCENE. BUT THE DRUG ISN'T ECSTASY AT ALL. **FRANK OWEN** PROVIDES A CHEMICAL AND CULTURAL ANALYSIS OF AMERICA'S LATEST TRENDY HIGH.

**MAN IN THE MIDDLE—BERNIE SANDERS** IS THE U.S. SENATE'S ONLY TRUE INDEPENDENT. IN A CHALLENGING *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW,* THE VERMONT MAVERICK TELLS **JONATHAN TASINI** THE GOP IS "LOONEY TUNES" AND THE DEMOCRATS ARE CORPORATE SHILLS, LAMENTS THE FATE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS IN OUR "HYPERCAPITALIST" SOCIETY AND WORRIES WE WILL DESTROY THE PLANET FOR TRIFLES.

**ZOMBIES**—SCHOOL GETTING YOU DOWN? HOME LIFE SUCK? FEELING PRESSURED TO SUCCEED? THERE'S A QUICK FIX TO ALL YOUR PROBLEMS: JUST PUSH THE BIG RED BUTTON. IN A NEW SHORT STORY, SHOCK SPECIALIST **CHUCK PALAHNIUK** VISITS THE GRAY AREA BETWEEN TO BE AND NOT TO BE.

**KITCHEN KINGS**—WE ASSEMBLED THREE CELEBRATED CHEFS—**JON SHOOK, VINNY DOTOLO** AND **LUDO LEFEBVRE**—AND ASKED THEM TO CREATE THE PERFECT TASTING MENU USING VAST AMOUNTS OF CAVIAR AND CHAMPAGNE.

**WES LANG PROJECT**—THE ARTIST KNOWN FOR HIS MIND-BENDING PAINTINGS OFFERS AN EXCLUSIVE PEEK INTO A PSYCHOSEXUAL LANDSCAPE YOU WON'T SOON FORGET.

**TOUGH ROLES—IDRIS ELBA** REVEALS IN A *20Q* WITH **ROB TANNENBAUM** HIS DISMAY AT LEARNING HIS CHARACTER ON *THE WIRE* WAS DOOMED AND HIS ADMIRATION FOR NELSON MANDELA, WHOM HE PORTRAYS IN A NEW BIOPIC.

**PLUS**—COOL BLUE WATCH FACES, A GOLD-PLATED BUCKET LIST, THE BEST NIGHTCLUBS IN THE WORLD, THE FANTASTICALLY WONDERFUL **MISS NOVEMBER** AND MORE.

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For the man of classic style...

# THE PACCIONI®
# RETRO WATCH

A sleek, comfort-fit watch featuring 1950's "dashboard" styling and a flashing golden finish!

PACCIONI®
10 11
5 10 15

The 1950's was a golden age in America's history, overflowing with innovative spirit and limitless possibilities. Now, our designers have recaptured the flair of the fabulous fifties with a state-of-the-art precision men's watch. Presenting *The Paccioni Retro Watch,* available exclusively from the Danbury Mint.

### Classic '50s style; vanguard technology.

A perfect mix of unmistakable 1950's design and modern dependability, *The Paccioni Retro Watch* has a gleaming gold tone rectangular case featuring a unique triangular dashboard-style dial that brings the golden era back to life!

*(continued on back)*

Reservation Application

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Ave.
Norwalk, CT 06857

Send no money now.

## THE PACCIONI®
## RETRO WATCH

**YES!** Reserve *The Paccioni Retro Watch* as described in this announcement.

Name ______________________
Please print clearly.

Address ______________________

City/State/Zip ______________________

Signature ______________________
Orders subject to acceptance.

For fastest delivery:
1-800-726-1184 • www.danburymint.com

42370023V500

# THE PACCIONI® RETRO WATCH

*The Paccioni Retro Watch* arrives in a custom-crafted wooden box... ideal for gift-giving and safekeeping. It's yours at no additional charge!

*Watch shown smaller than actual size.*

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 456 NORWALK CT
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE DANBURY MINT
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PO BOX 5265
NORWALK CT 06860-0105

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

*(continued from front)*

The time is exceptionally easy to read on two concentric disks – one displaying hours, the other, minutes. A rock steady quartz movement assures accuracy and dependability while a stretch band provides supreme comfort.

## A remarkable value; satisfaction guaranteed.

This striking "retro" styled watch is priced at $99 plus $7.50 shipping and service, payable in three monthly installments of $35.50 – that's an incredible value. What's more, your satisfaction is fully guaranteed. If you are not delighted, return your watch within 90 days for a full refund.

## Don't let another second go by. Order now!

We are expecting demand to be high, so act now to avoid disappointment. For fastest delivery, call 1-800-726-1184 or order online at www.danburymint.com.

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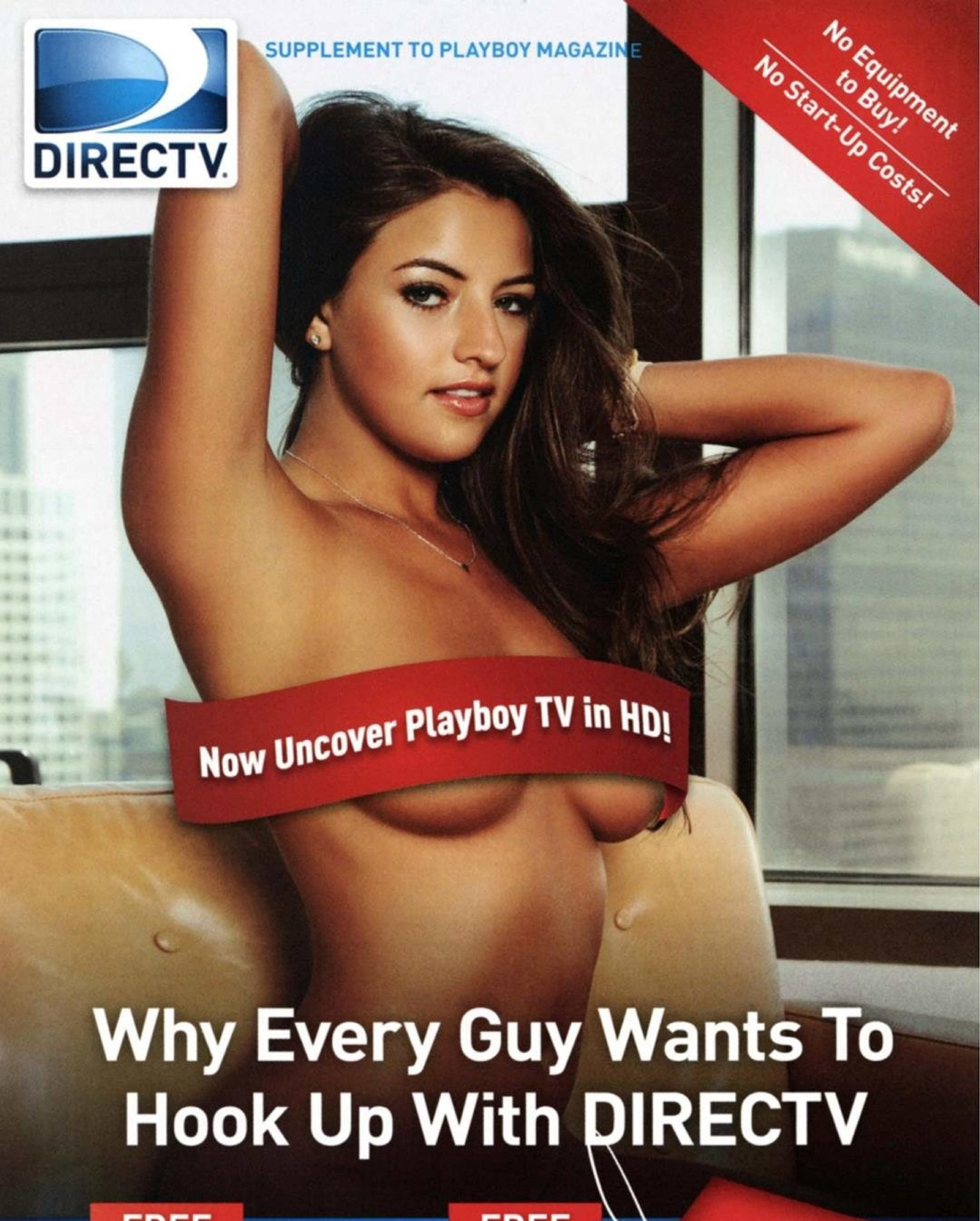
DIRECTV

SUPPLEMENT TO PLAYBOY MAGAZINE


No Equipment to Buy!
No Start-Up Costs!
Now Uncover Playboy TV in HD!

# Why Every Guy Wants To Hook Up With DIRECTV

**FREE**

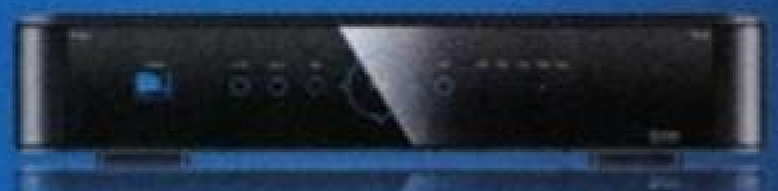
**Playboy TV**
**FOR 3 MONTHS**

PLAYBOY TV.

Your hot spot for the best in adult entertainment
Ask how.

**FREE**

genie
Upgrade^^



Record 5 shows at once

With activation of ENTERTAINMENT Package or above. Additional & Advanced Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment required. Minimum 2-room set-up required for free Genie upgrade offer.

OVER 140 CHANNELS FOR $24.99^ MO.

~~$29.99 MO.~~

FOR 12 MONTHS
ENTERTAINMENT Package after instant savings. With 24-mo. agreement.**

Only on DIRECTV!

**2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET** included at no extra charge.° *Ask how.*

EVERY GAME. EVERY SUNDAY.

On CHOICE™ or above. Out-of-market games only.

## Upgrade to DIRECTV!

## Call 1-877-407-9606

ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** Offers end 10/2/13. Another offer will be available after 10/2/13. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas. See details on back.

DIRECTV

# Double up with DIRECTV

Get **2 YEARS** of savings with a **FREE** Genie™ upgrade on every package!

~~$29.99~~ MO. **ONLY $24.99 MO.**
FOR 12 MONTHS
ENTERTAINMENT Package
after instant savings

OUR BEST VALUE.

☑ OVER 140 Channels
☑ 3,000 Titles On Demand

PLUS, FREE FOR 3 MONTHS
HBO + starz + SHOWTIME + CINEMAX

**FREE GENIE UPGRADE^^** Powers your entire home with one HD DVR
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

**PLUS** Lock in 2 YEARS of savings!

**FREE** Playboy TV For 3 Months *Ask how.*

~~$34.99~~ MO. **ONLY $29.99 MO.**
FOR 12 MONTHS
CHOICE™ Package
after instant savings

TV THAT ALWAYS BEATS CABLE.

☑ OVER 150 Channels
☑ 3,500 Titles On Demand

PLUS, FREE FOR 3 MONTHS
HBO + starz + SHOWTIME + CINEMAX

**FREE GENIE UPGRADE^^** Powers your entire home with one HD DVR
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

**PLUS** Lock in 2 YEARS of savings!

**INCLUDED at no extra charge°** 2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET Every Game. Every Sunday. *Only on DIRECTV!*
Out-of-market games only.

**FREE** Playboy TV For 3 Months *Ask how.*

Regional Sports Fee may apply.

~~$39.99~~ MO. **ONLY $34.99 MO.**
FOR 12 MONTHS
XTRA Package
after instant savings

MORE CHANNELS, MOVIES AND SPORTS.

☑ OVER 205 Channels
☑ 4,000 Titles On Demand

PLUS, FREE FOR 3 MONTHS
HBO + starz + SHOWTIME + CINEMAX

**FREE GENIE UPGRADE^^** Powers your entire home with one HD DVR
Add'l equipment required. Add'l & Advanced Receiver fees apply.

**PLUS** Lock in 2 YEARS of savings!

**INCLUDED at no extra charge°** 2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET Every Game. Every Sunday. *Only on DIRECTV!*
Out-of-market games only.

**FREE** Playboy TV For 3 Months *Ask how.*

Regional Sports Fee may apply.

**DIRECTV offers you all this:**

- Local channels* in over 99% of the U.S.
- #1 in customer satisfaction over all cable & satellite TV providers
2013 American Customer Satisfaction Index

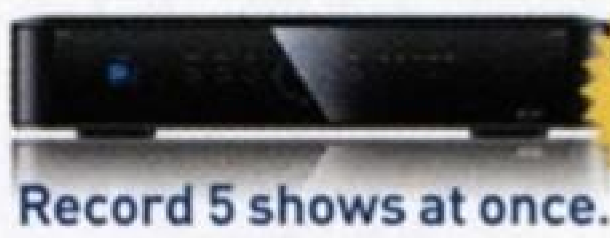
**ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.** Minimum 2-room set-up required for free Genie upgrade offer.**
**2 years of Savings includes $10/mo. for 24 months on Advanced Receiver Service (reg. $25/mo.) with Auto Bill Pay, valid email address and Paperless Billing with selection of Genie HD DVR.†**

**FREE Professional Installation**
of a DIRECTV® System in up to 4 rooms

IT'S FAST! IT'S EASY!

Custom installation extra. $19.95 Handling & Delivery fee may apply. Applicable use tax adjustment may apply on the retail value of the installation.

**FREE upgrade^^** genie.
The most advanced HD DVR ever!



$299 value

Record 5 shows at once.

With activation of ENTERTAINMENT Package or above. Additional & Advanced Receiver fees apply. Additional equipment required. Minimum 2-room set-up required for free Genie upgrade offer.

**ALL DIRECTV OFFERS REQUIRE 24-MONTH AGREEMENT.**** Offers end 10/2/13. Another offer will be available after 10/2/13. Credit card required (except in MA & PA). New approved customers only (lease required). Programming, pricing and offers are subject to change and may vary in certain markets. Some offers may not be available through all channels and in select areas.

## Upgrade to DIRECTV!

## Call 1-877-407-9606

Don't settle for cable. Bundle with DIRECTV.

DIRECTV INTERNET PHONE

Eligibility based on service address. DIRECTV television & qualifying Internet &/or telephone services required. Additional Telco Equipment & Service Fees May Apply.

**All programming and pricing subject to change at any time. ^BILL CREDIT/PROGRAMMING OFFER: IF BY THE END OF PROMOTIONAL PRICE PERIOD(S) CUSTOMER DOES NOT CONTACT DIRECTV TO CHANGE SERVICE THEN ALL SERVICES WILL AUTOMATICALLY CONTINUE AT THE THEN-PREVAILING RATES.** Free HBO, STARZ, SHOWTIME and Cinemax for three months, a value of $141. LIMIT ONE PROGRAMMING OFFER PER ACCOUNT. Featured package/service names and current prices: ENTERTAINMENT $54.99/mo.; CHOICE $64.99/mo.; XTRA $70.99/mo. Advanced Receiver fee $25/mo. In certain markets, a $3/mo. Regional Sports Fee will be assessed with CHOICE Package or above and MÁS ULTRA Package or above. **Prices include the following instant bill credits for 12 months: $30 for ENTERTAINMENT Package, $35 for CHOICE Package and $36 for XTRA Package. †$10 CREDIT OFFER:** To receive the $10 bill credit for 24 months on your Advanced Receiver fee (required for Genie HD DVR or HD DVR lease), customer must, at point of sale: provide a valid email address and activate and maintain the ENTERTAINMENT or ÓPTIMO MÁS Package or above, Auto Bill Pay and Paperless Billing.

**°2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET OFFER:** Package consists of all out-of-market NFL games (based on customer's service address) broadcast on FOX and CBS. Games available via remote viewing based on device location. Local broadcasts are subject to blackout rules. Other conditions apply. 2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET regular full-season retail price is $224.95. 2013 NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX regular full-season retail price is $299.95. **Customers activating the CHOICE Package or above or the MÁS ULTRA Package or above will be automatically enrolled in the 2013 season of NFL SUNDAY TICKET at no additional cost and will receive a free upgrade to NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX for the 2013 season. NFL SUNDAY TICKET subscription will automatically continue each season at special renewal rate unless customer calls to cancel prior to start of season.** To renew NFL SUNDAY TICKET MAX, customer must call to upgrade after the 2013 season. Subscription cannot be cancelled (in part or in whole) after the start of the season and subscription fee cannot be refunded. Account must be in "good standing" as determined by DIRECTV in its sole discretion to remain eligible for all offers.

****24-MONTH AGREEMENT: EARLY CANCELLATION WILL RESULT IN A FEE OF $20/MONTH FOR EACH REMAINING MONTH.** Must maintain 24 consecutive months of any DIRECTV base programming package ($29.99/mo. or above) or any qualifying international service bundle. Advanced Receiver-DVR fee ($10/mo.) required for DVR lease. Advanced Receiver-HD fee ($10/mo.) required for HD Receiver lease. Advanced Receiver fee ($25/mo.) required for Genie HD DVR, HD DVR and TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. TiVo service fee ($5/mo.) required for TiVo HD DVR from DIRECTV lease. If you have 2 Receivers and/or one Receiver and a Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device, the fee is $6/mo. For the 3rd and each additional Receiver and/or Genie Mini Client/Enabled TV/Device on your account, you are charged an additional fee of $6/mo. per Receiver, Genie Mini Client and/or Enabled TV/Device. **NON-ACTIVATION CHARGE OF $150 PER RECEIVER MAY APPLY. ALL EQUIPMENT IS LEASED (EXCLUDING GENIEGO) AND MUST BE RETURNED TO DIRECTV UPON CANCELLATION, OR UNRETURNED EQUIPMENT FEES APPLY. VISIT directv.com/legal OR CALL 1-800-DIRECTV FOR DETAILS. ^^GENIE HD DVR UPGRADE OFFER:** Includes instant rebates on one Genie HD DVR and up to 3 Genie Minis with activation of the ENTERTAINMENT Package or above; ÓPTIMO MÁS Package or above; or any qualifying international service bundle, which shall include the PREFERRED CHOICE programming package. **Free upgrade offer requires a Genie HD DVR and at least one Genie Mini. $99 fee applies for single-room set-up.** Whole-Home HD DVR functionality requires a Genie HD DVR connected to the primary television and a Genie Mini, H25 HD Receiver(s) or an RVU-capable TV/Device in each additional room. Limit of three remote viewings per Genie HD DVR at a time. Visit directv.com/genie for complete details. **INSTALLATION:** Standard professional installation in up to four rooms only. Custom installation extra.

**PLAYBOY TV PROGRAMMING OFFER:** Upon request customer will receive Free Playboy TV for three months. In the fourth month service continues automatically at $15.99/month unless customer calls to cancel.

**ADULT PROGRAMMING:** Billing is discreet. Charges will not include channels or titles on your bill. Adult programming contains explicit sexual content, complete nudity and graphic adult situations. Viewer discretion is advised. Must be 18 years or older to purchase. DIRECTV System has a feature that restricts access to channels.

*Eligibility for local channels is based on service address. Programming, pricing, terms and conditions subject to change at any time. Pricing residential. Taxes not included. Receipt of DIRECTV programming subject to DIRECTV Customer Agreement; copy provided at directv.com/legal and in order confirmation. **PHOTO CREDIT:** Playboy Images ©2011. PLAYBOY, Playboy TV, Rabbit Head Design, and PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. NFL, the NFL Shield design and the NFL SUNDAY TICKET name and logo are registered trademarks of the NFL and its affiliates. NFL team names and uniform designs are registered trademarks of the teams indicated. ©2013 DIRECTV. DIRECTV and the Cyclone Design logo, CHOICE and GENIE are trademarks of DIRECTV, LLC. All other trademarks and service marks are the property of their respective owners.

GATTACA
SCIENCE TO SIGHT
www.gattacacorp.com

new! gattaca polarized eyewear

# FREE!

Complimentary $750 cash shopping spree. No Catch, No BS.
*First Class P,P &H Service Fee only. Offer expires 11/30/13

Tension Memory Frame
Satin Matte Lifetime Finish
Uni-Grip Soft Temple Pads
100% UV Sports Polycarbonate lens. Includes gray and driving lenses
Uni-Grip Soft Adjustable Nose Pads

Interchangeable
**G70 Rip** MSRP ~~$150~~
SALE ~~$90~~ FREE
Ultimate action sports.

**C12 Protection Kit**
Includes microfiber cleaning cloth.
MSRP ~~$29~~
SALE ~~$17.40~~ FREE
More styles available online.

## WHY?

We're introducing these remarkable G4 polarized sunglasses complimentary to subscribers of select magazines to create market demand and drive traffic to our website. *Tell your friends about Gattaca!*

G4 Polarized Lens Technology is superior to any other polarized lens of their kind (greater scratch resistance, light weight, high contrast clarity). 100% UV protection.

Don't miss this opportunity! Spend your $750, like cash, until 11/30/13. It should buy you around six pairs if you choose to spend it all. If you do spend it on at least four pairs, we'll throw in a chronograph watch, value up to $170, without deducting it from your credit. Choose from all 30+ styles and watches on the website, including on-sale items. Use code **1400** at checkout to receive your complimentary selections by First Class Mail in just a few days.

G4 POLARIZED!
**G76A Avant** MSRP ~~$180~~
SALE ~~$108~~ FREE
It's what's happening. Comfort Grip nose pads, unisex, spring temples.

G4 POLARIZED!
**G06A Command** MSRP ~~$170~~
SALE ~~$102~~ FREE
Perfect all occassion. Uni-Grip nose and temples.

G4 POLARIZED!
**G72A Viro** MSRP ~~$200~~
SALE ~~$120~~ FREE
Comfort Grip nose pads, Uni-Grip temples, spring temples. Great driving lens.

Also,
FREE!

**GW02**
MSRP ~~$160~~ FREE

**GW06**
MSRP ~~$150~~ FREE

Use code 1400 at checkout to receive your complimentary $750 cash shopping spree.
Choose from these and all 30+ styles and watches on the website until 11/30/13.

**ORDER NOW!** www.gattacacorp.com

* G4(Quadrant 4 Polarized Lens - 100% UV - Light Transmission/Color Consistency +/- 1% - Hardcoat Scratch Resistant Final Finish - 1.0mm Lens Density). P,P&H Service charges are the industry average. Postage is the amount for First Class Delivery. Processing and handling include general overhead, advertising, profit, materials, etc. P,P&H Servic Fee is charged for each item and includes free exchange program or will be refunded for any reason when products are returned within 30 days of invoice. Offer is not available to those in the sunglass industry and where prohibited by law.

**new!** gattaca polarized eyewear

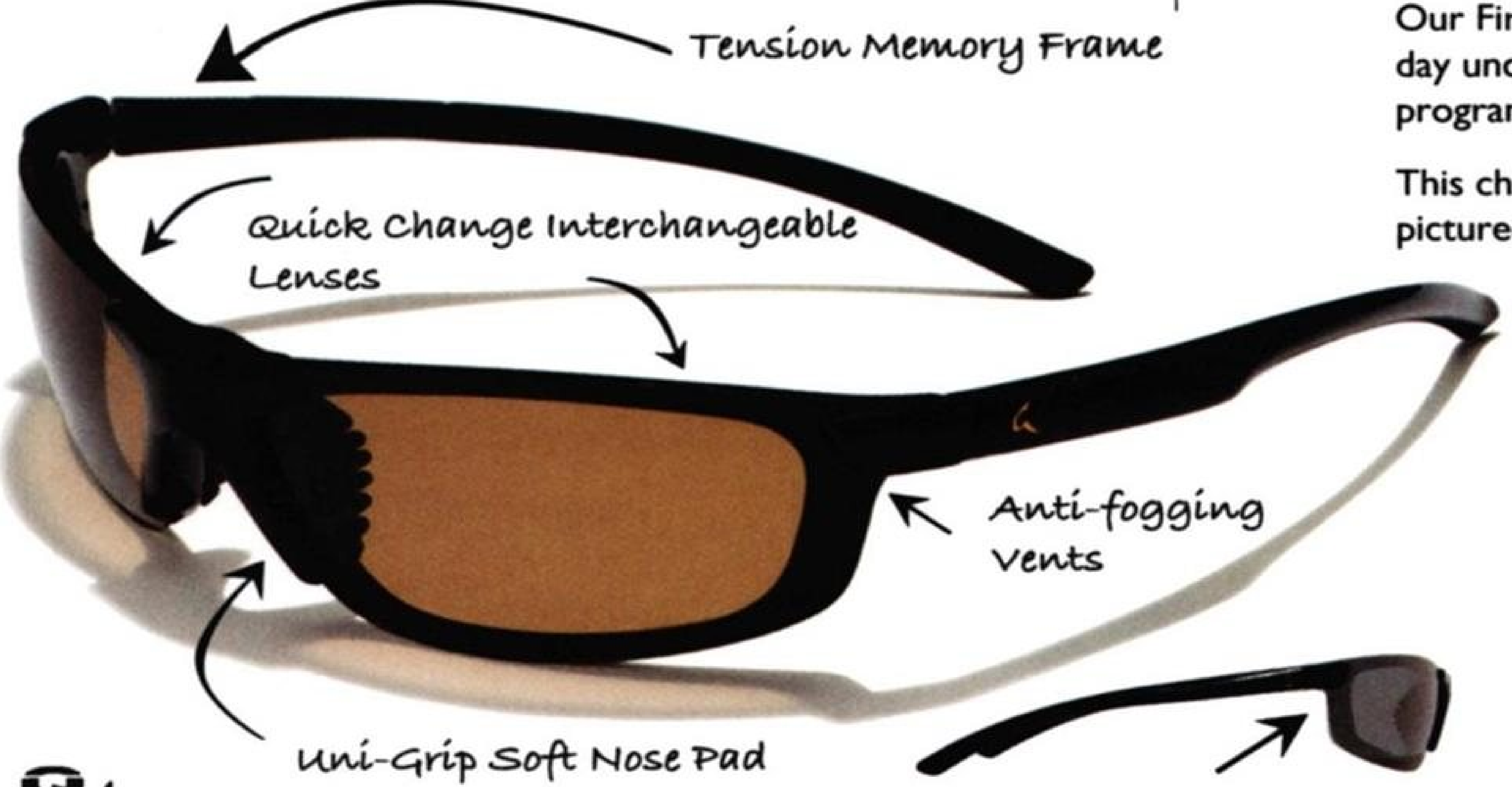
# FREE!

Complimentary $750 cash shopping spree. No Catch, No BS.
*First Class P,P &H Service Fee only. Offer expires 11/30/13

4 POLARIZED!

**G78A Spectre** MSRP ~~$230~~
SALE ~~$138~~ FREE
High-tech, strong, lightweight carbon frame. Fully integrated Uni-Grip sub-frame for excellent eye protection. The best on the market.

**G35 Iceman** MSRP ~~$90~~
SALE ~~$54~~ FREE
Classic aviator. Lightweight and tough. Comfort Grip nose pads.


Tension Memory Frame
Quick Change Interchangeable Lenses
Anti-fogging Vents
Uni-Grip Soft Nose Pad
Includes Interchangeable Gray Lens

4 POLARIZED!
Interchangeable
**G18 Vector** MSRP ~~$180~~
SALE ~~$108~~ FREE
High fashion sports.

4 POLARIZED!
**G75A Trance** MSRP ~~$190~~
SALE ~~$114~~ FREE
Self venting sport lenses, lightweight carbon frame. Super tough, super cool.

4 POLARIZED!
Interchangeable
**G93 Zebo** MSRP ~~$130~~
SALE ~~$78~~ FREE
Classic. Uni-Grip soft nose pads, Uni-Grip temples. Includes interchangeable driving lenses.

4 POLARIZED!
**G25A Union** MSRP ~~$210~~
SALE ~~$126~~ FREE
Class act. Spring temples, Comfort Grip nose pads, full metal frame.

## It's this simple!

Enter Code **1400** at checkout to receive your complimentary $750 cash shopping spree. Your sunglasses and watches will arrive in a few days by First Class Mail. For every four pairs selected we'll throw in a chronograph watch, value up to $170, without deducting it from your credit.

Choose from all 30+ styles of sunglasses and watches on www.gattacacorp.com and start shopping.

Our First Class P,P&H Service Fee is excellent. It includes a 30 day unconditional money back guarantee and free exchange program if the products aren't perfect for you. Fair?

This chart shows the First Class P,P&H Service Fee for each item pictured as well as those online.

**For each item ordered**

| MSRP | First Class P,P&H Service Fee |
|---|---|
| Minimum Fee | $9.90 |
| $90 | $9.90 |
| $100 | $11.00 |
| $110 | $12.10 |
| $120 | $13.20 |
| $130 | $14.30 |
| $140 | $15.40 |
| $150 | $16.50 |
| $160 | $17.60 |
| $170 | $18.70 |
| $180 | $19.80 |
| $190 | $20.90 |
| $200 | $22.00 |
| $210 | $23.10 |
| $220 | $24.20 |
| $230 | $25.30 |

Thank you for taking advantage of this limited time offer and telling your friends about Gattaca.

4 POLARIZED!
**G08A Crew**
MSRP ~~$130~~
SALE ~~$78~~ FREE
Ultimate running glass. Uni-Grip nose and temple pads, lightweight frame.

Use code 1400 at checkout to receive your complimentary $750 cash shopping spree.
Choose from these and all 30+ styles and watches on the website until 11/30/13.

**ORDER NOW! www.gattacacorp.com**

# WHAT DO OWNERS LIKE ABOUT THE CX-5? EVERYTHING.

HIGHEST RANKED APPEAL
J.D. POWER
AND ASSOCIATES
COMPACT CUV • 2013
AUTOMOTIVE PERFORMANCE, EXECUTION AND LAYOUT STUDY PRESENTED TO
MAZDA CX-5
BY J.D. POWER AND ASSOCIATES

## 2013 J.D. Power "Highest Ranked Vehicle Appeal among Compact CUVs."

Engineer outstanding fuel efficiency without sacrificing performance and great things happen. For example, in a study to learn what owners liked about their new vehicles after the first 90 days, J.D. Power awarded the Mazda CX-5 crossover "Highest Ranked Vehicle Appeal among Compact CUVs."* SKYACTIV® TECHNOLOGY gives the Mazda CX-5 an EPA-estimated 35 highway MPG, better than any hybrid SUV.† With uncompromised performance. This is the Mazda Way. And this is the Mazda CX-5.

THE MAZDA CX-5
Starting at $21,395‡

MazdaUSA.com

ZOOM-ZOOM

mazda

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*The Mazda CX-5 received the highest numerical score among compact CUVs in the proprietary J.D. Power 2013 Automotive Performance, Execution and Layout Study℠. Study based on 83,442 total responses from new-vehicle owners of 230 models and measures opinions after 90 days of ownership. Proprietary study results are based on experiences and perceptions of owners surveyed in February-May 2013. Your experiences may vary. Visit jdpower.com †Based on EPA estimates for 2014 CX-5 Sport FWD with 2.0L engine and manual transmission 26 city/35 highway MPG. CX-5 Grand Touring FWD model shown with 2.5L engine and automatic transmission, EPA-estimated 25 city/32 highway MPG. Actual results will vary. SOURCE: Preliminary 2014 Fuel Economy Guide, July 3, 2013 (www.fueleconomy.gov). ‡Starting at $21,395 MSRP plus $795 destination (Alaska $840) for 2014 Mazda CX-5 Sport FWD with manual transmission. 2014 Mazda CX-5 Grand Touring FWD model shown, $27,820 MSRP plus $795 destination (Alaska $840). MSRP excludes taxes, title and license fees. Actual dealer price will vary. See dealer for complete details.

Jean Paul
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